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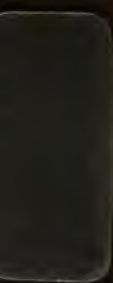
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A JOURNEY IN EAST AFRICA

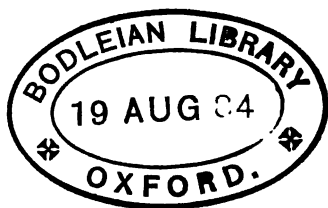
TOWARDS
THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

A JOURNEY IN EAST AFRICA

BY
M. A. PRINGLE

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXIV

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN Mrs Pringle undertook to write this little book of travel, it was with the idea that it might go forth without preface or introduction. But it appears, after all, to be necessary to explain in some measure the object of the journey, and I shall therefore endeavour to do this.

In 1876, the Church of Scotland sent a mission to a spot in the interior of East Africa which is so far inaccessible that usually nothing can be learned regarding it except from the accounts of the missionaries themselves, as reported by those who correspond with them. A few years later some rumours reached this country through passing travellers, to the effect that the relations between the missionaries and the natives were not quite satisfactory. Then the Committee of Management had to face

the question whether or not there was any course open to them except to withdraw the mission summarily. Many of them were strongly averse to such a withdrawal, perhaps from a very reasonable fear—quite apart from what some call “the interests” of the Church of Scotland—that the progress of Christian missions in general would be likely to suffer if any one mission were withdrawn from a heathen and an outlandish country, at a time when the impression it would leave behind it might possibly be none of the best.

The only alternative that could be thought of was to send some one immediately to investigate matters, with a view to their improvement, should that be necessary. The only person whose name could be readily suggested was a doctor of divinity living in a country parish who had been heard to say that he would like to visit this place in Africa. It was feared that he was not physically adapted to stand hot and malarious climates; and besides, it was already (in July) somewhat too late in the season for a journey up the African rivers. Still it was hoped that, considering the emergency, he might be willing to prove a friend in need.

In the course of a few hours a request for his

services was despatched to him by telegraph, and his consent received in like manner. Then there arose an apprehension that his health might very likely give way, and the object be thus frustrated. It was therefore deemed needful that he should be accompanied by some one else, and it was thought that a layman would be the most desirable comrade for him.

When the chairman of the Committee told me this, I took an hour to ponder over the matter, although there was no time to be lost. I thought first of each of the other laymen who were on the Committee, but concluded that not one of them could be in circumstances to be able to leave home on such a journey. However, so far as I could see, I thought I could go, and so I wrote offering to do so.

The announcement of what I had done could not of course be anything less than startling to Mrs Pringle; but I soon found that her chief anxiety was as to whether she could accompany me any part of the way. The Committee, when consulted, saw no objection to her going as far as might be practicable. Eventually, though no one had expected it, she went the whole way.

Neither she nor I had the slightest thoughts at the time of publishing any account of this journey; and afterwards when advised to do so, we were still for a long while strongly averse, otherwise it might have been done much sooner. We were averse, in the first place, because this was no pleasure tour, and we never went the least out of our way to see things of general interest; in the second place, because the main object was to discover whatever was wrong—and if whatever was wrong was rectified, no good purpose could be served by commemorating it.

On the other hand, our attention was very far from being exclusively occupied with matters of an uninviting nature; and besides, we met with some incidents which do not occur in the most ordinary course of travel, especially to ladies. Indeed it is only a pity one cannot convey by description the sense of novelty that impresses every traveller during the first few days while ascending the Shiré river. As he awakes to see the sun of each new morning struggling through the dense fog, he hears, not the crowing of the cock, but the green dove of Africa pouring forth the most extraordinary of notes — gurgling, yet

melodious—from among the palm-groves. It seems as if his misty way was taking him into lands more and more strange, and to incidents unforeseen ; and this expectation is usually quite realised before night. Even above the great swamps there is still some novelty and change of scene, although there the morning is ushered in with a sound that seems more familiar. It is a low “ hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo,” and then a splash, and then a sniff. Any one only half awake would think it was only some old gentleman in the dressing-room adjoining, though in truth it is a hippopotamus that is close by.

However, we had no opportunity even of reaching Lake Nyassa or the curious falls of the river Zambesi. Neither were we elephant-stalkers or lion-killers.

As the reader may already have inferred, we simply went to reside for a short period at one spot in the interior ; and there, although my principal business related to the missionaries, I naturally spent the greater part of my spare time in learning what I could concerning our native neighbours. The consequence is, that the subject upon which we are able to say most might be fitly described

as a few weeks' experience of life among the natives.

But Mrs Pringle's friends have often questioned her regarding this life in the wilds, and concluded by urging her to write an account of it,—and at length she has yielded to the request. I think the reader will agree that, for various reasons, and particularly in view of what has been explained, the lady of the party was the best adapted for doing this. Hers was not a business errand in the common sense of the word, although she was leading none the less a busy life.

Perhaps the title of this book requires a little explanation or apology. The "Mountains of the Moon" would never, I believe, have been heard of, except for the old geographer Ptolemy. His opinion evidently was, that they were somewhere farther off than the Nile, but how far from the Cape of Good Hope he could not have told us. In our own day, Captain Speke has, through much ingenuity, come to the conclusion "that these highly saturated Mountains of the Moon give birth to the Congo as well as to the Nile, and also to the Shiré branch of the Zambésé."¹ The said mountains have been

¹ Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, p. 263.

placed by many old map-makers in or about that region, as well as in a variety of other mountainous localities ; but I rather think they are now in the region of mythology. The thought of them first occurred to us while looking at a copy, in my library, of Blaeu's Atlas, of date 1648, from which the portion in point has been copied for insertion in this volume. But the real object of mentioning these much-confounded mountains by way of a title is to give the book an aspect on the very face of it—or on the very back of it, as the case may be—that will be likely to convey a warning hint ; because we fear lest some of our friends, concluding that it must be all about missions, should push it aside at first, but yet reserve it for Sunday reading, and then find it not come up to their ideas of fitness—which would be disappointing.

I used to be always deterred from reading any books of African travel by the annoyance of seeing them replete with barbarous-looking names. Some, I know, only smile at this, because they think that as long as one does not read aloud, one need not be troubled in mind with any association of sound. But as others do not pick up words so purely by

sight, it may perhaps be worth while to tell what can be done with these names.

As Africa has never produced any Cadmus of its own, it has remained for missionaries coming from various parts of Europe to reduce its languages to writing. Naturally their spelling is not always quite uniform, but they are trying to agree, just as the Crusaders tried when they coined their *lingua Franca*.

The letters *m* and *n*, coming before other consonants, are said to be semi-vowels,—meaning that there is always some vowel used before or after, although it may be so short a one as not to be easily specified. It is, therefore, not necessary for our countrymen to produce that awkward noise they often do, with a risk of detriment to their sub-nasal organs. While correcting the press, I have been tempted to insert some apostrophes to prevent such catastrophes. They are meant to show where the slight vowel-sound comes in. But in all other respects I have adhered loyally to the conventional usage which is most common. According to it, the letter *g* is used as in “go,” and not as in “gem”; *ch* is pronounced, not like *k*, but always as it is in “cherry”; *s* is kept distinct from *z*; and all the other consonants are used very much as in English.

The vowels, however, are employed, not as in English, but as they are in Italian, or I may say German without umlauts,—viz.,

a, as it is represented in “*far*”;

e, resembling *ai* in “*fair*,” or *e* in “*men*”;

i, being equivalent to *ee* in “*feel*,” or *i* in “*pin*”;

u to *oo* in “*pool*”; and

ai to *i*, as in the pronoun “*I*.”

Now I think that I have nothing further to explain, but may perhaps be permitted to make a few observations in connection with the object that induced me to go to Africa (I mean the cause of Christian missions in general), for such readers as may think it will interest them to read these.

Viewed as a mission-field, East Central Africa is in several respects peculiar. The natives have no religious belief that is directly opposed to Christianity, like that of Hindus or Mohammedans. They believe a good deal in common with Christians, and the rest of their creed relates to ghosts, witches, omens, amulets, incantations, and the like.¹ It is, therefore, very easy for missionaries to gain a hear-

¹ I was on the point of saying that they were not fetich-worshippers; but as I have an impression that this would be treading on slippery ground, I had rather be less technical though less brief.

Fetichism is usually applied to the practices of the Negro tribes in

ing, and, I may add, to teach ; although it is difficult enough to persuade. Further, these natives have a natural tendency to look upon white people with respect. Perhaps this respect has some basis in superstition. At all events, I believe that the missionary has himself to blame if he cannot obtain a welcome everywhere. He has a great prestige in his favour, and the question is not what he *can* do,

North Africa, as distinguished from the Bantu tribes of Central and Southern Africa. However, Europeans appear to be gradually discovering that throughout all Africa there is some belief in one omnipresent God, although at the same time there is a more marked recognition of the existence and power of spirits that are not omnipresent. Everywhere there is more or less deism and a corresponding amount of demonolatriy, and the real or at least chief difference is upon the question, What can be done with these inferior spirits ?

Perhaps this remark need not even be limited to Africa. The practices of medieval Christians and some modern ones need only be alluded to. As for the Bantus, they have recourse to music either to please a spirit with harmony or else to drive him away with discord till he ventures to come back again. But the Negro asks where the spirit is ; and if told he is in a small stone, he boldly pockets the stone, and goes away master of the situation.

However, the Bantus use some charms and amulets which are very like the *gris-gris* of the Negroes. But they keep them for good luck, and apparently on the same principle as our own countrymen do horse-shoes and crooked sixpences. Those who can explain fully what that principle is, will be more able than I am to contrast the Bantu with the Negro.

Fetichism is said to be derived from the Portuguese *feitico* or *feiticeira*, and that from no African source, but from the Latin *facticivus*.

so much as what he *ought* to do. With the help of only a few associates, he may, if he chooses, become a power in the land, and then he can either concuss or persuade as he thinks best.

He has to face slavery, polygamy, sanguinary superstition, and sensual habits, some of which are promoted through the sanction of rites and ceremonies, and others through universal custom.

Unfortunately I know nothing of Portuguese, but I could suggest several words both in Italian and also in languages of the North that resemble this both in sense and sound. Still, if we set aside the words that are plainly connected with *facere* or *factitare* (such as *affatturamento*, the operation of bewitching), I think all the others might be traced to a common origin, and be accounted akin to our own word "fate."

However, it is more for me to mention words that I met with in the interior of Africa. There witchcraft is called *ufiti*. The *m'fiti* (wizard or witch) resembles the European witch to an extent that has greatly surprised me. A *m'fiti* does not seem to be connected with an owl (as *strega* with *strige*), but sometimes takes the form of a *fisi* (hyena), and thus scrapes at burial-grounds. The objects which in East Africa correspond to fetiches are used, some of them by the witch and some against the witch. By way of derivation for these words, I think I may suggest *fetsa*, the *causative* mood or form of the verb *fa*, to die. Every death not easily accounted for is attributed to the *afiti*, but their practice is not *ku pa*, to kill; it is, *ku fetsa*, to cause to die. As I happen to be using this word *pa*, I may refer by the way for its use in Scythian to Herodotus (Book IV. c. 110). I infer that *pa* originally meant "to push," and *fa* "to fall"; because *pana* (the reciprocal form) does not mean "to kill one another," but "to wrestle"; and *fana* means "to resemble," somewhat like our word "coincide."

It is very natural for him, therefore, to think of using his power in liberating the captive, and trying to show an example of good government by annexing lands, and, if he be an ecclesiastic, forming them into "States of the Church." But ought he to do so?

Europe, at least in the present day, is ahead of Africa in humanity; and if its States are disposed to spend and be spent in the relief of the oppressed, I cannot see how, in the light of common-sense, they need scruple to exercise intervention or even interference, if necessary, to attain that object.

But as for missionaries, I think they would do better to compare themselves with the early Christians under the Roman Empire. These had very much the same evils to contend against, but possessed no power except that of persuasion. The problem they had to face was simply how to make good conquer evil in the best way, because no other way was open to them. As Bishop Steere has observed, they advised slaves to be subject to their own masters, especially to the bad ones. I admit that the Christians have taken a great many centuries to overcome slavery and superstition, but

this has been obviously because the persuaders were not all fully persuaded in their own minds. Still they have achieved a signal moral conquest.

Indeed the very source of perplexity is that this conquest has by degrees become so complete, and has by this time given rise to so many laws, ordinances, customs, and it may be even prejudices, some of which can hardly be observed except in a Christian country, or at least a free one, that it requires some reflection for us now to distinguish between Christianity itself and the fruits of its development, and thus to qualify ourselves for advising the Africans how they can be Christians under any circumstances. But if we neglect to reflect upon this, we may be making the progress of Christianity more difficult than it was originally, or than it need be or ought to be.

A second peculiarity of this mission-field is its general unhealthiness. Even the natives sometimes lose health when they go to a part of the country to which they are strangers and not acclimatised. Negroes from America are said to fare worse than Europeans. Europeans may do very well if they reside at high altitudes; but then how are they to spread Christianity throughout the

country if they can only move, like ptarmigan, from one mountain-top to another ?

A third peculiarity—if, indeed, the fact be quite peculiar—is that those who have been most anxious “to raise up a native ministry,” but at the same time to do nothing but genuinely good work, have found it necessary to make very cautious and very slow progress. If the reader be interested in this subject, I beg to refer to what I know about it as given in the first Appendix. The little experience I have had myself goes all to corroborate what is there mentioned.

A fourth peculiarity arises from the circumstance that Africans cannot read, while at the same time they do not work very assiduously. They have in consequence an unassuaged appetite for excitement, or at least for something to think about. Thus it is that from time to time they get up little wars, or rather, warlike demonstrations, though they scarcely half like these after all. Thus it is that they cherish their superstitions in lieu of fairy tales or romances, though they only half believe in them. Thus, too, they will often come to hear a missionary, and especially a new one, preach, though they may only half understand what he says, just be-

cause, like the venerable Areopagites, they have nothing else to spend their time upon but to tell or to hear some new thing.¹

In view of these peculiarities and difficulties, I may perhaps throw out a suggestion—I cannot call it a recommendation, for I have no adequate experience to show how it would answer, but it might be tried experimentally along with any other system. It is this: Choose the most healthy places that can be found. Send to them plenty of translators, printers, and schoolmasters. Let the translators render into the African dialects the Scriptures, and whatever else they can that is good, interesting, and easily understood; let the printers print it, and let the schoolmasters teach the young to read it. In the school for reading, let pupil-teachers be selected, and in due time sent far and wide to become teachers of separate schools under the control and occasional inspection of the European schoolmasters. Finally, let those who have learned to read go back to their own villages with such books as may be given them, and let no one be paid from this country except the Europeans.

At present the native children learn pretty

¹ Acts xvii. 21.

readily to read in their own language within school; but they would surely find a stronger incentive to learning if once, after taking home a store of suitable books and reading these to their friends, they found themselves valued as if they were bards or story-tellers. I am aware that a little translating and printing is already accomplished in all missions, only not on so large a scale as I am suggesting. So far as I have seen, missionaries commonly do their translation as a by-work, after the regular exertions of the day are over; and the usual idea is rather to teach the art of printing to the natives than to do it well and expeditiously for them, the missionary himself being sometimes the only compositor. Of course, translators must mix with the natives in order to learn the language: but they cannot learn much while preaching or while teaching a school; so that I think they should not be much burdened with these duties, if it is meant seriously that they are to be linguists and translators.

Some may object that a book cannot accomplish what a living Christian can. Doubtless a little intercourse with the natives would be very important, so as to show goodwill; but I am not

persuaded that constant intercourse is so necessary, as if the world could be converted only by exciting admiration for human characters, or by working upon men's love of mutual esteem. Even St Paul gives us to understand that his letters sometimes produced more effect than his presence; and in the case of less distinguished missionaries, I think it is often a question how far it succeeds to pay them for being good and for exhibiting themselves. Besides, missionaries and books may both of them alike be selected carefully, and sent out with their characters stamped upon them, but the characters on the paper are the surest to last unchanged. Further, missionaries and books may both of them succumb to the climate, but the loss of the latter is the less to be lamented and the more quickly repaired. It may be that such a scheme would never produce anything like what would be called a church, but then it would just have to produce something else.

Apart from these ideas and suggestions, I should expect schoolmasters to be peculiarly well adapted for speaking to the natives, whether young or old. The old resemble children in many respects. I found it necessary to make myself as plain and in-

telligible as I could in addressing them, especially in asking questions ; for whenever explanation was required, the natives became confused, and I had to drop the subject. Their answers, however, are more uniformly intelligent than those of children. I am sure that any one who finds a pleasure in adapting himself to children, would soon in that country work *con amore*.

In conclusion, I should like to bespeak attention to the remarkable system pursued in the Universities Mission, of finding volunteers, and paying no salaries at all (see end of Appendix I.) Bishop Steere said he thought that in course of time all missionary societies would come to adopt it ; although I must say, I wonder how or in what age he expected them to find this practicable. I think it must have made an impression upon any one, to have seen so many young men as we did arriving at Zanzibar, some of whom were giving up university fellowships, and all kinds of prospects in the way of "careers," while others had ample means of their own. Besides, they were going, not to follow each his own devices as if they were all bishops, but to work unostentatiously in any place and in any manner that might be prescribed, and that, too,

as long as life or health should last. Neither could I see that they were ascetics, or in any respect enthusiasts. While making these observations, I do not need to be reminded that in the details of what is called religious persuasion most of them probably differ from me more or less. But I am sure no one who knows really what they are doing can dispute that the course of life they have chosen is a most rational one, and a wise one. In view of all that came within my own observation, it appeared to me that theirs was the most suitable tribute to the cause of Christianity I could see coming from the British Islands.

ALEX^R. PRINGLE.

YAIR, *April* 1884.

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A JOURNEY IN EAST AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE OFFSET.

BY BRINDISI TO ALEXANDRIA—VALUE OF TIME IN EGYPT—
SUEZ—SHIPWRECK IN THE RED SEA—ADEN.

ON BOARD THE P. & O. STEAMER CEYLON,
July 1880.

WERE you not all surprised when you heard of our sudden flight to Africa? Just fancy having only eleven days to prepare for so adventurous a journey! At first we felt almost overwhelmed by the thoughts of all we had to arrange; but now that this is over and we are fairly under way, I confess to being rather glad that we had not more time to think about it. The truth is, we have read far too much about the Zambesi and its pestilential marshes not to realise the risks we are running. Humanly speaking, the chances lie against our ever return-

ing. Everything at home, therefore, had to be left ready for our successors.

Bidding farewell to our numerous kind friends was exceedingly trying, and it was still harder to resist the earnest entreaties of some of them, who did all they could to dissuade us from going. It was very hard, too, to part seemingly for ever from our home. It never looked more lovely than on the morning we left it. Of course our preparations occupied nights as well as days. This work, and all we had come through, completely knocked me up, and at last A—— had serious doubts of my even getting as far as Brindisi. Travelling as fast as I was able, we met with no adventure until we reached Foggia. There we rescued our luggage, which, although booked for Brindisi, we found, to our horror, was just being carried off to Naples. A moment later and there would have been no possible chance of recovering it, and how we could have done without it I cannot imagine.

Now I feel inclined to do nothing but rest, and the heat increases my laziness. Down in the saloon, black little boys, with snowy blouses and scarlet turbans, are constantly pulling backwards and forwards the punkahs. Up on deck we are well protected from the sun by awnings, which go all round the sides of the ship, so that we cannot even see the blue Mediterranean.

By far the most delightful time in the whole day is the evening. Here it is quite dark about seven—or rather, as soon as the sun sets, for there is no twilight; and at first it seemed strange to be so suddenly plunged into the midst of short days, after the long ones we had been enjoying at home. When dinner is over, we adjourn to the poop, where, if anywhere, a fresh breeze may be found. There we sit, listening to the sailors singing, under a full moon and myriads of sparkling stars. Half our crew are Italians, and the other half English, and every evening they have an hour allowed them for recreation, which they generally spend in singing.

At Brindisi we were joined on board the steamer by our future travelling companion, the D.D.

ON BOARD THE P. & O. STEAMER AUSTRALIA,
July 1880.

On Thursday morning we arrived at Alexandria, expecting to reach Suez early the same evening; but perhaps no one that has been in Egypt will be surprised to hear that in this we were utterly disappointed. No sooner were we seated in the railway carriage than our delays began. The station was almost deserted, and it was said the officials were taking a siesta after their breakfast. There

was indeed a solitary clerk at the ticket-office, who was ready enough to take money, but declared that tickets could not be forthcoming until a certain other clerk made his appearance. At length, after we had waited a couple of hours, that drowsy official awoke, and came to us. He was willing to give tickets to every one who had paid for them ; but as the first-mentioned clerk could not remember who these were, he ended by distributing them to all who asked for them. By the time he had thus given universal satisfaction, the engine-driver, stoker, and guard were all awake and at their posts, so we got off.

We were in a famishing condition when we reached Zagazig, where we were intended to dine ; and as for the Desert, we never saw it at all, because it was pitch-dark. Then, just as we ought to have been getting a sound sleep, we arrived at Suez. Here we were all turned out of the train to look after our luggage—which, as every Indian traveller must know, is rather a serious business. What with this, and with settling ourselves in the steamer amidst the noise and bustle that ensued, further sleep was out of the question. Already on the horizon faint streaks of dawn were appearing, and soon the sun itself rose like an enormous ball, casting rosy tints on the bare rugged peaks of Arabia and its stretches of yellow sand.

Two steamers belonging to the P. & O. Company were waiting for the train at Suez; and as they were both due to arrive at Aden about the same time, we chose the largest. It is a most luxurious and beautiful vessel. There are very few passengers, because this is the time of year when most people avoid the Red Sea; so we have lots of room. The heat certainly has been very great; but judging by the descriptions people gave of it before we left home, we have not suffered nearly as much from it as we expected. The only thing that disheartens me is, that all the gentlemen we meet, and amongst them several experienced travellers, declare that a lady can never manage the journey up the African rivers. Notwithstanding, I try to hope that I may be allowed to accompany A—— wherever he goes.

Shortly after we left Suez, the mountains became enshrouded in a soft mist, which, though it enhanced their own grandeur, prevented us from seeing beyond them; otherwise we might have got a glimpse of Mount Sinai through a gap.

Last night we were enveloped in a dense fog, and our captain thought it advisable to slacken speed, and make the ship go backwards instead of forwards for several hours. He was afraid we might accidentally strike upon one of the numerous coral-reefs and islands which abound in this

part of the Red Sea, close to the Straits of Bab-el Mandeb.

It was certainly the hottest night we have as yet experienced. Few of us could sleep, especially those who were suffering from prickly heat. All of a sudden, about 5 A.M., the ship stopped. Of course there was a general rush for the deck. Unfortunately, as I was the only first-class lady passenger, I had to wait patiently below,—for doubtless you are aware that the deck is devoted to gentlemen in *pyjamahs*, and I do not know what, until eight o'clock. However, they did not keep me long in suspense. A—— soon came back to tell me we had stopped to take up a shipwrecked crew, and that they wanted my help.

Although one constantly reads of shipwrecks, still it is very different from actually seeing one, and it is quite impossible in reading fully to realise the fearful helplessness of the situation. When I reached the deck I saw seven boats rowing towards us. These contained, besides the crew of the wrecked vessel, fourteen children, seven ladies, five gentlemen, two *ayahs*, and an English maid. The poor children were pitiable little objects. Their hair was blowing about in the morning breeze, and matted with sand. Several of them were crying from fright, and most of them had no other clothing than a little cotton shift. As to the ladies, only

three of them had saved a dress ; while the others had merely their cotton dressing - gowns thrown over them. But the saddest sight of all was a poor gentleman who was dying. He had to be carried on board lying on a mattress. Most of the passengers had lost everything they possessed ; and although we felt deeply for them, still our first thoughts were full of thankfulness that no lives had been lost.

Their steamer, the Duke of Lancaster, bound from Calcutta to Liverpool, belonged to what is called the Ducal Line. It had struck on a coral-reef close to the uninhabited island of Zuga,¹ and every one says the captain had shown great presence of mind. When he saw that his ship had struck and was likely to sink fast, he did not go backwards to get off the reef, but put on full steam and drove it forwards into the shallowest water possible. He then lowered the boats and got off all the passengers, and after them, the goats to supply the

¹ Since our return home, the following has appeared in the newspapers : " As we proceed up the Red Sea, I observe that the steamer Seagull, which went ashore near the Hamish Islands, and for the last two years has marked a dangerous reef, has broken up, and shifted her position about a mile to the northward. A little further down lie the ribs of the steamer Duke of Lancaster, also coming to pieces by degrees. The wreck of these vessels has drawn a number of natives from the Arabian coast, and I see they have started a bamboo village opposite to them ! Two boats lie at anchor off the little settlement."

children with milk. He also collected sails and spars to make tents for protection from the sun, and a good many provisions. There was no time to do more. Luckily, however, some of these precautions proved unnecessary, for they were not many hours on the desert island before our ship hove in sight. Now all that can be seen of the shipwrecked vessel is its topmast sticking out of the water.

One of our greatest difficulties was providing clothes for so many. All the gentlemen were most kind and liberal in their contributions. I only wish you could have seen the pile of shirts they brought me. These we soon converted into tunics for the children. Poor wee things, they have almost forgotten their terrible fright, and have been running barefoot about the deck exhibiting their queer clothes!

One little maiden, somewhat older than the others, was at one time supposed to be missing. At length the blushing little damsel was discovered hiding from the gentlemen in a corner of a cabin, closely enveloped in a sheet.

I felt quite sorry that my limited amount of luggage prevented me from doing more for the unfortunate ladies. Fancy the terrible predicament of not being able to get on shore to the shops at Aden until they had borrowed dresses and

hats from the stewardesses! However, they have lightened my boxes of some superfluous linen. I find people were quite mistaken in telling me to take an extra supply for board ship, thinking it would be impossible to get any washing done there. On the contrary, the sailors seem delighted to make a little extra money by washing.

Our adventure with the shipwrecked vessel made us nearly a day late in reaching Aden; consequently we had very little time on shore. But as it has been so often described by abler pens than mine, I shall merely warn you against a certain hotel where we lunched, for behind it we discovered a colossal pyramid of blached bones.

It would be difficult for any one to pay their first visit to Aden without being amused with the Somali boys. No sooner was our anchor lowered than dozens of them surrounded the ship. They are both wild and comical. Their thick shocks of pale cocoony-looking hair stands straight on end, resembling a wig of soft raw silk. Many a young lady would envy the delicate pale-yellow hue of their hair, could she only forget the strange contrast of the sallow complexion beneath it. Alas! the Somali boy knows nothing of Auricomus fluid, and before he can obtain this beautiful colour, the very height of his admiration, he must necessarily submit to a process, during which time he looks posi-

tively revolting. Fancy, if you can, anything more horrid than a head thickly plastered with a coating of mud and lime ! Yet the boy joyfully appears in this until every thread of his naturally jet locks has been thoroughly bleached. How I wish you could have seen them dancing, clapping their hands, and vying with each other as they called out, " Give me a dive, missis ; like see dive. For one shilling me go under steamer—come out other side. Now give me dive, oh do ; see ! " whereupon a sudden plunge would be made into the sea.

CHAPTER II.

STILL AT SEA.

GUARDAFUI AND RAS-HAFOON—STRONG MONSOON—LIVE STOCK
DROWNED—NAVAL OFFICERS ON BOARD—WYBRANTS AND HIS
COMPANIONS—UGANDA CHIEFS—SUN-BITTEN GERMAN—A
SHARK HAD DEVoured THE BOATSWAIN.

ON BOARD THE B.I.S.N. Co.'s STEAMER
ABYSSINIA, *July 1880.*

AT Aden we had to leave the Australia and change into the Abyssinia, a steamer belonging to the British India Steam Navigation Company. As this Company carries the mails between Aden and Delagoa Bay, it is obliged to employ some of its smallest vessels on the route, otherwise it would be impossible for the steamers to cross the sand-bars at the mouths of the African rivers.

At first we found our new ship a great contrast to the spacious P. & O.; although undoubtedly we ought not to complain, for as I am the solitary female on board, the ladies' cabin forms our special sanctum.

As we came up to Guardafui the weather was still hot and the sea tolerably calm. It was most difficult to realise that there could be a tremendous storm ahead of us. Nevertheless, our captain assured us that it must be so; and besides, we had been warned of this before, because, while we were in the Red Sea, our captain there had told us he would not himself like to be here at this time, and expressed what we were to expect more by gestures than by words. Then we had the ominous sight of the Lascar crew taking away all our awning from the deck, and everything else that could catch the gale, and tying the seats with ropes.

For a little while we were tempted to grumble at being thus exposed to the scorching sun; but just as we were turning the promontory, a most wonderful change happened, all in the course of two or three minutes. A wind got up that nearly blew us off the deck, and it was so cold, too, that it felt just like the shock of a heavy shower-bath. The ship both rolled and pitched tremendously, until we had all to hold on by ropes. Even the ship's cat rushed up on deck, and after some frantic movements, tried to climb the rigging.

Soon we were all obliged to go below, except the sailors, and Captain H——, who was anxious to see what was going to happen to us. For the next forty-eight hours we lay perfectly helpless, listening

to the roaring of the waves and the crashing of crockery. It is impossible to describe our outward and inward misery. The water came into the saloon and cabins below, and we got a great proportion of our clothes wet. Our boxes were floating about, while a poor old white-headed Lascar was kept for several days constantly swabbing up the water at the door of our cabin.

By degrees, however, things became better. At last, when I was carried up on deck, and made secure by ropes, I thought it a most delightful change. The sea was covered with gigantic mountains of creamy foam, and looked indescribably grand. Sometimes these huge stormy waves seemed as if they were going to swamp us altogether, and many a time they broke over us, thoroughly douching us with spray.

Nearly all the live stock that we were carrying for food were drowned, including thirty sheep and ninety fowls. Therefore we are reduced to preserved meats in tins. We expect to meet at Zanzibar the homeward mail *en route* from Delagoa Bay to Aden. Unfortunately, half the sheep were intended for the passengers going by it, so it is to be hoped they are not numerous.

Every one says that our captain had been extremely careful, and managed very well. But at one time it was thought for a short while that we

might possibly go down, and for a long time they were afraid that something might go wrong with the engines, in which case our only plan would have been to have turned and gone before the wind to Bombay. How strange it would have been to have found ourselves landed there! If we had been taken to Bombay, I scarcely know what we should have done about Blantyre. It is true that we could have gone back to Aden, and tried it again; but then we should have lost all chance of travelling up the rivers before the rainy season commenced.

The sailors in the ship tell us that this is the worst monsoon they have ever gone through. Still they say it must always be bad to take the voyage we are taking at this season. They do not like it themselves, and think private passengers should avoid it.

After losing sight of Ras-Hafoon, we steered out about 400 miles from the land. Near the coast the wind and current of water would have been too strong for the steamer to make way against. But far out it was different: there the wind was less, and the tide was able to flow back, forming a return current which was in our favour. In short, the current was with us; and the wind, although still against us, was not so strong.

Now that it is over, we have had many a laugh

at the ludicrous predicament we were in. Our cabin possessed a special attraction for stray waves. One evening I suddenly saw a huge green cloud coming towards the door. There it broke with a tremendous crash, putting out the light. The next moment every steward, hearing the noise, had rushed to see what was wrong. But just imagine what they did. When they saw me lying in a small pond, instead of helping me out, they securely closed the door, and left me in darkness. There I lay, perfectly drenched and helpless, each roll of the steamer splashing more water over me, until at length my cries brought some of the gentlemen to the rescue. Taking off their shoes and turning up their trousers, they waded in and carried me out.

All this time I have not said a word about our fellow-passengers, and we have made a number of interesting acquaintances among them.

There is the new Portuguese naval commander travelling with us as far as Mozambique. There are also three officers belonging to our own British navy; one of whom, Captain Brownrigg, takes the chief command on the East African coast.¹ Captain Phipson Wybrants, Dr Carr, and their servant Mears, are going on a great exploring expedition.

¹ This gallant officer was killed in an encounter with a slave-dhow off the island of Pemba in November 1881. The particulars of this terrible tragedy are so sad as to be only too well known to the public.

Their present intention is to land further south than Quillimane, probably at the Portuguese settlement of Sofala, and from thence to explore the almost unknown country lying between the Zambesi and Limpopo rivers. Another Englishman from the Cape is expected to join them at Zanzibar. Captain Wybrants, the leader of the party, tells us that he has made every preparation for being absent two years. He is a member of the Geographical Society, and they have provided him with a very valuable set of scientific instruments for use during the expedition. He has also on board a small portable steam-launch, made expressly for himself, which can easily be divided into sections. He is taking quantities of presents for the chiefs, and has spent a good deal of time and trouble in preparing some especially intended for Umzila, king of the Gasa country.¹

Then there are two missionaries belonging to the Church Missionary Society in charge of three

¹ Unfortunately this party met with various trying delays which detained them until a dangerously late period of the tropical year. In April 1881, telegrams reached this country that Captain Wybrants, with Dr Carr and their servant Mears, had died in November 1880 of African fever, the former within four days' march from Umzila's kraal. The following notice appeared in the monthly report of the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society': "This untoward event is the more to be regretted as Captain Wybrants had qualified himself by long study, under the Society's system of scientific instruction, for making a thorough exploration of these little-known lands, and great results were naturally expected."

Uganda chiefs and their servants. These chiefs were sent to England as ambassadors to the Queen by that extraordinary despot, M'tesa, king of Uganda. The accounts sent home of him by travellers have made his name familiar to most people. His kingdom is situated on the Great Victoria Nyanza. Stanley, as perhaps you may remember, supposed that he had converted him from Islamism to Christianity, and accordingly, when he returned home, urged that missionaries should be sent to him. The result was, that the Church Missionary Society despatched a party. Unfortunately, amongst the people who visit the court at Uganda are numbers of Arab traders. These have no love for the missionaries, and at one time they succeeded in persuading M'tesa that they were telling him a parcel of lies, and suggested that his best course would be to put them all to death. Luckily the missionaries had among them our fellow-passenger, Mr F——, who happens to be a medical man ; and as the king was suffering from an incurable complaint, he possessed considerable influence over him. From day to day he managed to stave off the execution of the deed ; but he tells us that he and his companions spent some weeks of fearful suspense, during which time they never knew in the morning what might not happen to them before night. At last, one day M'tesa sent

for Mr F——, and desired him to leave out enough of medicine to cure his complaint, because he said he intended to kill him that afternoon. In vain Mr F—— remonstrated with him, and as a last resource tried to persuade him to send some of his chiefs to England, to see for themselves whether all that the missionaries told him was not quite true. This idea seemed to please the king, and he allowed the three chiefs above mentioned to set off under the charge of Mr F—— and another missionary. The party proceeded by way of the White Nile through Egypt, and after a difficult and tedious journey, attended with some danger, reached London nine months after they started from Uganda. During that time the missionaries went through much anxiety lest anything should happen to so responsible a charge. They knew too well what would in that event be the probable fate of the companions they had left behind them. The three chiefs were presented to the Queen, who gave them each a photograph of herself, and a larger one for M'tesa. Now they are returning home greatly impressed with all they have seen. They have travelled with us from Suez, and seem to have a wonderful knowledge of locality. Of course they had only once gone through the Red Sea before on their way to London, and yet they remembered all the places they had passed. After we left Suez, they kept

constantly telling us how many days it would take to reach Suakim, where they had first gone on board a steamer. These men are not negroes—for, strictly speaking, there are no negroes in Africa except quite north of the equator. In short, negroes are to be found only between the equator and the Sahara. Nevertheless they have flat noses, thick lips, and are the blackest men I have ever met. They are exceedingly timid, and dreadfully frightened when the ship rolls. Their movements are often more than my gravity can stand. One moment the two youngest, Sawadda and Namkadda, will be scuttling along the deck on all-fours in the most ludicrous fashion, and the next waiting at the bottom of the stairs to offer me an arm or to hold out a hand to help me. Although they look very much like ordinary negro slaves while on board ship, yet Mr F—— says that all the three chiefs are great men in their own country, and that one of them can muster 40,000 men.

A—— had a good deal of conversation with Mr F—— about the kingdom of Uganda, and was rather taken with one of their legends, which was this: There was once in Uganda a king of the golden age called Kintu. But men began to murder one another, so Kintu left the world because he could not bear to see human blood shed. He left his son Maanda to reign in his stead, but Maanda

could think of nothing but the loss of his father. He wandered about for years through the forests in search of him, but without success, until at length he was told in a dream that he might have one more interview with Kintu if he would go to a certain place—only he must go alone, or with at most one attendant, for Kintu could not endure mankind now that they were murderers. The son accordingly set out with one servant, and as he approached the place appointed, he saw Kintu in the distance; but he could not make his servant come on fast enough, so he lost his temper, and thrust at him with his spear, whereupon Kintu vanished, and has never been seen again.

An unfortunate German has got both his feet very badly sun-burnt, from going about the deck without shoes and stockings after the awnings were removed. The poor fellow has been laid up for more than a week, and is still unable to walk.

A—— has made rather an awkward discovery about some of his garments. A few special things were needed for a journey of this kind; and as we had very little time to spare, the secretary of the Foreign Missions Committee telegraphed to a London firm to prepare the same small outfit as had been ordered for the D.D., and despatch it by sea to meet us at Aden. Now we find that the order has been so literally executed that the articles sent

are not only the same in kind, but also the same in dimensions, and consequently they are nearly three times too large for A——, so you can imagine what a ludicrous figure he is. There is nothing for it now but for me to try my hand at tailoring.

For the last few days the Lascar crew have been busily engaged painting the ship. It suffered considerably from the storm, and all the white paint became the colour of iron-rust. But the most curious sight was the funnel, which had a thick coating of salt all over it. Now we are in such apple-pie order that I am sure no one, to look at us, will believe that the gallant little steamer has had such a fight; and Captain Brownrigg thinks it is a pity that the people at Zanzibar could not have seen us as we were. Before the Abyssinia reached Aden, the *serang*, or head of the Lascar crew, fell overboard, and was supposed to have been at once seized by a shark.

CHAPTER III.

ZANZIBAR.

THE ISLAND—"ADMIRAL BUCKET"—SLAVE-MARKET—CHURCH—
NIGHT ILLUMINATION—THE SULTAN'S REGIMENT—HISTORY OF
ZANZIBAR—LUNCHEON WITH THE BISHOP.

ON Saturday evening, the 24th, we slackened speed until the moon rose. The islands on the East African coast are thickly studded with coral-reefs and rocks. Many of them are not even marked on the charts, making navigation extremely difficult. About half a century ago a very careful survey was made by Captain Owens of the whole coast of East Africa, with great part of the adjacent islands. It occupied him two years, and cost the life of two crews; but even this, and all the surveys that have been made since, still leave more to be desired. The charts are constantly lying on the saloon tables, and it is curious to see how many spots are marked on them as still unexplored.

On Sunday morning every one seemed earlier

astir than usual; and no wonder, for the extra vigorous scrubbing and polishing of the decks made an additional forty winks out of the question. Long before I was dressed, I had received sundry tantalising messages telling me that the island of Zanzibar was in sight, and I was losing a great deal by not being up on deck.

When I left my cabin I thought I had never before seen such an emerald isle as the one now in front of us. But perhaps this impression was partly owing to the contrast from the hot barren rocks and glaring sands we had lately seen so much of. It was a lovely morning, and we were slowly steaming towards the shore under a delightfully cool breeze. There was no very high ground. The land rises only a few feet above the sea-level, and none of the hills on the island are more than 300 feet high. Yet the gently sloping banks were extremely beautiful. I can only compare what we saw to the interior of a palm-house, but on a gigantic scale. Instead of so many feet of glass, lay miles and miles of open-air scenery. Over everything else towered the long bare stems of the coconut palm, their tufts bending in the morning breeze like a bunch of ostrich-feathers. Beneath them were round-shaped mangoes the size of English oaks, and with foliage as dark and glossy as that of a Portugal laurel. Every here and there, too, were

the broad ribbon-like leaves of the banana. Indeed, as far as we could see, the whole ground was covered with clumps of fruit-trees, and crops growing between. Before it was cultivated, Zanzibar was famous for the quantities of ginger that grew wild there. It is said that the word "ginger" was originally Zanzibar. The Arabs at one time gave the name of Ajam to the coast from Cape Guardafui southward for a considerable distance, and that of Zanguebar, which is said to mean "the country of black people," to apparently every part south of that they were acquainted with. This name of Zanguebar, which has been turned by Bombay merchants into Zanzibar, was afterwards restricted to the island we were now approaching, which had been originally called Uguja, pronounced Uguya. We had been told that when once we got among the islands of the African coast, we should inhale spices in the breezes even out at sea, just as one is said to do off the coast of Ceylon. It is true that Zanzibar has large clove-plantations, and that the island of Pemba, which is close to it, is also covered with them; but unfortunately, this was not the season when the cloves were in flower, and we could smell nothing but mud, which we did most decidedly.

All along the shore were scattered country houses; but the buildings themselves are exceed-

ingly plain, although pleasantly situated. Occasionally, too, we got a glimpse of the brown huts of a native village nestling among the woods; and sometimes, as we slowly threaded our way through the small rocky islands, an Arab dhow with a broad sail would suddenly jut round a corner, or our eyes would rest on a canoe roughly hollowed out of the stem of a single tree, and its brown occupant gracefully wielding his paddle.

The islands are all composed of coral, and thickly covered with mangrove-trees. These are something like willows, and grow only in swampy places, especially where the water is salt. A great proportion of the shores of Africa is fringed with them. When the tide is out, the roots stand up clear above the mud to a considerable height, and branches sprout out from them, so that they form a very tangled thicket. Mangrove-swamps are always most unhealthy places, for the slimy mud under a hot sun soon produces malaria.

Shortly after breakfast the masts of the shipping in the harbour began to appear, and then we saw a boat approaching. This contained our pilot, a well-known character among the sailors, who call him “Admiral Bucket.” He was a very corpulent, good-natured old man, and wore a black jacket embroidered with gold, white petticoats, and scarlet fez. His boat was filled with beautiful fruit—oranges,

plantains, &c., all from his country *shamba*; and in the stern sat two gentle little monkeys gazing at us with much astonishment. He piloted us through a narrow passage surrounded by coral-reefs into a spacious bay, where, stretched out before us, lay the town of Zanzibar. As we approached our anchorage, we fired off a small gun to announce the arrival of the mail. A few minutes afterwards the beach was covered with people hurrying to the boats.

ON BOARD THE B.I.S.N. Co.'s STEAMER ABYSSINIA,
ZANZIBAR, July 26, 1880.

Soon after our arrival yesterday, the deck was covered with sundry visitors, and they seemed to eye me with special curiosity. Indeed, as we learned afterwards, even the occupants of the consulate were amusing themselves by watching the passengers through a telescope, and the consul-general had asked the first person he met who the lady was.

From the sea the steeple belonging to the Universities Mission church (now in course of construction) forms a striking landmark; so we started for the afternoon service, never doubting but we should easily find our way there. Utterly despising the offers of the numerous white-gowned Arab guides by whom we were surrounded upon landing,

off we set by ourselves through the narrow and ill-paved streets. Very few of the thoroughfares being more than ten or twelve feet wide, we found that, even walking single file, it was no easy matter to give wide enough berth to the heels of a donkey, or to get round the numerous pools of water; but when we chanced to meet a party of equestrians or a company of hump-backed cows, it was often more perplexing. Threading our way at first through streets of small stone houses, we passed some of the principal shops, and then suddenly turned into the native bazaar. There the filthy lanes are hemmed in on each side by mud-huts made of wattle and dab, and thatched with the leaves of the cocoa-nut palm; while the conglomeration of over-ripe fruit, decayed vegetables, square lumps of dried shark, and sticky-looking sweets, all exhibited for sale in open verandahs, appeared to our European eyes anything but tempting. A——, who has seen a good many Eastern towns, declares this to be the worst he has yet come across. Nevertheless, had our olfactory organs been less keen, and could we only have forgotten the filth and dirt by which we were surrounded, our walk would have been highly enjoyable. Even as it was, the occasional peeps of a stately-looking Arab house, with its picturesque little bits of carving, strangely contrasting with native huts, and the varied nationalities and cos-

tumes of the people, afforded us endless amusement. Perhaps few towns can boast of the heterogeneous society to be found at Zanzibar. The great men of the town are chiefly Arabs from Oman and Muscat; the merchants and traders, Indians from Cutch and Bombay, who are either Mohammedans, or Hindoos known as Banyans. But people from Madagascar and the Comoro Isles, as well as Turks, Persians, Beloochees, Georgians, Greeks, Circassians, and natives of ever so many other countries, are constantly met here. At last, when every attempt to find our way to the church proved as hopeless as it would have been to reach the centre of the Maze at Hampton Court, we gladly accepted the offer of an Arab boy, who undertook to lead us to "M'Kunazina,—house Bishop Steere." Under his guidance we were not long of arriving at the door of the small schoolroom, where service is at present being held, but found ourselves much too soon. Accordingly we went on to leave our letter of introduction from the Archbishop of Canterbury¹ at the mission-house, so that when we called the next day the Bishop might know who we were, and all about us. But there we unexpectedly came upon Bishop Steere himself, whose ready cordiality immediately proved to us that he really required no introduction to make him hospitable to strangers.

¹ The late Archbishop Tait.

The whole island of Zanzibar is just about twice the size of the Isle of Wight. The town is built on a sandy peninsula, and is itself almost an island at high water. The space occupied by it looks so extremely small, that to us it seems almost incredible that it can contain 60,000 inhabitants. Yet every one tells us so. They say, too, that this population is further increased by 30,000 or 40,000 traders during the north-east monsoon. Where they can all be stowed away is a perfect mystery!

Undoubtedly we get by far the best view of the town from the deck of our steamer. Here, I confess, it looks rather imposing. Before us stretches a yellow sandy beach, skirted by a row of flat-roofed houses, with here and there a feathery palm casting its long shadows on the rusty weathered buildings. Most of these houses are of considerable size, and are built of what is called coral-rag. This is old coral found above water-mark and hewn out of quarries. In appearance it is just like coarse white freestone slightly tinged with iron-rust. Foremost in the centre of this row stands the Sultan's palace, consisting of a pagoda-looking clock-tower and a couple of large houses—one of them, we are told, being exclusively devoted to the ladies of his harem. On one side of the palace is the fort, with its guns pointing directly at us. Beyond that again are the different consu-

lates, the large and pleasant-looking house of the British consul-general, Dr Kirk (now Sir John Kirk), occupying a small promontory at one end of the town. But by far the prettiest peep of Zanzibar is at night, when the town and bay are most brilliantly illuminated. Then the whole scene almost suggests fairyland. After one of his visits to Europe, the Sultan had a row of oil-lamps placed at equal distances along the sea-shore. At first this innovation appeared so incomprehensible to his subjects, that it was found necessary to place a sentinel at each lamp-post to prevent the oil from being stolen. But now these lamps, as well as rows and rows of them suspended from his clock-tower, are lit up every evening. Besides these, there are the lights of the shipping; and the reflection on the water of all this illumination flickering on the rippling waves is like so many twinkling stars. At the same time, stealing across the water, a perfect medley of sound reaches us from the shore. The Arabs in the town keep constantly singing and shouting. The natives in the outskirts are dancing to the beat of the drum. Occasionally, too, the Sultan's brass band is playing at the palace. So that we cannot but feel that we have got to a very lively place.

The first thing we heard this morning was a great noise on shore. It turned out to be the Sultan's army drilling in front of the palace. He has

two very well drilled regiments dressed in white linen uniforms, and one irregular regiment without uniform. These irregulars are composed of the people of the town, and it seems customary for every one of them to keep shouting the whole time they are being drilled. All the regiments are under the command of Captain Matthews, an officer of the British navy.

Here I must tell you that the regular inhabitants of Zanzibar and the mainland opposite are by no means pure Africans. Some Arabs are believed to have come here shortly after the Hegira, but there is no saying how many emigrations may not have taken place between Arabia and this coast. It is quite clear that a second set of Arabs had arrived before Vasco da Gama and the Portuguese came, because at that time the original Arab settlers were black, having intermarried with the native tribes, while those who had come more recently were white, and were said to have driven the others "into the desert." Those Arabs who have mixed with the natives and become black, have never entirely forgotten the Mohammedan religion. But, indeed, Africa is a country, perhaps the only one in the world, in which Mohammedans are making proselytes and extending their religion outside of their own nations. However many such emigrations may have taken place, the only one we are well

acquainted with is the last, which was made under the authority of the Imâm of Muscat, in Arabia.

When the late Imâm of Muscat, Seyid Sayed, died about fifteen years ago, his dominions were divided between his sons. One of these is Seyid, Burghash, the present Sultan of Zanzibar, and another is the Sultan of Muscat. All that Seyid Burghash inherited from his father was the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Monfia, and a little bit of the coast. But since then he has been extending his territory by founding new settlements on the mainland as far north as the Red Sea, where the Egyptians are his neighbours, and as far south as Cape Delgado, where the Portuguese coast begins. So you see that there are two classes of people, the black and the white Arabs, or the first and the later settlers, and their language is the same as is spoken by the pure Africans throughout all the southern half of the continent (Bantu), but mixed with Arabic, and called Suahili.

In the course of the forenoon we called at the consulate, and found it most charmingly situated. From the windows of the rooms occupied by the Kirks, there are lovely views of the bay and the distant country beyond it. We were received in a delightfully cool shady corridor running round a small court filled with plants. Sir J. Kirk is well known to be a great botanist, and has sent home

many valuable collections. Lady Kirk, too, is devoted to flowers; and they have a small experimental garden out in their country *shamba*, which must be extremely interesting.

We lunched with the Bishop and his party at M'Kunazina, and the boys belonging to the mission nursery dined at the same time in a verandah just in front of us. They are bright, merry little fellows, varying in age from three to ten, and it was difficult to realise that they had all been rescued from slavery. Their white cotton jackets set off their brown faces, and they wore a kind of loose trousers, which they formed themselves by twisting a long straight piece of calico round their legs and waist. They are under the special charge of Miss Mills, who is quite their second mother, and she can tell most amusing stories about her boys.¹

A very large ugly blue and green monkey is a special pet at the mission-house. After luncheon she was released for a game of play. Miss Judy

¹ I cannot resist quoting the following extract from one of her recent letters: "Sometimes, for a great treat, I let these little boys have a war-dance before they go to bed. It is very pretty to see and hear them, and they look so strange in their little red garments in the dim light. They dance beautifully, spring and jump about as if they were on wires. Some of them can climb in the most marvellous way—can run up a straight wall as easily as you can up-stairs. When they are well, the boys can make and invent their own toys. They are wonderfully clever, for instance, at making knives by cutting a tin canister into strips, sharpening them on a whetstone, and fastening the blade into a hollow stick."

was extremely fond of the Bishop, and her favourite position was resting upon one of his shoulders. But from this perch she kept making sundry darts right across the room ; and as there was no saying which of us she might not take a fancy to alight upon next, I am afraid we did not feel very happy again until we saw her chained up.

We got a great deal of information from the Bishop about his own work, and the kind of journey that lies before us. It is rather disappointing to find, from his own experiences of travelling in the interior, that he is not at all hopeful of my being able to reach Blantyre.

As soon as it became cool enough to go out, we went with him to visit the church or cathedral he is building. He is himself acting both as architect and builder, and finds the work no sinecure, for the natives will not even build straight to the plumb unless he is constantly watching them. The church is of considerable size, very simple in design, but quite Gothic. It is built of coral-rag, which is in fact the stone of the country. The Sultan has presented the Mission with a clock, and the Bishop is now busy building a steeple for it. There is a very extensive view of the island to be got from the top, and he was extremely anxious that we should see it. The gentlemen climbed up with him ; but I was afraid to trust my head on the

rustic scaffolding, which looked more picturesque than safe. It consisted of trunks of trees with their bark on, and these were tied together with fibres of palm-leaf. After all, I do not think they were able to see much of the view, for they neither of them had such good heads as the Bishop. However, he gave them a hand, and drew them along, otherwise they would have required to have had the claws of a stork to secure a footing on such a perch. As it was, it looked very fearful from below, and I was very glad to see them reach the bottom in safety. The Bishop afterwards remarked that the best cure for giddiness was to become a builder, because one begins at the ground and goes up by slow degrees. Only one accident had occurred in building the steeple. A native workman fell from a considerable height straight through the roof of a hut, and greatly to the astonishment of an old woman, landed at her feet while she was seated by the fire cooking her dinner. Fortunately he was not much the worse, for the roof was thatched with palm-leaves, and these gave way very gradually, and helped to break his fall.

A double interest is attached to this piece of land belonging to the Universities Mission, for not many years ago it was the site of the great slave-market. When the Sultan and his chiefs agreed to abolish slavery, Bishop Steere bought it for

the use of the Mission. His great aim has been to turn it into a Christian settlement, comprising a church, schools, mission-house, and hospital, and to surround it by a kind of Christian parish. For this purpose he is buying up as far as possible all the dilapidated huts round about it, and building houses in which native Christians can dwell.

CHAPTER IV.

ZANZIBAR—Continued.

VISIT TO AN ARAB HOUSE—NEGOTIATIONS WITH CHUMA—NASI
MOJA—H.M.S. LONDON—CHAINED CRIMINALS—THE SULTAN'S
ZOO—A WALK IN THE COUNTRY—A DEAD DONKEY.

I WAS extremely anxious to see the interior of an Arab house ; and Miss Allen, the lady superintendent, very kindly took me with her to one that she was in the habit of visiting. This turned out to be a large square building we had previously noticed in the course of our wanderings because of its size. A message had been sent beforehand to announce our approach. Therefore a small boy in a purple and gold embroidered silk *kanzu* and smart little cap was looking out for us at the top of a few broad steps. The little fellow fairly danced for joy when he saw Miss Allen ; and chancing to look up at the windows, I saw they were filled with the eager faces of the ladies watching for her. The master himself came across the open square to

receive us, and was greatly distressed to find that A——, who had accompanied us as far as the steps, had gone on. However, Miss Allen explained to him that our visit was only to the ladies of his household. "But why," he replied, "does he not then come to see me?" He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, not two of them dressed alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets, and nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow, or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmount-

ed by a tuft of feathers all the colours of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrap-book, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival, the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large green goblets full of sweet syrup; and we had to drink a little of this, as well as three small cups of coffee—the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand “that it was Arab custom to drink not less than three.” His curiosity was now aroused about my journey, and he wanted to know “how long it had taken me to reach Zanzibar?” and “was I taking many porters into the interior? and how many guns had I?” When he heard I was taking no

guns, he was very much astonished, and after sundry exclamations of surprise, said "he thought it was very brave of me venturing into the wild man's country; but he did not think I need fear the wild man, for he was sure he would be good to me." We talked a little about the climate (Miss Allen of course acting interpreter), and he looked immensely puzzled when I told him, in my country—Scotland—the people would now be having daylight until 9 P.M. At last he declared he could not believe how that was possible, when it was dark at Zanzibar at 6 P.M. Miss Allen now began to talk to the women; and while she was doing this, I had lots of time to examine the room. It was both large and lofty, and down one side of it was an alternate row of windows and gilt mirrors. There were numbers of glass vases, many of them handsome, and a row of large chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, with smaller ones placed between, and Turkey or Persian carpets scattered over the floor. At the extreme end of the room, and looking strangely out of keeping with the rest of its surroundings, was a four-post bed, with quantities of soft cushions, and enveloped in a mosquito-curtain. Behind us were two more windows, and the views were beautiful. We saw all over the town, right across to the tropical country, and got several exquisite peeps of the sea. When we

rose to say good-bye, the lady of the house insisted upon accompanying us as far as it was etiquette for her to go. But this was only to the top of the staircase.

I found A—— waiting for me in a shop close by; and as we were hurrying back to the steamer, a number of men ran past us blowing trumpets. This was to assemble the people in the mosques, six o'clock being the Mohammedan hour of prayer. Here the mosques are ordinary square houses without domes or minarets.

ZANZIBAR, *July* 28, 1880.

The gentlemen were occupied during the early part of yesterday afternoon in trying to make an arrangement with Chuma, the well-known servant of Livingstone. Bishop Steere had suggested that we should take him with us to act as an interpreter. However, it came to nothing, for he would not go unless we agreed also to engage two of his friends. But it turned out that they had no knowledge of cooking, or anything else which could be of any use. Therefore we decided the loss of Chuma would be a less evil than the encumbrance of having to provide for two idle men. At length Chuma gave in, and agreed to dispense with the company of his friends; and accordingly,

the gentlemen took him to the consulate to get his agreement signed. There, however, he started a new obstacle. He declared his wife had died while he was travelling with Messrs Keith Johnston and Thomson, and he was going to hold a mourning entertainment with his friends, and this would not be over before our steamer sailed. Thus there was nothing for it but to give him up, for if we did not go on at once, we should not get another steamer for a month. We suspected, too, that Chuma was really disinclined to go with us because he had heard about Captain Wybrants and his party, and he evidently hoped to get more employment with them.¹

When these negotiations were over, we had only time to walk out to the Arab cemetery of Nasi Moja. It is most beautifully situated on the seashore. The Thoja mosque, enveloped in a grove of palms, is picturesquely placed on a rising knoll. Every here and there are arches and pillars marking the graves, while as far as the eye can reach are fine old mangoes, orange-trees, and clove-plantations. The graves seemed to commence as soon as we got out of the narrow streets. Indeed many of the huts appeared to be in the very midst

¹ Upon our return to Zanzibar we learnt that Chuma had been engaged by that unfortunate party. Since then he has died of consumption.

of ruined tombstones ; and parties of native card-players looked strangely incongruous in the midst of these surroundings.

Walking was pretty hard work, for the soil is nothing but light sand, and we had to cross the narrow isthmus connecting the town with the country beyond it. However, we were amply repaid, as the whole scene would have made a lovely sketch. The sun was going down, shedding golden and rosy lights over the sea and the promontory with its picturesque old mosque. Across the yellow isthmus, women were coming in single file, carrying jars of water on their heads. They often go two or three miles into the country for fresh water, because that in the town is brackish. Now and then, too, an old Arab on a donkey would pass us, returning from his evening ride. We never go along any of these roads leading out of the town without meeting strings of women. Sometimes they are carrying on their heads baskets of sweet-potatoes, mangoes, or sugar-cane, or, stranger still, coral-rag for building purposes, or lime made from the same material, which is burnt about a mile out of the town. One often wonders that beasts of burden are not used more here, for it must be extremely tedious to have every building-stone carried by a woman. But they always seem quite happy, and are generally singing a monot-

onous chant as they step along with their heavy loads.

In the evening we dined at the consulate, and found Sir J. Kirk not at all sanguine about my being able to get up the Zambesi and Shiré. In fact, Lady Kirk told me that he does not see how I am to manage it. Sometimes I wonder what eventually will become of me. At present the prospect is not very promising, as every one, including six doctors, are against my making the attempt.

Soon after breakfast this morning, Captain H—— came and carried us off to H.M.S. London. She is an old Crimean vessel. Her boilers have been taken out, and she remains constantly at anchor here, to serve as a kind of floating depot for the use of the little fleet of cruisers kept by the English Government to help the Sultan in suppressing the slave-trade. Doubtless few have realised how much it cost the Sultan in 1873, when, yielding to the pressure of our country, he agreed to abolish the slave-trade. He not only lost a great part of his income by it, but the act was so unpopular that it nearly caused an insurrection among his own people. Although it is strictly forbidden to import slaves to Zanzibar, yet I believe those who owned them before the treaty was signed are allowed still to keep them. It is therefore not

surprising that fresh slaves are even now smuggled on shore. In the course of our wanderings here, I was greatly distressed to pass strings of men and women chained together, and carrying heavy loads. Of course I thought they must be slaves, especially as a taskmaster with a long stick was looking after them. But I have since learnt that they were criminals. Inside the fort is a prison, which is said to contain some very deep dungeons. Probably these poor chained criminals are better off getting a little fresh air in this way, where they are certainly seen by the outer world, than if they were perpetually confined in a dark dungeon.

We had expected to leave Zanzibar this afternoon, but an unforeseen delay prevented the ship from sailing. However, we were not sorry to have another opportunity of exploring a little more of the island. Although we do not like the town, we find great pleasure in the country beyond it. On our way we passed the palace. I must tell you, that when the Sultan visited London, the thing that most took his fancy, as is usually the case with Orientals, was the Zoological Gardens. On his return he set about imitating them on a small scale. In front of the palace is an excellent concrete square, and here he has got a small menagerie of wild beasts in cages under his windows. Can you imagine any one except an Eastern

being able to stand the close proximity of a couple of lions and other odoriferous creatures?

Going out by Nasi Moja, we strolled along a sandy road bordered on each side with pine-apples. Nearly all these roads have been made under the supervision of Bishop Steere. He has introduced bullock-*gharis* into the country, and I believe has also entered into an agreement with the Sultan by which he undertakes the keeping up and making of new roads throughout the interior of the whole island. For this purpose he keeps an engine at 'Mbweni to draw stones for them. Thus he gets employment for some of his freed slaves, and benefits both the Mission and his neighbours at once. On the other side of the sandy isthmus, the country looks like one of our own shrubberies at home, for it is all thinly planted with glossy evergreens—only the evergreens here are not bushes, but trees. There was constant variety, and each turn of the road gave us something new to admire. At one moment we found ourselves in a clove-plantation, the next in the midst of a group of bananas, then in an orange or lime grove or a belt of cocoa-palms; while every here and there we passed mangoes, papaws, and cotton trees, and at one place a hedge of prickly-pears covered with yellow blossom. The whole island is rapidly becoming a garden full of the finest spices. In addition to

his large clove-plantations, the Sultan has planted nutmeg and cinnamon trees, besides trying to manufacture sugar. We were astonished to find the native villages out in the country not only picturesque, but remarkably clean, and with no rubbish of any kind lying about them, so that they contrasted strangely with the filthy huts of the town. On our way back to the ship, we came upon what is said to be an uncommon sight in any part of the world—namely, a dead donkey, stretched out at full length on the sand.

CHAPTER V.

MOZAMBIQUE.

STONE CASTLE SHIPPED FROM PORTUGAL—JESUITS EXPELLED—
 THE PIER—THE CONSUL—PARK COVERED WITH LIMPING CON-
 VICTS—TOWN IN A CORAL QUARRY—HISTORY OF MOZAMBIQUE
 —NATIVES ATTEMPT TO STARVE OUT THE PORTUGUESE—GO
 THROUGH THE CASTLE—QUILLIMANE BAR—PORTUGUESE HEIR-
 ESSES—EMBARRASSING SITUATION—RESOLVE TO GO TO SEA
 AGAIN—DEPARTURE OF THE D.D.

ON BOARD B.I.S.N. Co.'s STEAMER ABYSSINIA,
 MOZAMBIQUE, *2d August 1880.*

AFTER leaving Zanzibar at daybreak on Thursday, we kept near the African coast the whole way, although not within sight of it. We just got a glimpse of some of the volcanic mountains in the Comoros, and a distant peep of the island of Johanna, which every one tells us is quite the most beautiful of all the East African islands.

Early yesterday morning we heard that we were approaching Mozambique, the capital of the Portuguese settlements on this coast. Looking through the telescope, we saw a lighthouse

on the island of St George, and on the mainland a curiously shaped hill called Table Mountain. This, though not so famous as Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, is quite as worthy of its name.

Passing through a small strait between the mainland and the island of Mozambique, we sailed into a spacious and sheltered bay within the island. Before us, on a promontory of honeycombed rocks, stood a grand and most solid-looking castle, keeping guard over a handsome old European city. The sudden transition from everything that was oriental to a scene so like home, made it difficult to realise for a moment that we were still in Africa; and no wonder, for, as we learned afterwards, the very stones of this castle of St Sebastian had all been brought in ships from Portugal. But presently, turning the point, we came upon the brilliant colouring of a curious crowd assembled on the pier to watch our arrival. There were Portuguese soldiers in brown-cloth uniforms and holland trousers, turbaned Banyans in snowy petticoats, scarlet-fezzed Arabs, and women swathed in gorgeous-coloured webs. Their dresses consisted each of half-a-dozen of the brightest of pocket-handkerchiefs, bought in a piece, just as they are manufactured, and wound round their bodies. In the background was a small square of deciduous trees,

and behind that again the walls of the Governor-General's palace. This palace, which is a large and conspicuous building, had been erected by the Jesuits in 1670, as their college and convent. But the Jesuits were expelled from all the Portuguese dominions about the same time as from Portugal itself, and thus all their property fell into the hands of the Government. The ruins of their church stand beside the palace. There are also some streets of European houses, with sloping roofs, and red tiles brought all the way from Marseilles. These houses are covered with a wash of some colour, usually pink, yellow, or lilac. As the consul told us afterwards, this is required to be done by law, with a view to lessen the glare, which, if it were reflected from white walls, would injure the eyes of Europeans.

We had expected the British consul to join us here and accompany us into the interior, but now we were a good deal dismayed to hear that he was very ill. As soon, therefore, as it was possible, we landed to see what could be done in the circumstances.

The pier we were making for looked such a substantial piece of masonry, that we were surprised, as we approached it, to be cautioned to take care where we stepped, because part of it was woodwork and

very rotten. And still more were we amused when we learned that it had remained in the same rickety condition for years, and that nothing more had been done than to give a timely warning to every stranger who visited the port. Had it not been for this, the pier, stretching out into the bay from the small square in front of the palace, looked a most tempting and inviting promenade for the citizens of Mozambique. Apparently it had originally been erected with some care, for we heard that the portion under the sea was built with mortar, mixed with oil instead of water.

The consul was confined to bed, but the gentlemen saw him. Imagine the state of my feelings, while waiting for them in an adjoining room, to hear him say, "I am told you have a lady with you. I suppose you know that it is quite impossible she can accompany you?" Somehow it seemed as if, bit by bit, every spark of hope was being crushed out of me, and it was with difficulty that I afterwards dragged myself along while we were exploring the rest of the island. It is only a mile and a half long, and in some places not more than 500 yards broad.

Stretching under the walls of the castle, right across the island, is a small park. Strolling under some picturesque, but at present leafless old trees,

we stood admiring on one side of us the peaceful bay, as calm as a mill-pond, and dotted over with shipping, and on the other the waves of the Indian Ocean dashing against the coral-reefs and scattering their spray. We were just remarking to each other upon the delightfulness of the situation, when suddenly our eyes fell on a group of men hoeing the paths, and chained by the ankle. The poor creatures were convicts, and seemed to be staring at us with considerable interest; but we gladly turned from them to continue our walk to the other end of the island. We went along a few narrow streets containing a wonderful number of spirit-shops, and passed through a few small squares with plots of shrubs and trees growing in the centre. In one of them we saw a tree completely covered with the curious nests of the weaver-birds. They were dangling from the branches like so many conical white baskets; and we also admired a shrub with a beautiful scarlet flower.

But by far the most curious part of the whole island is the native quarter of the town. This is uniquely situated in old quarries out of which the coral-rag has been all excavated. Our road, formed upon the original coral, was raised like a dike in Holland—only below us lay, not fields, but a dense town of native huts, irregularly scattered like steps

and stairs to the depth of forty or sixty feet ; so we constantly found ourselves walking on a level with or above the palm-leaf roofs. During the rainy season quantities of water collect and stagnate in the excavated pits. We were told that, although there is a well and large tanks of rain-water in the castle, still the greater portion of the 7000 inhabitants of Mozambique are mainly dependent upon brackish brown-coloured water, often the thickness of porridge. Besides this, the coral-rag is itself in appearance very like a sponge. It is true that after exposure to the air it becomes hard, but a fresh piece will crumble away in your fingers, and has an earthy, clammy feeling. Can you wonder, therefore, that Mozambique, on account of its extreme unhealthiness, has been called "the graveyard of the European" ? Curiously enough, we also heard that sickness and mortality were much greater among the natives employed in quarrying the rag than among those engaged in burning it into lime.

While we were contemplating this curious scene, the captain of our steamer rode past us on his bicycle. Almost immediately he was pursued by perfect swarms of brown little natives, very destitute of garments, and full of astonishment and curiosity at so extraordinary an apparition. A small cemetery and mortuary chapel occupy the

point of the island at the end of this road. And there was something inexpressibly sad in passing, by the way to it, the neglected graves of two of our own fellow-countrymen. Altogether, Mozambique is more curious than enjoyable.

The island is so thickly populated that very little room is left for cultivating the soil, and the inhabitants have to depend upon getting their supplies from the mainland. It is very pretty to watch the fleet of little boats sailing across the bay in the early morning with provisions to the market. When Vasco da Gama discovered Mozambique, he found it inhabited by Arabs, and they were still there when the Portuguese finally took possession of it. The two nations have never got on well together; and the natives on the mainland, who are the remains of this old Arab settlement, are still inclined to war and resistance. The Portuguese, although they are nominally their governors, seldom interfere with them; but not long ago a quarrel arose, when the natives would not allow food of any kind to be taken across to the island. They hoped in this way to starve out the Portuguese, and thus get rid of them. But the Governor-General ordered one or two men-of-war to bombard their villages, and to fire shot and shell on them. This soon had the effect of shaking their

resolution, and now the supplies are being sent across as before.

The consul recommended the gentlemen not to leave Mozambique without paying a visit to the old castle. Accordingly, we crossed the draw-bridge and entered the fort without even a sentinel challenging us. We had been coolly sitting for some time on the ramparts enjoying the fresh breezes from the Indian Ocean, and admiring the beautiful clear sea, before an officer came up and politely told us in French it was contrary to all rules to admit strangers. However, when we explained to him who we were, he most good-naturedly offered to show us everything, and ended by loading me with flowers and pomegranates. We found the building contained large military barracks, and also a convict prison. The Portuguese send their convicts to their African possessions, where some of them, like ticket-of-leave men, are employed as soldiers, while others are kept in confinement, or are employed to work in chains like those I have already mentioned. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this system was begun by Vasco da Gama, because, in his first voyage round the Cape to India, he took with him some Portuguese malefactors whose sentences had been commuted into being forced to accompany

him. These he left at certain places to explore the country and take their chance of living until he came back again.¹

Most of the soldiers, and even some of the officers, are coloured men from Goa in India and the Portuguese settlements in West Africa. The Dutch have made many strenuous but fruitless attempts to possess themselves of the island, and in 1606 Admiral Paul Caerden laid siege to the old fortress with forty stout ships. However, after lying before it thirty-two days and finding all his efforts frustrated, he was glad to raise the siege and continue his voyage. Before leaving, we did not forget to look at the tanks, as we were getting a supply of water for the steamer from them. Some of the ship's officers told me that water often costs the B.I.S.N. Co. a shilling a-day for each passenger.

In the afternoon the consul came on board, hoping that a sea voyage might do him good ; but he looks exceedingly ill. Shortly after his arrival

¹ Captain Hamilton in his 'New Account of the East Indies,' published in 1726, says : "Mozambik is an island belonging to the Crown of Portugal. It is well fortified both by art and nature, but is very unwholesome, insomuch that when any Reynol, or European Portuguese in India, commits any capital crime, instead of punishing him according to their national or martial laws, he is banished hither for as many years as the Viceroy of Goa and his Council shall order ; and very few ever return from their exile, for five or six years is a long life here."

the Governor-General came to say good-bye to him. Then the anchor was hauled up, and we were off.

ON BOARD THE B.I.S.N. Co.'s STEAMER
ABYSSINIA, *August 1880.*

Mozambique was no sooner out of sight than there were various speculations on board as to whether it would be possible, when we reached the Quillimane river, to cross the bar of sand at the mouth of it. It appears, if the weather is stormy and the sea rough, that no steamer can cross these bars. In that case, they are obliged to pass on, without calling at the ports situated within such rivers. A glance at the map of Africa will show you that the Nile is very far from being the only African river which forms a delta at its mouth ; for deltas are quite a characteristic of African rivers. I suppose the reason is, that the ground in the interior of the continent is so high, and the land round the coast so very low ; and consequently the *débris* brought down by the torrents in the rainy season comes to a stand-still in the plains, causing the rivers to silt up their own passage. They then split up into different mouths ; and as the force of the current often changes the position of the sand-banks, the channels are said to be constantly shifting. Besides, the water in this way being spread

out wide and shallow, often evaporates quickly under a tropical sun ; so that the rivers actually lose bulk as they approach the sea.

Fortunately, when we arrived at the mouth of the Quillimane river, on 4th August, the sea happened to be smooth, but we could not enter it until the tide rose. So we anchored for an hour outside the bar, then crossed it without any difficulty, and sailed twelve miles up the river to the small town of Quillimane. All the way we saw nothing on either side of us except wrecked vessels, and flat, low, muddy marshes covered with mangrove-trees, their matted roots crawling along the ground, and their decaying stumps lying everywhere. A more desolate and dreary aspect can hardly be pictured than these river-banks, as seen from the deck of our steamer. The consul told us it was a most unhealthy country, and that the Portuguese Government, although they had always been most anxious to induce their countrymen to emigrate, and become owners of the soil here, had been almost absolutely unsuccessful. Some curious charters had come under his notice, by which the Lisbon Government had given great grants of land to all the Portuguese females who had emigrated, but adding this proviso, that they should only have the liferent of them unless they married Portuguese men. In that event the lands were to descend to the heirs of the marriage,—but

to heirs-female in preference to heirs-male, and always upon the same condition, that if these heirs-female would have the estate remain in the family, they must marry Portuguese men. It was hoped that the estate and the charms of the heiresses combined, would prove a sufficient inducement for men to emigrate from Portugal. Nevertheless, even this failed ; and at last the Government found it necessary to let the estates descend to half-castes or natives, while they retained a great deal of land in their own hands, and simply let it out as farms.

Quillimane, from the river, looks quite a small village, built in the midst of marshes. A row of red-tiled houses, a few palms, and endless mangrove-bushes, are all that can be seen ; and when the tide is out, there is left a high frontage of deep slimy mud. The ports we had hitherto visited were all like European or Asiatic cities. This was more like a settlement of squatters in a primeval forest. Such, at least, was our impression before landing, and it was considerably intensified by our first peep at the natives. They were putting off from the shore in canoes of the simplest kind, and their attire was a small piece of calico wound round their loins.

The D.D. had fully expected that some one would have been sent down from Blantyre to meet us here. But as the afternoon wore on, and no one

appeared, the situation began to look serious. At last Senhor N——, who acts as English vice-consul, and agent to the Scotch Missions, came on board. He had heard that the D.D. was coming; but he was not expecting us to accompany him, and could not put up so large a party in his house. He told the consul that the town was full of fever, and it would be impossible to make provision for our onward journey in less than eight days. In this dilemma the consul came to the conclusion that the best plan would be for us all to remain on board the steamer, which was going south just as far as Delagoa Bay, and would return here in ten days. He hoped, too, that by prolonging the sea voyage these ten days, he might himself become stronger and more able for the journey up the river.

This was a terrible disappointment. We were all so tired of the sea, and had hoped for the present that our long voyage had come to an end. Besides, we could not be sure that the steamer, when it did come back, would be able to cross the bar again. Nevertheless, there seemed no help for it, and it was clearly the right thing to do. The D.D. was even more tired of the sea than we were, but yet could not gainsay the propriety of this advice—for just at the moment he could see no other course open to him. However, after he had been

left some time to his own reflections, it occurred to him that, although Senhor N—— could not put up four persons in his house, he could perhaps put up one; and although he could not, in less than eight days, equip four persons for their journey up the river, he might perhaps find less difficulty in making provision for one. Accordingly he put the question to Senhor N——; and, in short, he gained his point. Afterwards we heard that Senhor N—— had found a small shipwrecked Irish boy who could accompany him as an interpreter for three days. Then he was to be handed over to the care of a brother-in-law of Senhor N——'s, who was to look after him during the rest of his journey. All this sounded feasible enough; and, at all events, our friend had achieved his heart's desire. But yet next day, when we saw him rowing off to the shore, we could not part from him without some misgivings; for somehow it seemed doubtful if we should see him again.

Here I cannot but tell you, that as we approached Quillimane my heart beat faster and faster. A few hours, I knew, would decide my fate, but in what way it was impossible to foretell. Hitherto I had been sent on from port to port, until I had begun to hope that as nobody knew what to do with me, they would pass me on to their neighbours, who in their turn would do the same. But now we had

arrived at the most critical point, and as Senhor N—— stood calmly scanning me from head to foot, I felt almost breathless. Fancy my relief when he turned to the gentlemen and said, "You cannot possibly leave the lady in Quillimane until your return from Blantyre, for she would be sure to take fever and die. Now she has come so far, it will be safer for her to go on."

CHAPTER VI.

INHAMBANE AND DELAGOA BAY.

INHAMBANE RIVER—STUCK ON A SAND-BANK—FLAMINGOES—
BEAUTIFUL SCENE—KAFFIR PIANO—DELAGOA BAY—THE
TRANSSVAAL MOUNTAINS—AMATONGA COUNTRY—TOWN OF
LORENZO MARQUES—TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN—DEPRESSING
SURROUNDINGS—NATIVE VILLAGES—GIANTS FEATHERED AND
TAILED—POINT RUBIN.

THE afternoon of the 5th found us sailing away for the south with quite a new set of passengers on board. Two of these no more intended to go to Delagoa Bay than we did. They were bound for Europe, but had been detained two months in Quillimane because no homeward vessel had been able to cross the bar and reach them during that time. At last they had resolved to go on board any vessel that would take them outside the bar, no matter where it was going, and ours had been the first to call at the port. We had also taken up the crew of one of the wrecked vessels we had

noticed in the river, most of them English and Swedish sailors.

The next place we had to touch at was Inhambane. It is situated, like Quillimane, on a river, and at the mouth of it there is the usual sand-bar. Suddenly we were deprived of all our awnings, in order that there might be as little as possible for the wind to take hold of during the crossing. We looked, however, in vain for the pilot; and as time and tide were passing away, the captain, although he had never been on the coast before, found it necessary to attempt the passage of the bar according to his own judgment. We achieved it beautifully, and all apparent danger was over; so we were leisurely admiring the beautiful broad river, when suddenly a bump made us look at each other. In one moment the ship was on its side, firmly imbedded in a sand-bank. Every possible effort that could be devised was tried to get us off again. The English and Swedish sailors we had picked up worked with a will alongside of the Lascar crew of the ship; but it was no use, and we had to remain in this unpleasant predicament from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. Watching the contrast between the European and Asiatic sailors was great fun. The poor Lascars seemed to have no strength in their arms, while Jack-tar at one pull could accomplish as much

work as three or four of them put together. Sailors of all nations work lungs and limbs together, and on this occasion they had full scope ; but the tones of their voices were as diverse as their language. I know not how far off this shouting Babel resounded ; but whether this was the cause of it or not, certain it is that the provoking pilot soon hove in sight. Can you believe it ?—the horrid creature actually showed more amusement than contrition. All round the ship the water was beautifully clear. We saw right down to the bottom of it, where enormous jelly-fishes were lying, much finer and larger than any I had seen before.

At length the tide came to our rescue, and gently helped to raise us out of our sand-bed. After that, an hour's sailing brought us in sight of the lovely town of Inhambane. We thought it quite the most beautiful place we had yet seen in Africa. As we approached our anchorage, the broad river became blocked with wooded islands. A—— said they reminded him of a Swedish lake, —only, of course, the trees were tropical. Everywhere we looked there was forest and low-spreading bushes. Suddenly we disturbed a large flock of flamingoes. They rose off the water in front of the ship, passed close to it, formed into single file, and flew down the river. In the distance they looked very like a pale pink ribbon floating

up and down on the breeze. We could not count them all, but only a fraction of them, and in that way reckoned that there were more than 150. The town of Inhambane is another of these Portuguese coast settlements. Nestling under wooded hills, it is situated at the head of a deep bay about fourteen miles from the mouth of the river. Quite a number of picturesque little huts peeped out from amongst a clump of cocoa-nut palms, looking from the steamer very like Swiss *chalets*, only they had no stones about them, and were thatched with palm-leaves. Several were surrounded by high palisades, Kaffir fashion; while on the yellow sandy beach knots of women had gathered to watch the steamer, clad in their brilliant red, orange, yellow, and blue handkerchief dresses. The contrast between this little bit of native town and the more solid-looking European houses, situated on a rising knoll, was very striking. Then the sunset, though short, was exquisite. The whole sky was full of fleecy clouds, a mass of red and yellow, while the bay looked as brilliant as a rainbow under the evening sun, which slanted across its waves, lighting them up with constantly varying tints of green and gold. Can you fancy anything more tantalising than to think we had lain for so many hours close to such a lovely spot doing absolutely nothing, and that now it was too late to go

on shore? It is strange that, wherever I go, I have to say that the most prominent object in the town is a large but roofless church.

A few canoes came alongside the ship containing men who were both stronger and finer-looking than those we had seen at Quillimane. Some of them brought on board a curious-looking instrument. The sailors called it a Kaffir piano. It was made of bars of wood of varying breadth and thickness, and these were strung together with narrow strips of hide, and supported on hollow gourds arranged according to size in a regular gradation. The sound produced, although wild, was musical. We heard afterwards that we might have bought it for five francs, and ultimately got one.

Since then we have learned that this musical instrument is found in other parts of Africa, although it is often called by a different name, and sometimes even differs slightly in construction, and very much in size. Du Chaillu came across it in the heart of the continent; and Livingstone, who calls it the *marimba*, met with it among a tribe north of the Zambesi; while Mr Vincent Erskine gives the following account of a native concert in the very country of these Inhambane people, where the pianos seem to have taken a prominent part. He says:—

“I reached the kraal of a principal man, and was entertained for the first time by the really effective music of

these Basique. Four or five native pianos, or rather harmonicons, were produced, and several drums, large and small, with rattles containing the seeds of the Kaffir boom enclosed in red cases; also other calabash rattles fixed on handles of a peculiar kind, fastened about the calf and ankle of the right leg. The pianos started the tune, which formed a sort of accompaniment to the singing or air; the little drums had their part, and the big drums theirs, the rattles of one sort, and the big rattles also took separate parts. Instruments of one kind were played in conjunction with each other, each in their turns and at intervals, as it was deemed necessary: a clash of the whole came in chorus together. The effect was good. At times it died away almost to silence, and then gradually grew louder as each instrument chimed in, till the big drums, hand-rattles, leg-rattles, bass voices, and chorus came to the final crescendo, and then as gradually died away again. I never heard the native music again so effective."

Every one told us that Inhambane was a great place for curious birds, and that the natives always brought them alive to the ships for sale; but we did not happen to see any remarkable ones.

The trade seems to be principally cocoa-nuts, india-rubber, bee's-wax, gum-copal, and ivory.

ON BOARD THE B.I.S.N. Co.'s STEAMER
ABYSSINIA, *August* 1880.

Early on Sunday morning we were awakened by the noise of getting up steam, and shortly

afterwards were on our way to Delagoa Bay, which we reached on Monday the 9th. As we entered the bay we passed the small island of Inyak—once belonging to England—and shortly afterwards anchored in front of the Portuguese town of Lorenzo Marques. The right of occupying half of this sheltered and spacious bay was for several years claimed by Britain, but the Portuguese disputed the point. Ultimately the question was referred to the President of the French Republic, Marshal MacMahon, who in 1875 decided in favour of Portugal.

A few small rivers flow into the bay ; and it was thought, during the time of the late Zulu war, that possibly our troops might have found an easy route into the Transvaal up one of them. Accordingly our friend the consul had been sent on that occasion with a party to explore the largest of these, the King George River. The result of his exploration was anything but favourable, and what was worse, the locality turned out to be so malarious that he and his men were all taken very ill ; in fact, the consul has never yet quite recovered from the effects of that journey. From where we are anchored, looking up the bay in the direction of this river, we can see the mountains of the Transvaal stretching away in the far distance. Every arrangement was made some years ago for making a rail-

way between Lorenzo Marques and the gold-fields at Lydenberg; but for the last seven years all the plant has been lying on the shore, and nothing done with it.

Across the bay, on the side opposite to the town, the Portuguese claim a few miles of land; but they have little or no power there. We were shown through the telescope a small thatched cottage on that side, where, we were told, John Dunn had lived and taken in arms to supply the Zulus at the beginning of the late war. Although I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this piece of information, still it is well known that Cetewayo's 30,000 or 40,000 men were armed with guns imported through Delagoa Bay.

South of the bay, beyond this strip of land claimed by Portugal, are the independent Amatongas; and beyond them again, still further south, are the warlike Zulus. The Amatonga country I have just mentioned is very little known; but we happened to hear a great deal about it from the agent of the Steamship Company, who travelled with us for a few days. Once when he was staying in Natal, in order to return to Delagoa Bay, he had ridden all along the Amatonga coast. He described it to be nothing but malarious marshes and sand, while every here and there he met with the tsetse-fly. These facts, indeed, are generally known—only

the wonder is, how any European could have ridden through in safety. His account of the water he was obliged to drink was something dreadful. He declared the Zulus would have conquered the Amatongas long ago if they had been worth conquering, only they possessed no cattle, as they could not keep them on account of the tsetse-fly.

Delagoa Bay, like most of these coast places, is considered extremely unhealthy; and the town of Lorenzo Marques is said to be a perfect hotbed for fever. It is very small, and is built on a stretch of sand at the foot of rising ground. I really might describe it as an island, for it is separated from the mainland by a broad marsh. This marsh is crossed by bridges guarded by cannon, and we were not a little amused to see all their muzzles pointed towards the land instead of facing the sea. It has been explained to us that the dreaded enemies of the Portuguese are the natives. They appear to live in constant terror of their attacks, and on this account often choose islands or peninsulas for their settlements. The soldiers here are the same class of men that we saw at Mozambique. Consequently, as many of them are coloured, the natives neither fear nor respect them. Others, again, are still worse; for, as I have already mentioned, they are a kind of ticket-of-leave men who have been given their choice between a Portuguese

prison or a soldier's life here. Altogether there is an unspeakable depression surrounding the whole place. It is impossible to forget that many of the poor fellows we see going about have some sad story attached to their lives, and are in fact so many caged birds. Still sadder was it, when we crossed the marsh and visited the cemetery on the other side, to see how many had already fallen victims to the pestilential climate. A more desolate and dreary spot I have never seen. Everything seemed to say too vividly that those lying there were uncared for and forgotten. Very few of the tombstones had even a name carved on them, and most of them were fast falling to pieces, while the tiles on the mortuary chapel were clink-clinking in the breeze. I could not help turning away from it with a shudder, but only to rest my eyes on another depressing object, which people say is generally the main feature of every Portuguese settlement in this part of the world. This was an enormous hospital, large enough to hold all the inhabitants in the town, but unfortunately without a doctor, for there is no such functionary in the place.

We found it quite a relief to walk out of the town and look at the aborigines. Beyond the marsh there are an inconceivable number of native villages. The huts, built of mud and wattle, are

thatched with coarse grass, and look like so many beehives or miniature corn-ricks. A low opening serves both as a window and door. This has a movable shutter, made of thatch and bamboo, to protect the aperture at night. Each hut is generally surrounded by a small piece of ground, fenced by a palisade of reeds. Every one of these enclosures I peeped into seemed to be a poultry-yard and children's playground. The children are quaint little creatures. Many of them are very good-looking, and somehow their brown skins make one forget how scantily they are clad.

The Zulu princess exhibited at St James's Hall came out of one of these huts. We heard all about her from the consul, for he had been commissioned to hunt up her pedigree, and clearly ascertained she had not a vestige of Zulu blood in her.

The natives about here are certainly a fine-looking race, and truly gigantic. Many of the women are over six feet high, and have such beautifully developed figures, they would form perfect studies for a sculptor. Nearly all the hoeing and most of the manual labour is done by them. As this must be very hard work, sooner or later it must kill any who are not naturally strong, whereas those who can stand it have all their muscles fully expanded by constant action. Not two of the men or women we met were dressed alike. Some had

their hair most elaborately frizzled, and all kinds of feathers stuck into it. Instead of a loin-cloth, they wore wild beasts' skins tied round their waists, with a row of tails dangling from them. Others, again, had their hair drawn out in fine strings and plastered with red mud, so that in the distance it looked like a head-dress of red coral. As for the real Zulus we saw, they were splendid-looking people. I no longer wondered that they were Goliaths to the poor Portuguese, who looked truly insignificant beside them.

In the course of the afternoon, almost half the natives in the town were drunk. I believe the publicans in the British colonies are not allowed to sell drink to the natives. But unfortunately the Portuguese have no such law, and the demoralising effect upon Europeans and natives at Lorenzo Marques is most deplorable.

Upon entering the bay, we had noticed some cliffs of the New Red Sandstone, and were anxious to get a closer view of them. Accordingly we set out to walk to Point Rubin, but found this no easy matter; for the soil in the town and neighbourhood is nothing but dry, soft sand, and wading through it was very tiring. However, we succeeded in reaching the rocks, and found them exceedingly soft, crumbling into sand-dunes, the colour of cayenne pepper, and full of small agates.

A station of the Submarine Telegraph Company, connecting our country with the Cape, is planted at Lorenzo Marques. One after another of the unfortunate officials in charge of it have fallen victims to the climate. Now they are trying the experiment of sleeping on board a vessel anchored in the harbour, until they can build a station up on the hill. Curiously enough, even horses cannot live here. The agent of the Steamship Company told us he had tried keeping them over and over again, but they very soon died.

CHAPTER VII.

OUT AT SEA.

A STORM—MR PINKERTON—KINGDOM OF GASA AND ITS HISTORY
 —ILLNESS OF THE CONSUL—LAND AT QUILLIMANE—THE GOV-
 ERNOR D'AVILA—HISTORY OF QUILLIMANE—SLAVES—FASHIONS
 OF QUILLIMANE—VISIT TO DONNA B——'S MOTHER.

ON Thursday morning we left Delagoa Bay, and were no sooner out at sea than we were caught by the south-east trade-wind rushing up between Madagascar and the mainland to join the south-west monsoon. It was a terrific storm, and our captain soon repented leaving the harbour, for it was impossible to make much way. There was thunder, with torrents of rain, while the vessel rolled so that everything in it was upset and lots of glass broken. Somehow we seemed all unprepared for it. Even the stewards were rattled about and badly bruised. Water came in by the doors, and through the closed port-holes, which were by no means water-tight; while we were tumbled and tossed from

one side of our cabin to the other, and thoroughly drenched. At last I managed, but I do not know how, to reach the end of the saloon. There I had barely settled myself before a tremendous roll sent all the books in one half of the library over me, and worse still, a couple of glass candle-shades in shivers. The loud crash summoned the stewards as well as the passengers to the doors of their cabins, and they rushed to see what had happened. One after another they tried to come to my rescue, but only to be pitched by the rolling vessel prostrate on their faces. Their frantic efforts to regain their feet were more ludicrous than I can describe. They could only lie and rub to cure their bruises. Finally, I managed to extricate myself from the broken glass, which was by no means easy, and got to the other side of the saloon, but reached it only just in time to receive upon me the books in the other half of the library. It was a fearful night, and sleep was altogether out of the question. Unfortunately, by the strenuous efforts that were made to keep out the water, they only succeeded in keeping out fresh air. Bad smells increased, and we were as sick as if we had never been at sea before. All these miseries lasted for two days and two nights. Nevertheless they could have been nothing in comparison to the discomforts of the poor steerage passengers. Fancy the poor creatures

all stowed away down in the dark hold below, and the only air that could possibly reach them coming from an opening in the floor of the saloon.

Mr Pinkerton, an American missionary, and his companion, a Mr Jordon, joined us at Delagoa Bay, with the view of landing at Inhambane. They had been detained a full month at Lorenzo Marques, because the last British India steamer that called there had met with some accident, which decided its captain not to touch at the difficult ports on his journey northwards. Before this, Mr Pinkerton had been employed in the Natal country. Now he is being sent by the Boston Board (of which A—— is a member) to try whether he can establish a mission in Gasa. Gasa is the name of all the country that we have been sailing past since we left Quillimane (except, of course, the small Portuguese settlements on the coast). It is bounded on the north by the Zambesi, and extends as far south as the King George River at Delagoa Bay, and it corresponds very much to what was anciently the kingdom or empire of Monomotapa (which signifies in Zulu “the children of the mines”). The present inhabitants are probably the same race as formerly; but they have been conquered by some Zulu Kaffirs, who form the ruling class in the country. Their history may be told in a few words.

The Zulu kingdom was founded by a man called

Chaka, the uncle of the present Cetewayo. Chaka marshalled all his men in regiments, and he made them either conquer or die ; for whenever he sent them upon an expedition, if they failed and returned home, he had them massacred. Once he sent a large army, under one of his generals called Manikoos, to turn the Portuguese out of Delagoa Bay. Manikoos failed to do this, and he did not wish to go home and be massacred, so he turned his arms against the natives in the neighbourhood. He conquered them easily, and founded for himself this great kingdom of Gasa, and has been succeeded by the present King Umzila. His Zulu Kaffirs mixed with the original natives of that country are called Landeens. These Landeens at one time pillaged the settlement of Sofala, took the town of Inhambane, and obliged the Portuguese on the Zambesi to pay them black-mail, which they do to this day, as the condition of being allowed to remain in the country. Another party of Zulus did much the same thing as those ones, but further west, and founded a great kingdom there called Matabele. Others, again, went north in the year 1836, and established themselves near Blantyre and about Lake Nyassa.

When we all met again after the storm, we found the captain considered it quite impossible to call at Inhambane, and only hoped the sea might be

calm enough for us to cross the Quillimane bar. This was a fresh trial to Mr Pinkerton, and every one feels sorry for him. He takes it very calmly, although even now he is already fully a month later than could be desired for going through the low marshy swamps he must cross. After consulting with A——, he has resolved to go on to Zanzibar, and there join Captain Wybrants's party. He is strongly against our attempting the journey into the interior, and keeps repeating to us that he does not like the thoughts of it; in fact, it seems to be continually on his mind.

Here we are, August 16th, back in front of Quillimane. Just twelve hours before we reached the bar the sea calmed down, and after all we crossed it quite easily.

QUILLIMANE, 17th August 1880.

Before we got to Delagoa Bay, the consul was so much better that every one thought his illness had taken a turn; but on Tuesday he had a relapse, and since then has been worse than ever. Unfortunately there was no doctor on board, because the British India Company seldom have enough of passengers to make it worth their while to carry one on this route further than Zanzibar. The consul was most reluctant to let us start for Blantyre without himself accompanying us, and

undecided what to do, as he felt himself quite unequal to the long journey. When we left the steamer, he was still in hopes that a night's rest would set him up, and that he might be able to rejoin us on shore before the Abyssinia put out to sea. However, while we were at breakfast the next morning, a note came from him saying he had had a very bad night, and begging Senhor N—— to accompany us instead of him. This Senhor N—— is quite willing to do—only, he says, he cannot go along with us, but must follow; for it will take him at least a week to arrange all his business at home.

Upon reaching Senhor N——'s house, where we are now staying, we were introduced to his wife. Donna B—— is a sweet, gentle-looking creature, but extremely shy. She only understands Portuguese and Chicunda, the native language spoken on the coast here; so, unfortunately, the only way in which she and I can communicate with each other is by signs. As yet my attempts have not been altogether successful, and my mistakes have given Donna B—— and her servants many a hearty laugh. Sometimes they bring a small shipwrecked Irish boy to the rescue; but he generally ends in making matters worse, for his Portuguese and native vocabulary is exceedingly limited. You cannot think how queer it feels to be living with people where one has to act everything one wants

to say. I believe there are just three people in the town who can speak English. One of these is the Governor—Senhor D'Avila—whom A—— thought it proper to call upon. He is cousin to the Prime Minister of Portugal, but was educated in the British navy; so of course he speaks our language admirably, and is very agreeable. He has not himself been very far into the interior, and he can give us very little information about our journey. In fact, it seems to us that every one here is a good deal in the dark about it.

This is a most excellent house, with a sloping roof and spacious porch. The drawing-room is sixty feet long, and the N——s have kindly turned their usual dining-room—a nice lofty room opening out from it—into a bedroom for us. How I wish you could see the beautiful bed, with its tiny silk pillows and coverlet, protected by crochet and emblazoned with the arms of Portugal! Yesterday morning we were awakened soon after daylight by the servants bringing in an enormous brass bath. We had never seen anything like it before, and I can only imagine that it must be like Solomon's brazen sea. It took six of the boys to carry it. They were followed by female servants bringing us cups of green tea and sugar-biscuits.

I believe in olden days that Quillimane was the capital of the Arab kingdom of Angoxa, which had

a sultan of its own, who resided here. The story is, that the Portuguese coveted the town because they thought it commanded one of the mouths of the Zambesi. Accordingly they entered into negotiations with the then reigning sultan for the purchase of the place. These resulted in the Portuguese promising to pay an annual tribute for the use of Quillimane, but on condition that the sultan withdrew himself to some other part of his kingdom. Eight sultans in succession appear to have regularly received this tribute, and the ninth for several years. At length the Portuguese pleaded inability to pay their rent, and asked for time. But year after year passed, and the sultan always received the same message. At last he determined to go in person to Mozambique and demand his money. There he found a new Governor-General, who completely ignored the Quillimane treaty, and at the same time declaring the sultan of Angoxa to be a vassal of the King of Portugal, demanded tribute-money from him accordingly, and represented it to have been in arrear the same number of years as the Portuguese had ceased paying rent for Quillimane. The poor sultan of Angoxa, completely taken by surprise, was thrown into prison, and another member of his family was found willing to reign over Angoxa as sultan, acknowledging himself a vassal of the King of Portugal.

Nearly all the natives we see here were once slaves. In Livingstone's time, as is well known, the Portuguese kept up slavery and the slave-trade without limit ; but in 1857, they passed stringent laws against the slave-trade, allowing only those who already owned slaves to retain them. A few years later a law was passed abolishing slavery altogether—although, if we may believe all we have heard, this law has not been very successfully enforced except within the town of Quillimane, where the natives, who were formerly slaves, have become hired servants. We fancy they get little more than their food, because the Portuguese seem to keep a great many such servants ; and in Senhor N——'s house they are of all ages, from fathers and mothers to quite small children. Kind Donna B—— is quite a mother to them all. She is very fond of children, and has none of her own, for those she had have all died. Senhor N—— tells us that the climate of Quillimane is very deadly to children.

One of my greatest difficulties, the last two mornings, has been in getting dressed. These tiny servants have the greatest curiosity to see all my movements, and no amount of signs succeeded in keeping them out of the room. At last I was fairly obliged to take them by the shoulders and turn them out ; but I had no sooner,

as I thought, settled one, before another glided noiselessly in. Everything I possess is a novelty to them, and they must take it up and examine it. Although some of them are quite small children, I can assure you that they are really not bad housemaids, as far as sweeping goes. They have short brushes made of palm-leaves tied together like a pot-scrubber. These they use with both their little hands, crawling along the floor and creeping under a bed or sofa with the greatest ease. In a country like this, which teems with insects, it is of the greatest use to have tiny creatures that can go through holes and corners like ferrets.

You made me promise to tell you everything, so you must not laugh if I even describe our meals, for indeed Quillimane has fashions of its own. There are two great meals in the day, at eleven o'clock and five o'clock, and these are both exactly alike. Senhor N——'s table quite reminds us of one of the Eastern banquets described in the 'Arabian Nights.' The servants who wait upon us are six little girls and one woman; the youngest, Lucinda, cannot be more than five. They are all clothed in brilliant handkerchief dresses. Four of these handkerchiefs joined in one piece make a skirt for a woman, and four more an upper scarf, which is wound round the

body under the arms, leaving ample space for rows upon rows of beads. Strings of beads are twisted in their hair, which is cut short, and their arms are perfectly covered with brass bangles and bracelets, while broad bangles and anklets reach far up their legs. Sometimes I wonder how they can manage to walk at all. Two of the little servants stand at each end of the table and fan their master and mistress during the meal with broad palm-leaf fans. Everything is placed upon the table at once, and there are so many dishes that they completely hide the table-cloth. We have always three or four kinds of meat, from a young sucking-pig roasted whole, down to stews of various kinds. Then there is game, poultry, curry, different vegetables and fruit, and always a sweet. Donna B—— superintends the cooking herself, and excels in these sweets. I must tell you of two that we think specially good. One is a mixture of eggs, sugar, and almonds, and the other a combination of eggs and sugar mixed with the fresh milk and grated pulp of the cocoa-nut. Her bread is excellent, and beautifully light. The wheat is grown at Tête on the Zambesi, and ground into flour by her own servants. The yeast she uses is made out of the toddy got from the cocoa-nut palm, and here called *sura*.

Visitors generally call when we are at meals ;

indeed that is the usual hour for visiting in Quillimane, at least if one wants to find one's friends at home. I fancy an hour or two later most people, at any rate the ladies, would be found taking a siesta. The Portuguese seldom even think of walking the length of their own street; and as they cannot keep horses on account of the climate, they go from house to house in a sort of palanquin, called here a *machilla* (pronounced *masheela*). This usually consists of a pole placed upon the shoulders of the natives, from which is suspended a long plank of wood, and upon that is fixed an old-fashioned-looking arm-chair, or sometimes two. Then there is an awning over the top hung all round with curtains.¹ Each *machilla* requires about six to eight bearers, who are all dressed alike in a kind of livery. These liveries are very different from those worn at home, for they consist of a cotton loin-cloth and small jacket of the same material, colour, and pattern. If the occupant of the *machilla* happens to be a lady, then her female attendants generally run behind it, all dressed exactly in the same material as the men, only their clothes are made after the pattern of the handkerchief dresses I have already described. Can you picture a string of these servants, dressed

¹ The simplest form of a *machilla* is a hammock, and the custom appears to have been brought from Brazil.

in orange, pink, or scarlet, winding in and out of a grove of palm-trees? — then you will understand how pretty they look. But if the family are in mourning, they are clad in dark blue.

After dinner yesterday evening, Donna B—— told me by signs that she was going to see “Má-ma,” and evidently wished to take me with her. It was a lovely starlight night, and the palms looked more beautiful than ever under a soft moon, while the whole air was deliciously scented with orange-blossom. I felt quite sorry that our walk was so short, for Donna A—— lived in a large house in the principal street close by. She was a kind old lady, and exceedingly anxious to show me every attention that lay in her power. But alas! her vocabulary was almost as limited as her daughter’s, and consisted of “fever,” “mosquito,” “lingo,” “Blantyre,” and “non comprehends.” Fancy having to keep up a conversation by signs for more than an hour! I was almost at my wits’ end; and sometimes, when I was exceedingly stupid, the poor old lady would raise her voice and shout at me just as if I was deaf. Then she would turn to her daughter, shake her head, and say, most mournfully, “Non comprehends, non comprehends.” However, at last I succeeded in making out that the object of Donna B——’s visit was to tell her mother that the consul wished her husband

to accompany us to Blantyre, and that he wanted her to go with him ; but she was frightened. Donna A——'s disapprobation was very decided. For more than half an hour a sister of Donna B——'s and her servants only ventured to peep at me from behind the door. I am a perfect curiosity to them all, for it is something new to them to see a lady walking about the town ; and even my clothes cause a great deal of amusement, for Quillimane is six or seven years behind in the fashions. Besides, a report has been spread that I am going into the interior on a velocipede ; so I expect that altogether, in their eyes, I am regarded as decidedly fast.

CHAPTER VIII.

START FOR THE INTERIOR.

DELAYS—START UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A THUNDERSTORM—RATS
 RUNNING OVER US—AQUATIC FLOWERS—RATS AGAIN—NATIVE
 BEER—THREAT TO CRAM US INTO CANOES—RIVER FLOCKED
 WITH REEDS—THE MUTU—GIGANTIC FIRE-FLIES—RATS COOKED
 AND EATEN.

MAZARO, ON THE ZAMBESI,
Monday, August 23, 1880.

BEFORE we left the steamer, we had understood that everything was ready for our starting up the river at once. Conceive, then, our disappointment on Monday afternoon to find the natives only just commencing to prepare our boat. We discovered them busily transforming the stern into a kind of bower, by arching it over with mangrove-branches, and thatching these with reeds. The boat, too, was much smaller than we expected. Will you believe me, I wonder, when I tell you that it is not larger than our boat on the Tweed at home?

In the evening Senhor N—— promised to get us

off early the next morning. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour for starting, sundry odds and ends were not forthcoming; and before these were procured, we were supposed to have missed the tide, and eventually we were told that we could not possibly start until 9 P.M. Meanwhile Senhor N—— had found an interpreter for us, in a native called Ambrose, who was once himself for a short time at the mission-station at Blantyre. However, when we met at dinner on Tuesday evening, we were greeted with the news that Ambrose and all our boatmen were drunk. At first we thought that the only thing to be done in the circumstances was to delay starting until Wednesday morning; but Senhor N—— was strongly averse to this. Then it transpired that, according to the custom of the country, he had paid our crew in advance; and the result was, that they had spent their wages in drinking freely. As you may suppose, we were somewhat scared at the prospect of starting up so strong a tidal river as the Quillimane one is, with the men in such a state, and in the dark too, with sharks and crocodiles below us. Clearly there seemed no help for it, because Senhor N—— said that if we did not take the men while we could get them, they might bolt, and there was no saying how long it might take him to collect another crew.

At nine o'clock the whole household turned out with lanterns to see us off. Ambrose, who was far too drunk to walk, was carried by the natives and laid at the bottom of a canoe. Soon afterwards I got into a *machilla*, and was carried over the mud into the boat. There I found A—— trying to discover how it was furnished, and whereabouts all our goods and chattels were. But before we could become used to the dim light of the lantern, we were startled by a tremendous yell, and instantaneously the boat received a great push from behind, which sent it out into the middle of the river, nearly capsizing us. We were now quite in the hands of the savages, who yelled and too-loo-looed for some time, while we could do nothing but laugh at our novel predicament. In a little they started up a curious wild song, and then another and another at intervals. They had no oars, but struck the water with paddles short and broad; in fact, the same as they use in their own canoes. Our strange surroundings soon made us thoroughly feel that we were leaving civilisation behind, and going into the interior. The feeble light of our lantern showed us clearly enough the dusky figures of our own crew; but if we caught a glimpse of anything behind that, it was only green, green. All we knew was, that we were entering an interminable forest, but we could have no concep-

tion of what new scenes would open out before us with the dawn of morning. At all events, we were already, so to speak, in a new land of sound. A voice from behind, which was that of the steersman, would strike up a solo somewhat in the style of a Romish chant, although as soft, plaintive, and wild as possible; this was accompanied by the strokes of the paddles, and scarcely had the last notes of his song died away when the eight paddlers themselves as suddenly joined in with what seemed to be a merry chorus. This mode of singing appears to be very common among the natives here. They call it *bogolesa* (*bo kee lesa maw*, there to sink the voice). Once we got a great fright, for the boat gave a tremendous bump, and we were nearly upset. Upon the whole, our men were idle. After they had paddled for an hour or two, they stopped for the rest of the night, and lit a fire upon the bank. We could not control their movements, for, remember, we had not as yet even seen their faces properly; and at any rate, we could not have spoken to them without our interpreter, and he was still drunk. To crown all, the candle in our lantern came to an end, and we did not know where to find another. We were very glad when the morning light revealed to us the arrangements of the boat, and we were able to find things. The men, too, paddled away again for a little, but very soon stopped, because

the tide had turned, and they made signs they could not paddle against it.

We found our quarters in the boat wonderfully comfortable. Under the reed canopy I have already mentioned, planks had been placed stretching across from side to side, and upon these our travelling-mattresses were laid. The canopy itself was lined with a mosquito-curtain, and mats were hung at the two ends, which made excellent curtains, and we had only to let them down whenever we wished complete privacy. A——'s portmanteaus and a large bale of calico served as additional pillows, while all our pots and pans were stowed away beneath us. The crew consisted of nine men, including the *capitao*, who sat behind and worked the rudder. Their only garments were the usual loin-cloth and an incongruous-looking European straw hat; but they had each a sheet of unbleached calico three or four yards long, to wrap round their bodies at night to protect them from the dew. Besides the boat, there were two canoes. In these were deposited my boxes, our eatables, food for the men, a few demijohns of fresh water, Ambrose, and a cook. Before starting, Senhor N—— had warned us to treasure carefully our store of water, because the Quillimane river, as I have said, is tidal, and therefore salt for many miles inland.

While we were waiting for the tide, A——

mounted the back of a boatman and was carried ashore; but this looked such a risky experiment, for the poor fellow staggered and swayed beneath his load in the sinking mud, that I really had not the courage to venture. After all, A—— found very little firm ground, and could not advance a hundred yards, even by climbing along the mangrove-bushes. The Quillimane river was still very broad, and its banks exceedingly monotonous; in fact, nothing could be seen but long stretches of mangrove-swamps and high banks of soft-looking mud.

When everybody was on shore, I took the opportunity of getting my bath, although there was no room to stand upright. Next I tried brushing my hair; but this was not so easy, for it kept catching and twisting in the framework of the bower. Fortunately there was nothing to prevent my performing this part of my toilet in public; and it afforded considerable amusement to the boatmen on shore, and the occupants of several canoes, who kept paddling round the boat to get a peep of the white people. It was something strange to them to see hair straight and long, for the natives themselves have woolly hair, which they cut regularly. Indeed it is quite true, as Herodotus remarked, that "the African sheep are clothed with hair, and men's heads with wool." It may not be

known to every one that woolly hair grows as fast as any other. We have noticed a very perceptible difference in its length in the course of a fortnight.

Later on in the day the sky became darker and darker, and we had barely time to arrange our waterproof-sheets before we were in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm. These sheets proved invaluable, and were perfectly sufficient to protect us and all our provisions except the bread, which we stupidly forgot, and afterwards found reduced to a state of pulp. Notwithstanding, we succeeded in drying some of it next day in the sun. After it became dark, we read for a little by the light of the lantern; but not long, as we were anxious to make up for the want of sleep on the previous night. Alas! this expectation was in some measure frustrated, because Ambrose had fastened the boat to a bank just below a native village, so we were soon awakened by rats running all over us. Immediately we roused Ambrose, who happened to be sleeping in the boat, but the tiresome creature only seemed immensely amused.

Daylight had barely dawned on Thursday when we were off again, and between eleven and twelve we reached a village called Mugurumbe.¹ This,

¹ This name may be misspelt, but we conclude it is derived from the Karumbe, or wild gourds on the banks.

Ambrose told us, belonged to a Portuguese trader ; and here he showed us a narrow path along the banks of the river, which enabled us to get a capital walk before returning to the boat. We passed through nothing but cultivated fields ; and the pretty mauve flower of the sweet-potato (*Convolvulus batata*), with its elegant vine-like leaves, seemed trailing everywhere. Ambrose had found a friend among the natives, so it was late in the afternoon ere we got under way.

In the neighbourhood of Mugurumbe the river flowed smoothly and pretty deep. Precipitous banks rose above it to the height of about thirty feet, crowned with trees and shrubs, which totally prevented us from seeing anything of the surrounding country from the boat. Not long after starting, we were caught in another thunder-plump ; so again we covered ourselves up, and by the time the rain ceased a delightful surprise awaited us. We were quite beyond the reach of the tide, and entering a most beautiful piece of natural water full of lovely aquatics. At one moment we were paddling through mauve-coloured flowers and heart-shaped leaves, and at another disturbing the large round leaves of white water-lilies, very like those at home, except that they had rather longer petals, which we did not think an improvement. Then we would wind round a feathery island, rais-

ing brown-backed ducks and other birds. Brilliant blue little kingfishers, with large scarlet beaks, so common in stuffed collections, or the larger kind, striped black and white, flew from reed to reed, and were exceedingly tame. We were much interested, too, in coming upon a flower that was an old friend to us, although not commonly known—the *Aponogeton distachyon*, with its white, sweet-scented spikes. This we knew to be a native of tropical countries, although we were not aware that it came from Africa. Perhaps you may have seen it flowering in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, and some other places, for it has proved perfectly hardy, even under ice. Very often the river was almost choked by the *Pistia stratiotes*, which looks exactly like large green cockades, and with floating grass. The Uganda missionaries had already told us about this floating grass being a characteristic of some of the rivers in Central Africa.

We were anything but successful in the spot selected for our anchorage, as the rats proved even more skittish and decidedly bolder than on the previous night. They got under our pillows and attacked the eatables, and the noise they made jumping among the pots and pans was frightful. It was impossible to sleep, for there was no saying where these horrid little wretches might not jump next. Donna B—— had asked us to take up a

kitten to Blantyre, and at night she was usually fastened to the other end of the boat ; but the rats did not seem to mind her in the very least, while her cries attracted the hyenas. We were determined, if possible, in the future, to insist upon Ambrose halting at some other place than the neighbourhood of a native village. Upon the whole, we had not formed a favourable opinion of him, and felt sure he purposely chose these villages in order to get *pombé*.

Pombé is the native beer drunk in this part of Africa. No doubt it takes a great quantity of it to produce intoxication. Nevertheless, in time it has that effect. The natives brew it from Indian corn. I believe the grain is first dried in the sun, and then pounded into meal, after which it undergoes a certain process of fermentation. In appearance *pombé* looks very like thin gruel, and if only taken in moderation, is considered exceedingly nutritious.

On Friday we found the river getting shallower and shallower, and choked up with long grass. At length our men had to take to poling instead of paddling, and it was not long before Ambrose declared that the boat could go no further, and that we must get into a canoe. We firmly resisted this, and told him if he did not go on with the boat we must return to Quillimane, where we

would settle accounts with him. This frightened him, so we went on again, although the river was always getting shallower, and in some places gravelly. The poor men had constantly either to wade and drag the boat, or else to push it through thickets of reeds. We felt extremely sorry for them, as there could be no doubt that it was very hard work. At the same time, it would have been almost impracticable for a lady to have travelled in a canoe, and even for a gentleman very uncomfortable. These canoes, besides being exceedingly primitive, are rarely water-tight. They are usually just the trunk of a tree hollowed out, partly by burning and partly by cutting with axes. Sometimes they have a little thatched covering in the centre, where the native stow away their goods ; but this is never high enough to admit of any one sitting upright beneath it. As we proceeded, it was difficult not to feel a little bit anxious, especially when we saw the stream getting narrower and narrower, and the reeds thicker and thicker.

Now I must tell you something about this river. Quillimane is not situated, as many people suppose, on one of the mouths of the Great Zambesi. It stands upon a distinct river of its own, sometimes called the Quillimane river and sometimes the Quaqua. The truth is, that the Quillimane and Quaqua rivers are two separate small streams.

They unite at a point we had already passed, and we were now ascending the Quaqua. Although these rivers are, as I say, perfectly distinct from the Zambesi, still there is a ditch called the Mutu which unites the Quaqua and Zambesi in the rainy season ; but at this time of the year it is quite dried up, with the exception of a pool here and there, and the rivers have even sunk below the level of the ditch. Probably, if we had been here at another time of year, we might have passed right through to the Zambesi without leaving the boat.

A more picturesque spot than that selected for our night's encampment could rarely have been found. We had anchored in a deep pool of water close to a stretch of sandy ground, overshadowed by a belt of tall fan-palms. Evidently it was a favourite resting-place, for we were soon joined by no less than thirty canoes. The occupants of these each lit a fire for themselves on the bank, and were soon sitting round it wrapped in their white calico sheets, and busy cooking. A beautiful moon was shining upon the river below, and the air was full of the largest and brightest fire-flies we had ever seen. These were flitting about in all directions, and quite the size of the large pale-blue and green dragon-flies one so often sees in summer round the ponds at home. How I wish the whole scene could

have been transported just as it was, enveloped in curling smoke, into our country, for it would have been invaluable for a Christmas pantomime of Robinson Crusoe, or some such tale! Just as daylight was beginning to appear on Saturday morning, I could not resist getting up to have one more peep of this strange scene. The moon was still shining, but the natives were lying on the ground beside the smouldering embers of their fires, looking now like mummies, for they were all rolled up in what are called *fumbas*. These are sleeping-bags made of matting. At night an African first wraps himself up in his calico sheet, covers his face, and then slips into this bag, which protects him from both the insects and the heavy dew. At the same time, he always rests his head on a little piece of wood curiously carved, which he carries about with him for this purpose. Here I must not forget to tell you that during the day our men killed a rat with their poles, and that they roasted it for supper.

In many places the river-banks were clothed with palmyra palm-trees growing wild, and never very far from water. Since leaving Quillimane we have seen very few cocoa-nut palms.

Strange to say, our boatmen seem to have no idea of keeping in the currents, or where the deepest water lies; consequently all day long we

were constantly sticking on sand-banks, and every now and then the poor fellows had to jump into the stream and push us off. Once I tried to show them how much easier they would find it if they only tied a rope to the end of the boat and hauled it along, instead of push - pushing. They were immensely amused at this, for they are exceedingly good-natured ; and hours afterwards, we heard them still talking of "Queenie," "Signora," and "Donna," for they are not quite sure what they ought to call me.

CHAPTER IX.

BEWILDERMENT.

A VILLAGE—I FRIGHTEN THE NATIVES—NATIVES PRAY FOR RAIN
 —THEIR RELIGIOUS BELIEF—CAN SAIL NO FURTHER—OVER-
 LAND TO THE ZAMBESI—DISCONCERTED—A FRENCHMAN COMES
 TO MY AID, ALSO SCOTCHMEN—ESCAPE FROM LEOPARD—THE
 BOAT ANNA MARIA LIVINGSTONE—HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN
 LAKES COMPANY—SLEEP IN THE HEN-HOUSE—BARRICADE
 AGAINST LIONS AND LEOPARDS.

IN the afternoon we reached a small village called Nyamchita, and there Ambrose told us we must leave the boat and go overland to the Zambesi. We were not sorry to hear this, for the poor boatmen seemed thoroughly knocked up. But to make sure, A—— climbed to the top of the bank, where he could see palm-trees in the distance, evidently marking the situation of some other river parallel to us; therefore we had no doubt but that it must be the Great Zambesi.

The people in this village had never seen a white lady before, and great crowds assembled on the

banks to look at us ; but whenever I went near them, a general scrimmage ensued, especially among the women and children. One poor little fellow was so dreadfully frightened that he jumped screaming into the water, and his father was obliged to go in after him, or else he might have been seized by a crocodile ; while even a woman took to her heels and ran.

Walking through this village, we noticed a little dish of Indian corn placed at the foot of a tree, and surrounded by a small bamboo fence. We wondered what it could mean ; so Ambrose inquired among the natives, and then explained to us it was intended as a sign to God that the people wanted rain to make their crops grow. They had, however, got the rain, as they believed, in consequence, only they had not thought it worth while to remove the dish ; and the little bamboo fence round it, they said, was merely to prevent animals from eating it. However, they did not seem to regard it as an offering to God, but as a mere signal to God. We were quite aware that it was an African custom to place food on the graves of the dead for the use of the departed spirits ; but on this occasion it seemed clear, from the inquiries made and explanations given, that this was not the case ; indeed there could never have been any grave on such a spot.

The natives seem to differ among themselves regarding rain. They all believe that it can be caused by the will of God the Creator, who is an invisible Spirit all-powerful and present everywhere, but especially energetic in the sky and under ground. Sometimes, too, they pray to God for rain; and a remarkable instance of this was once seen by the Magomero missionaries, who lived for a short time in the part of the country we are going to.¹ Some of them also believe that the

¹ "Chigunda assembled his people in the bush outside the village, then marched with them in procession to the appointed place for prayer—a plot of ground cleared and fenced in—and in the middle of which was a hut called the prayer-hut. The women attended as well as the men, and in the procession the women preceded the men. All entered the enclosure—the women sitting on one side of the hut, the men on the other. Chigunda sat some distance apart by himself. Then a woman named Mbudzi, the sister of Chigunda, it was said, stood forth, and she acted as priestess. In one hand she had a small earthen pot containing the native beer, *pombi*—the equivalent, doubtless, to the ancient offering of corn and wine. She went into the hut, not so far but what she could be seen and heard. She put the basket and the pot down on either side of her; then she took up a handful of the meal and dropped it in the flour, and in doing this called out, in a high-pitched voice, '*Imva Mpambi! adza mwila*' (Hear Thou, O God! and send rain), and the assembled people responded, clapping their hands softly, and intoning—they always intone their prayers—'*Imva Mpambi!*' (Hear Thou, O God!) This was done again and again, until the meal was expended; and then, after arranging it in the form of a sugar-loaf, the beer was poured as a libation round about it. The supplications ceased, Mbudzi came out of the hut, fastened up the door, sat on the ground, threw herself on her back; all the people followed her example; and while in this position they clapped their hands and repeated their supplication for several minutes. This over they stood up;

spirits of the mighty dead have such influence with God that they can procure rain for their descendants and tribesmen; and accordingly they invoke these spirits, just as Christians of certain denominations invoke the spirits of departed saints,¹ or as the ancient Greeks and Romans deified the heroes of remote antiquity. A notable instance of this is found at the Lake Victoria Nyanza, where the Lubari, or Witch of the Lake, is supposed to be all-powerful. Indeed there was once a remarkable case of the same kind in the country just ahead of us. A high mountain there, called Mount Choro, is exceedingly fertile at the summit, and its fertility was supposed to be entirely due to a spirit called Bona. These spirits, however, are generally found among natives who have for ages inhabited the same part of the country,—in the same way as,

clapped hands again, bowing themselves to the earth repeatedly while doing so, then marched to where Chigunda was sitting, and danced about him like mad things. When the dance ceased, a large jar of water was brought and placed before the chief. First Mbudzi washed her hands, arms, and face; then water was poured over her by another woman; then all the women rushed forward with calabashes in their hands, and dipping them into the jar, threw the water into the air with loud cries and wild gesticulations. And so the ceremonies ended.

“Singularity enough, before the ceremony was over a thunder-cloud passed over Magomero, and we had an abundant shower of rain.”—*Story of the Universities Mission to Central Africa*. By the Rev. H. Rowley.

¹ Since writing the above, I have found that this same comparison at once struck the old Portuguese explorer, Faria y Souza.

in our own land, a house requires to be of some age, and to be inhabited by an old family, before it can possess a ghost. Others, again, believe that rain can be procured by charms and incantations, and there are many diviners—or rain-doctors, as the Europeans call them—in Africa, who make a practice of going through certain ceremonies; but these diviners merely profess to have communication with the spirits, if indeed they profess anything definite or intelligible at all.

The natives of every part of Africa that we are acquainted with believe in God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth; but there is a different name for Him almost in every tribe. Very often He is confounded with the first man, and even the first man is often confounded with the first progenitor of the tribe. There are a great variety of simple legends as to how He created other human beings, and how He taught them to provide for the necessities of life. However, the general conclusion of all these legends is, that God has left the world, and that men will go to Him, but that He will not return to them. In other words, when men die, their spirits are understood to leave the world, just as the Great Spirit Himself did. The best specimens of these legends that we have seen have been collected by Bishop Callaway of Natal, and seem fairly to represent the traditions

that prevail north of the Zambesi as well as south of it. If any one is curious to see them, we would recommend a glance at the Bishop's collection, for he has gone into his subject very methodically, and perhaps exhaustively; but we think a mere glance would satisfy most people.

But to return to the boat and our journey. I must tell you, that before leaving Quillimane, Senhor N—— had given us a letter of introduction to a brother-in-law, who lived at a place called Mururu, somewhere on the Zambesi. Therefore on Saturday, when we found it was really impossible for the boat to proceed any further along the Quaqua, we had insisted upon Ambrose at once despatching a native with this letter to Senhor A——, so that he might come to our assistance. We were not a little disappointed to see the sun set, and yet no news of him. However, early on Sunday morning we were awakened by Ambrose telling us that Senhor A—— was not at home, but that an Inglesi at Mazaro had sent us *machillas* and carriers. Certainly it is a fearful drawback to the Portuguese, as well as to every one else, that there is no uninterrupted communication by water between Quillimane and the Zambesi except only in the rainy season. Consequently we had now the trouble of preparing for this little land journey. We were no sooner all ready to start, having packed up and divided everything into

different loads for the men to carry, than we heard for the first time from Ambrose that only one *machilla* had been sent. Then he raised a still further difficulty by declaring there were not enough of carriers for the luggage; and finally, he proposed that we should go on in front, while he should remain behind, and follow with the rest of the baggage as soon as he could find men to carry it. This we could not possibly accede to, because we had not much confidence in Ambrose, and saw that, if left to himself, there was nothing to prevent him, if he chose, putting everything left behind us into the boat and making off. But what was to be done? for already half the carriers had started with some of our luggage. Apparently the only thing was for one of us to take the *machilla* and go after them, and for the other to wait and insist upon the adequate number of carriers being found. The *machilla* sent was much simpler than any we had seen at Quillimane. In fact, it was just a narrow plank of wood suspended to a pole. But A—— helped me to balance myself on to it, and placed a pillow to support my shoulders. Off I set, followed by the six natives, who were to take it in turns to relieve their comrades in carrying me. They yelled, too-loo-looed, and rattled sticks against the pole until I was nearly “deaved,” and it was as much as I could do to hold

on. The pathway was not wider than a sheep-track at home, bordered by long grass six or seven feet high, and singularly tortuous. As Europeans tell us, the Africans have an extraordinary dislike to walking straight ahead. They make their footpaths wind at every two or three feet; and in consequence, the *machilla* was too long to go round many of the windings, so I was literally dragged through the bush, and at an alarming pace, for the usual rate of *machilla*-travelling is at least from five to six miles an hour. They took me right through a cacti-hedge, tearing my veil. Another time we had to cross a small stream, which I afterwards learned was the Mutu or ditch I have already mentioned. The banks on each side of it were exceedingly steep, so that in ascending I found my feet right up in the air, while my head was low down. As we approached the stream the men too-looed very lustily, and I smelt a scent very like that of a fox, doubtless some wild animal, although I never saw it. On and on we went, and I always kept hoping that soon I should come to a Portuguese town, where at least I could find some one to help me in sending back assistance to A——. But we never passed anything like a dwelling, except a few mud-huts. At last we approached a very broad river, which I felt sure must be the Zambesi, and soon my men stopped in front of a red-tiled house. Here a servant came

forward to meet us, and told me a long story ; but alas ! the only words I could understand were, "Inglese, Henderson, Mazaro." Neither he nor the bearers would let me get out of the *machilla*, and finally, they trotted off again, I knew not whither. In about twenty minutes we reached a fresh set of huts ; and there, to my great joy, I caught sight of a white face, and a few moments afterwards was addressed in French. I now heard that the natives had brought me to the trading station of the African Lakes Company at Mazaro, and my new friend was their agent. He told me there were two Scotchmen in a hut close by, who were not long in making their appearance. They at once sent back the *machilla* and natives to assist A——, and explained that Senhor A—— had left Mururu a week ago for Quillimane, on purpose to meet us, and they were at a loss to think how we could possibly have missed him. By this time the hot sun and jolting of the *machilla* had pretty nigh exhausted me, and I thought some coffee they kindly brought me quite the most delicious I had ever drunk. Not long after this we heard the shouts of the *machilla*-men returning with A——. Things had turned out pretty much as we expected, for when Ambrose found A—— remaining to look after him, he was not long in procuring carriers. Indeed A—— would have arrived much sooner, only he

had to walk most of the distance, which was seven miles. Curiously enough, he had not been always able to keep pace with the carriers, and for a little while lost his way, just at the Mutu or ditch; and there he, too, smelt the wild beast. We did not think much about this at the time, but in the course of a few hours the natives brought in the news that a poor woman had gone to get water at the same place, and that a leopard had sprung upon her and killed her. The horrid creature did not carry off her body, so she was buried in the evening. We are told this is the second woman who has been killed near here by leopards within a fortnight.

Something had been said about our probably having to change our boat when we reached the Zambesi, but we apprehended no difficulty in procuring another, because we imagined Mururu was a Portuguese settlement, and never for a moment doubted that it would possess boats. Judge therefore of our disappointment now to find there is no town nearer this than Quillimane. We hear that when the D.D. arrived at this place before us, he found no boats, and only one canoe. Rather than put off time he insisted upon trying the canoe; but it proved leaky, and he had a narrow escape of being swamped. At last one of the Scotchmen sent somewhere, and with some difficulty procured an-

other, and in that the D.D. actually set off on his journey. Most providentially for us, a few days after he had started a boat happened to arrive here, and a very good one too, larger and superior in every way to the one we have just left. It had been bought and sent out to the Established Church Mission, and was in fact intended for Lake Nyassa. A—— had visited it some years ago, when it was building on the Thames, and taken considerable interest in its furnishings. It is made of steel plates, is about thirty or forty feet long, and provided with a small mast and sail, as well as with oars. It had been called the Anna Maria Livingstone. At first A—— hardly recognised it lying on the banks of the Zambesi, for it has been dismantled of nearly all its furnishings. Even the snug little cabin, contrived with a great deal of care and forethought, has been taken down. Now the remains look like a herring-boat sadly in want of paint. The Established Church Mission have lent it to the African Lakes Company, who, however, as long as their steamer lasted, did not use it much.

Now for a bit of a lecture on the history of this Company. Livingstone was very anxious that traders as well as missionaries should go to the Shiré Highlands of Africa. By introducing more ordinary trade, he hoped greatly to reduce, if not

to put an end to the slave-traffic, which in his days was being carried on in these inland rivers to a great extent by the Portuguese. Nothing, however, was done in that way until about twenty years later, when the two Scotch missions were started. Then many of their supporters still entertained the idea that they ought to trade as well as to Christianise. Dr Duff and his Committee soon saw, as every one else ought to have seen clearly, that if trading was to be done, it ought to be done, not by missionaries or with mission funds, but by an independent company of laymen. They used their influence, and the result was, that some philanthropic gentlemen started the Livingstonia Trading Company, or what is now called the African Lakes Co., Limited. The managers of this Company, the Messrs Moir, are the two sons of a well-known Edinburgh physician. In 1879 they launched a steamboat, and the two Scotchmen here are servants in the employment of the Company. As for the steamboat, alas ! it is lying full of water, almost a complete wreck. It was made of iron plates, and had only been in use two years, but the constant grinding upon the shallows of the rivers have worn through the bottom of it. The Scotchmen are trying to repair it, but the work will evidently take them a long time. In the meantime, the poor fellows are cut off from regular communication

either up the river or down, and have been nearly starved for want of food. It is true that they could have lived upon the produce of the country; but, as we had been previously told at Zanzibar, that produce is not very fit to be the sole food of Europeans, unless they are naturally strong and living in a healthy country. Now Mazaro is by no means healthy, for it is situated at the end of the ditch I have so often mentioned. This little place belongs to Monsieur C——, who tells us he has another farm on the Shiré. He originally, I believe, came to this country as an adventurer. The Company employ him as their agent, for it is very necessary for all who live beyond this to have a European agent here, because of the gap between the two rivers necessitating the use of two separate boats, and carriers from the one to the other.

Not only must we change into a new boat, but we have to find a new crew for it. Nothing will induce the Quillimane natives to go any further with us, for it appears they are dreadfully afraid of the natives on the Shiré; so we must leave them, cook and all, behind. Ambrose, too, has been drinking again, and is inclined to be insolent. As we hear he bears a bad character even in other respects, we have resolved to dismiss him, and trust ourselves entirely to our new native

crew without an interpreter, and with such assistance as we can get from a small grammar and vocabulary of the language which was given to A—— before leaving home;¹ or if that fails, to have recourse to signs.

What would you say, I wonder, if you could only get a peep of us? We are hard at work finishing our letters for the mail in a mud-hut which is perched a few feet above the ground upon piles, because during the rainy season the whole country is flooded with water. Our floor consists of a few cross-sticks covered with clay, and feels so exceedingly shaky, that every time we walk across it we tread most gingerly, lest we either fall through it or capsize the whole house bodily. Behind us is a grove of mango-trees and long grass. Here lions and leopards are said often to lie, and we have been cautioned not to go too near it. Last night we were first shown how to fasten our door by fixing heavy logs of wood from side to side across it, and then some one outside tried the door to see that it really was secure. We were somewhat amused at this demonstration, and still further when it was explained to us that our abode had always been the hen-house, and they were afraid that the wild beasts might try to pay us a visit hoping to get hens. The public

¹ A Grammar of the Chinyanga Language, as spoken at Lake Nyassa. Alexander Riddell.

drawing-room and dining-room combined here is an open shed on the outskirts of the wild-beast grove. When we assembled for dinner enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes, the solitary bee's-wax candle, stuck in a black bottle, looked, to say the least, both dreary and uninviting. But suddenly a native brushed past us with an enormous bundle of dried grass; and in another moment a most glorious bonfire was blazing and crackling away in the centre of the yard. The transformation was delightful, and the only thing I grudged was the beautiful basket of native manufacture which held the grass, for the whole thing was set fire to bodily, and we saw no less than three of these consumed within an hour.

CHAPTER X.

THE BROAD ZAMBESI.

A NEW BOAT-CREW—OPIUM-FIELDS—PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT
 FARMS—AN UNEXPECTED ASSISTANT—SHUPANGA—RIVER-BIRDS
 —HYRAX CAPENSIS—MOUTH OF THE SHIRÉ RIVER—AFRICAN
 SONGS—JESUITS PAST AND PRESENT—ARABS WERE HERE BE-
 FORE THE PORTUGUESE—SEE LAST OF EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS
 —A REBEL-ROBBER AND MURDERER.

*Aug. 24th.*¹—The Scotchmen collected us an excellent crew, hailing from a place called Shupanga, on the opposite side of the river, but a little way further up. They were paid in advance as usual, and each received sixteen yards of calico, the *capitao* getting twenty-four. It seems wonderfully little, considering that our journey is expected to last a fortnight; and doubtless, from all we hear, they have pretty hard work before them. Late in the afternoon we left Mazaro, and fairly embarked on the great Zambesi, which is there two miles

¹ Extracts from my Journal, and other jottings relating to it.

broad, but very shallow. Senhor A——, who arrived yesterday, and one of the Scotchmen, went a short way with us, just to give the crew some idea of how to manage the sail. Our progress was anything but rapid, and it took us two hours to reach a place about five miles from Mazaro, near the great opium-fields at Mopéa. There they left us. We were disappointed not to be able to accompany them to see these fields, for they would have been well worth a visit. The proprietor of them, Senhor Reposo, spent six years in India studying opium-growing, and we hear he has introduced many little Indian contrivances into Africa. Strange to say, most of his workmen are brought from India. He finds that Africans cannot manipulate the fragile leaves of the poppy with sufficient dexterity.

Nearly all the land in this district belongs to the Portuguese Government, and they let it out in farms to the highest bidder. The person who takes the farm leaves the natives to cultivate the soil in their own way, but exacts from them nearly all the produce. Therefore it is no wonder the people dislike the system; and really, this is one of the reasons why all natives who are independent of the Portuguese authority wish to remain so. The soil seems wonderfully fertile, and the people cultivate sweet-potatoes, cassava, pumpkins, tomatoes, cab-

bagas, shallots, peas, sugar-cane, ground-nuts, bananas, and rice.

The boatmen stopped for the night opposite to Shupanga. Just as we were debating how we should commence teaching them to prepare dinner, a comical apparition on the river-bank unexpectedly came to our assistance. This was an old native dressed in a regimental coat and brass buttons. He spoke a little English, and informed us that his name was Alpezo. He said he had been at Blantyre with Dr —, and he taught us the native names for several of our things, such as '*mpeni*, knife; '*mbali*, plate; '*chipande*, spoon. While he was teaching us the native words, our boatmen picked up the English names, and it was quite wonderful how soon we made them understand us. After dinner, Alpezo washed up our dishes, and taught the men how to put everything away. Before leaving, he explained that most of our crew were going across to their homes at Shupanga for the night, in order to buy *malonda* (food), but that they would return early in the morning.

Aug. 25th. — Soon after daybreak Alpezo appeared on the bank again, where he lit a fire and boiled some coffee and eggs for us. About eight o'clock the *capitao* pushed off the boat, and we started, but with only four of our men. Alpezo repeatedly assured us they would come, although

we ourselves thought it would be no wonder if, after they had received their pay and gone to their own homes, they never showed face again. By degrees, however, as we were slowly rowing along, first one and then another appeared, each carrying some different article of food. One had his arms full of corn-cobs, another with sweet-potatoes, a third ground-nuts, while a fourth had all their cooking utensils.

This boat is fitted up just like the last we were in, only it is much more roomy, and we are able to have all our luggage on board. Indeed, after our recent experiences, we think it quite luxurious.

The Zambesi is certainly a beautiful broad river, and Shupanga looks exceedingly pretty. Mrs Livingstone is buried there, but unfortunately the current was against our crossing over to visit her grave. In the time of the Livingstones it was occupied by some Portuguese settlers, who had to pay black-mail to King Umzila or his father, as is still done at Senna, a Portuguese town a little further up the river. We understand they became tired of being the tenantry of the war-like Zulus, and have now abandoned the place. Certainly these Zulus and Landeens appear to have been very exacting landlords, looking well after their own interests. Regularly every year, it is said, they came down in force and demanded their tribute,

and the more land the Portuguese cultivated the higher tax they put upon it.

Beyond Shupanga, the country, as far as we could see, was flat, and the soil sandy, although there were wooded hills in the distance, and some palms, which made us wish to get a peep of the interior of these African forests with their tropical vegetation.

The river swarms with birds. Almost every stretch of sand is occupied by herons, ibises, pelicans, storks, or cranes, and flocks of geese or ducks rise off the water as we approach them. We saw one little herd of black buck, which A—— said he could easily have stalked from behind a small hill; but although we had a rifle lent us by the Scotchmen, we found there was only one cartridge, and we did not like to spend it. As we were rowing along under the bank, some of the men suddenly threw their poles at an animal and killed it. It was like an otter, but had long bristly hair. They called it Chenzi, but there is no doubt that it was a *Hyrax capensis*. The *Hyrax* is the Hebrew *shaphan*, translated in the Bible cony, only the *Hyrax syriacus* of Palestine lives among rocks, while the *Hyrax capensis* of Africa burrows in the sand, and is slightly different. When we stopped for our mid-day meal, we watched them cooking it. First they wrapped it in a thick covering of dried grass

and laid it between the sticks of the fire. In a few minutes they removed it again, when the whole of the long bristly hair came away, and there it remained, plucked and singed as successfully as any game would be prepared at home; but of course they did not leave it long enough in the fire at that time to cook it. Next they skinned it, and before roasting it cut it into different joints, offering us a leg, which, however, we declined. Afterwards they dined upon it, and gave away the remainder to their friends.

Our crew have certainly worked very hard, for the river, although broad, is exceedingly shallow, and twice we have stuck on a sand-bank. Each time the men have had to jump into the river and wade while they pushed the boat off, and we could hear her grating on the sand.

It is curious to watch them making their new calico into sheets, but sewing here is the work of men and not of women. They hold their seams with their feet and work away from them.

Aug. 26th.—The distant ranges of wooded hills are most beautiful, only we are very long in reaching them. One mountain, which we feel sure must be Mount Morumbála, is especially striking, but we seem no nearer to it than when we first saw it yesterday morning. This afternoon we arrived at

the mouth of the Shiré. Here we were surprised to see that the Zambesi appears to be the smaller river of the two,—at least it is the narrower, although very deep and rapid.

Our boatmen are most good-natured, and at night they sit for hours round the fire telling each other stories. They do not sing quite as much as our Quillimane crew, still they have about half-a-dozen songs. The words are usually extemporised, and made to refer to the little incidents of the day, but they are set to certain airs with some well-known burden or chorus. For instance, the burden of one of them is, "Gather fire, fire," alluding to



the regular performance of getting sticks for the fire when their work is done and they are going to enjoy themselves. Another is, "Ubondo, ubondo, pound, pound" (maize).

There is one they always sing with more zest than any other. A——, though new to the language, wrote it down as well as he could, and has thought it best first to show how he renders it word for word, and then give a free translation of what he thinks to be the meaning. The music I have put down from memory.

Si - na ma - ma, si - na ma - mai, Si - na ma -

ma Ma - ri - a, si - na ma - mai, Si - na ma - ma, si - na ma - ma,

wa sa lin - ga nai, Ko - sa - na ni - yé ma - ma di - wé Má - ri - a.

Sina mama, sina mamai,
I-not-with mother, I-not-with father.

Sina mama María, sina mamai,
I-not-with mother Mary, I-not-with father.

Sina mama, sina mama, wa sa linga nai,
I-not-with mother, I-not-with mother, she not think of-me.

Kosana niye mama diwé María,
Intercourse may-be-gone mother be-thou Mary.

Mary I'm lone, mother I've none ;
Mother I've none, she and father both gone ;
None to pity, none to listen, none to speak to me.
Mute indeed thou, still a mother Mary be.

The last line, if spelt phonetically as pronounced, would be, Kosata nyay mama dewy madia ; but this is because the natives have an extraordinary sense of euphony, and change the form of their words a little even in speaking, to make them flow easily. In particular the letters *d*, *l*, and *r* are so interchangeable, that they appear to be used instead of one another almost at random.

But we Europeans cannot follow all these variations in writing, or it would look as if we had written down from ear the language of Babel.

I think any one will easily see the song is a hymn to the Virgin Mary, and doubtless a relic of the time when there were Jesuit missionaries on the Zambesi. These Jesuits came there about 1750 and remained until 1760, when the Portuguese expelled them out of the country.¹ They are now attempting to return, and Senhor N—— told us that he expected them in a few months, and rather hoped they would settle on Mount Morumbála.

Since we came home we have been watching their progress. They have not yet gone as far as Mount Morumbála, but only to the opium-fields at Mopéa near Mazaro; and the words of Father Weld, one of their number, are rather appropriate here:—

“The region in which we are now labouring, corresponds in part with the kingdom of Monomatápa of the seventeenth century. This country, which has left no history behind it, except that of its martyr, Father Gonzalez Silveira, of the Society of Jesus, has so far passed into the regions which border on fable, that the very site of its capital is a matter of conjecture. It was evangelised by Fathers who bore the same name and possessed the same spirit as those who, after a century of

¹ I have since found that there were Dominicans, and possibly others, prior to the time of the Jesuits.

exile, are now returning to the field of their ancient labours. We know that in portions of this field we shall be received with open arms, as the bearers of those tidings which these poor abandoned people are sighing to hear. The Father who is now established at Mopea, in the delta of the Zambesi, writes that he cannot describe the eagerness for baptism which these poor people evince. 'Great,' he says, 'as are the trials we have to undergo, great is the consolation we feel at seeing the good dispositions of the natives, and innumerable would be the baptisms if only I knew the language sufficiently to instruct them.' A Portuguese gentleman who asked some of them to assist him in exploring some gold-mines in the district of Manica, which lies to the south of the Lower Zambesi, in the very heart of what once was called Monopatápa, tells me that they replied, 'Yes; but we must have Missa first.' They then put themselves on their knees before a tree, and went through some certain form of prayer, and this was believed to be a remnant of the traditions once living amongst them, of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before starting on an expedition. Another traveller has told me that he himself has heard the words Ave Maria still used among them, the mechanical utterance of the words having been continued when the sense attached to them had faded in the lapse of time; but they give hope that the seed is only dormant, and that when the soil is again moved, it will burst forth unto everlasting life. At Zumbo the ruins of the old church of the Jesuit missionaries, and a large bronze bell that once called the faithful to the worship of the true God, are still to be seen. It is heart-rending to think of the passions that laid waste this garden of the Church when the buds were full and bursting, and so bright a prospect appeared of abundant fruit."

The Fathers intend to place a small steamer on the Lower Zambesi, and a boat at Zumbo, which is a mountain about 700 miles from the mouth of the river. It is at present the extreme boundary of the Portuguese settlements, and not far from the Victoria Falls, where the French Protestant missionaries are established.

Senhor N—— told us it is commonly said that wherever there is an orange-tree, it is a relic of the Jesuits, who introduced a great many exotic plants into the valley of the Zambesi. Upon further investigation we doubt this, because, when Francis Barreto made his warlike expedition up the Zambesi in 1569, he penetrated as far as Senna, and found Arabs all the way. In short, it is substantially true to say that the Portuguese have planted no settlements up to this day in any place where the Arabs had not done so before them. It is also quite clear, from the accounts of Vasco da Gama and others of the earliest Portuguese explorers, that the Arabs had introduced into these regions oranges, rice, wheat, onions, and other exotic fruits and vegetables. May it not, then, have been the Arabs who introduced the oranges here?

This leads me to venture a further remark. We learned through the consul at Mozambique, that the Portuguese fancy that all the land be-

tween the sea and Lake Nyassa must be theirs by right of discovery, because certain old maps of theirs have that lake marked upon them, although that was all they knew about it until Livingstone visited it. Now it is quite true that some very old maps, which can be found in most of our libraries, show the outline of Lake Nyassa very correctly (calling it Lake of Zambre), and even places beyond it as far as Katanga, in the very centre of the continent; but then, may not the Portuguese have simply taken these maps from the Arabs? Da Gama would never have been sent out had not Covilham first sent to the King of Portugal an Arabic map in which the Cape and cities all round the coast were exactly represented. When Da Gama did make his voyage, he found that the Arabs used the compass and quadrant, and possessed charts of all the African coast. It may be expected, then, if they possessed such good maps of the sea, they would have tolerable ones of the interior. Indeed an Arabic map of the interior is known dating as far back as 1008; and surely it is not unlikely that other and improved ones may have been constructed by that same people, between that date and the fifteenth century.

A short way up the Shiré, we came in sight of a comfortable-looking house with whitewashed

walls and tiled roof, surrounded by bananas and other fruit-trees. It belonged to Senhor Ferraõ, a wealthy Portuguese, who has borne a good name among English travellers, but at present there was no one living in it. This was almost the very last we saw of the Portuguese settlements. Mount Morumbála and the country beyond it, belong to a native chief named Matakanya. The Portuguese call him Mariano. He is not the Mariano whom Livingstone mentions, but his son.

The father was a notorious rebel-robber and murderer, eventually taken prisoner and carried off by the Portuguese to Mozambique, to be tried for a long list of crimes. Notwithstanding, he escaped with only three years' imprisonment and a fine. As soon as he was released, they permitted him to return to Quillimane to collect the money for his fine. However, he no sooner arrived there than he declared his debts were due further inland. Upon this the governor not only allowed him to go and collect them, but supplied him with guns and ammunition, and the end was, he never came back. Then the governor sent a captain with some soldiers after him; but instead of the captain catching Mariano, Mariano caught the captain, with all his guns and ammunition, and kept him prisoner for some time. In future the Portuguese apparently thought it best

to treat him as an ally, and they used to employ him to catch slaves for them. Senhor N—— told us that the present Mariano was a better man than his father, and was educated at Goa. He is a man of dark complexion, but with straight hair, and acknowledges a sort of suzerainty in the Crown of Portugal, so that he is in favour with the governor at Quillimane.¹

¹ Since we came home, a company of soldiers were sent to bring Mariano to Quillimane on a charge of murder. After some time he was tried and acquitted, but the hardships of the imprisonment so injured his health that he died soon after returning home. He is succeeded, I believe, by his son, who bears the same name.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIVER SHIRÉ.

NATIVES FISHING—MOUNT MORUMBÂLA—NATIVE ARROWS—INSECT
 LIFE—PARADISE OF WILD-FOWL—PEARL-MUSSELS—PAPYRUS
 —CROCODILES—THE GARDEN OF EDEN—THE “GREAT MORUM-
 BÂLA SWAMP”—DISTURB A HIPPOPOTAMUS—SURROUNDED BY
 HIPPOS—NATIVES EAT ROTTEN EGGS.

Aug. 27th.—There is certainly a sort of charm and novelty in our new life, as long as we keep away from native villages, rats, and mosquitoes, for we are always seeing something new. Usually a thick mist or fog comes on every evening, except, I believe, only during the driest season of the year. The people at Quillimane called it the *cachimba*, and every one warned us to be extremely careful, in going up the rivers, not to expose ourselves to its malarious influences, for exposure to both it and the dew is said to bring on fever. However, this morning there was very little of it, and we were able to raise our curtain, which the boatmen

call *fumba*, soon after eight o'clock. We were rowing beneath ranges of thickly wooded hills. They reminded us of the Trosachs, and every moment added to our enjoyment, for the most lovely lights and shadows were falling on them, as they stretched away in the far distance, until gradually we lost sight of them in the soft morning mist. In this part of the tropics it is a kind of winter, and already several of the deciduous trees have lost their leaves. Their cold grey stems and branches rising above us out of fawn-coloured grasses, formed a contrast to the orange, brown, glaucous, and vivid green foliage by which they were surrounded.

The Shiré is decidedly a much more rapid river than the Zambesi, and the current is in many places very strong. The poor boatmen have often hard work pulling against it; indeed sometimes it has looked as if we could not possibly make way. Luckily for us, a little breeze has always risen just at the moment we were beginning to despair, and it has enabled us to hoist the sail. This morning it was delightful as we sailed along in the breeze, winding our way among islands of feathery reeds, disturbing quantities of gulls, and watching brilliant kingfishers catching fish for their breakfast. We passed several canoes, the occupants all fishing, and our men stopped and bought some fish from them.

They readily showed A—— their tackle when he went to examine it, and he found it exceedingly primitive. Their rods were made of bamboo, and their lines appeared to be thin strips of bark, while the hooks might be described as pieces of bent iron wire, but of their own making, and without any barbs. These they baited with Indian corn-paste. They also spear fish from the sides of their canoes, and in still waters set fish-traps for them, very like the eel-traps used in England. The natives make these of wicker-work and pliable bamboo. In some places they make excellent fish-weirs; and Livingstone mentions a hand-net, with side frame-poles seven feet long, which he saw the natives on Lake Chia catching fish with—but this we have not seen. He says that it is nearly identical with the nets used by the Normandy fishermen in the present day, only the African net has a piece of stick lashed across the ends of the handle to steady the side poles, and this he thinks a great improvement.

At length we approached Mount Morumbála. The name really signifies “the lofty watch-tower.” It is 4000 feet high, and is all covered with trees, and so were the few smaller hills at the foot of it. It was here that the Universities Mission found a secure and healthy resting-place after they were obliged to abandon Magomero, which was a few miles from Blantyre. Everybody tells us that the

climate and vegetation at the top of the mountain are very different from the plains below, and an abundant supply of water is always to be found there. We heard at Mazaro that there were hot springs in this neighbourhood, with water hot enough to boil an egg; but it would have been difficult to have found them by ourselves, and we had no time to lose, so we did not search for them.

When we stopped for our mid-day meal, crowds of natives gathered on the river-bank to watch us, and seemed highly amused by all we did. Nearly all the men were carrying bows and arrows. We tried very hard to get them to sell us some, but did not succeed. The arrows are fletched with six feathers each, and have barbed points. Some of them are said to be poisoned; only this is doubtful, because the natives use so much *monkwala*, or medicine, which is often innocent, although they believe it to possess some superstitious virtue. We found the natives in this village knew all about rum. Some of them caught sight of our bottles of filtered water and got quite excited. Great was their disappointment, when I gave them a little, to discover it was only water. The Portuguese often give them rum if they want them to work harder or do something extra. It is a great pity, for nothing demoralises them more thoroughly.

Our little pocket-filter is perfectly invaluable.

Oddly enough, we find few travellers know our way of using it. Every one seems to think they must suck the water through the india-rubber tube; but we use it as a siphon, and leave it to work of its own accord until it fills a bottle. That is to say, we put the charcoal ball into a vessel containing the water to be filtered, and after filling the india-rubber tube completely with water, allow it to hang down into the bottle that is to be filled. In less than ten minutes as much water will be filtered as will fill a quart bottle.

As we gradually crept round the great mountain and reached the other side, we found ourselves quite close to its base. There it was almost precipitous, but nevertheless clothed with trees. We had taken warning by the chirping of the cicada, and lowered the *fumba* early. This proved very fortunate, for as soon as the sun commenced setting behind the hills, out came the mosquitoes in perfect clouds. Really they are most formidable. Even A——, who was very incredulous about some of the stories we heard regarding them, admits now they were not exaggerated. He has never met with them, either in Asia or Europe, so bad as they are here. Great numbers of small, fragile-looking insects, with pale-green transparent wings, were also attracted by our lamp. They fluttered round and round, obscuring the light, and striking against it until

quantities of them lay dead upon our mackintosh sheet. Before sunset we had observed some large fish rising in the river close by, so A—— watched to see what fly they were taking, and it turned out to be this one.

Aug. 28th.—We were enveloped this morning in a *cachimba* thicker than ever, so that for an hour or two we could not see a yard in front of the boat. When it cleared, we found we were pulling under high banks of black mud. Shortly afterwards we came in sight of a long belt of scattered palms, and there saw a flock of geese soaring over us, and then another and another. Suddenly the river became much broader and full of small islands, and our boat glided into a little lake perfectly swarming with birds. It exactly reminded us of the small sheet of water that one sees in every “zoo”—the grass being short and covered with white feathers, and the birds more crowded together than might have been expected of wild ones that had the world to choose from. Besides pelicans, cranes, herons, ibises, geese, swans, and ducks, there were flocks and flocks of birds we did not know. It was just the hour for stopping for our mid-day meal, so we lit our fire on a stretch of sand, ploughed up in many parts by the hoofs of the hippopotami.

Here, strewn about in every direction, were a great many shells. A—— declared them to be

large pearl-mussels, and similar to those found in the Tay and many other European rivers. He had himself seen them in the north, but was not aware before that they were found in tropical rivers. We examined shell after shell in our curiosity, but they contained no pearls. However, in one or two we saw small excrescences of that nature which seemed to show it was quite possible for pearls to be produced here. They had evidently been washed down the river in time of flood, and accumulated in this pool. Our boatmen called them *likombe*.¹

Starting again, we hoisted the sail, when a nice fresh breeze sent us swiftly and steadily through the water. We were not long of entering another small lake, and there we also raised quantities of birds; but after that, the Shiré for miles and miles resembled a broad canal. On each side of us the banks were covered with reeds, varied every now and then by masses of papyrus growing from eight to ten feet high, and looking like miniature palms. Wherever there was a break in the bank and a little bit of dry sand, crocodiles were sure to be

¹ *N'kombe* means shell-fish; *makomba*, egg-shell, &c. No European to whom we have mentioned the circumstance seems to be aware of pearls or pearl-mussels being found on the river Shiré. I have since read that the Batunga, a tribe near Lake Tanganyika, wear a little piece of wood inserted in the lobe of the ear and adorned with pearls, as the badge of their nation, and they also twist strings of pearls round their heads.

lying. In one place we counted no fewer than seven basking in the sun ; but as the boat approached, they slowly glided into the water. The horrible creatures seemed to say they would not touch us if we kept out of their way ; only I would not like to trust them.

We drew up for the night at a small sandy promontory. Upon getting out of the boat and ascending the bank, an extraordinary sight met our eyes. Here it turned out that the monotonous-looking ridge which had so long confined our view, as in a canal, was only a very narrow strip of ground—in fact, not more than fifty yards broad—and beyond it stretched a sheet of water like a sea, though in parts exceedingly shallow, for it was dotted over with little islands and plumes of papyrus. Apparently we were now on the edge of what is called the Great Morumbála Marsh or Swamp. Once in the morning we had fancied ourselves in a “zoo,” but that was nothing to what we saw now. The air was full of screaming birds, some hovering in clouds in the way that reminded us of a great rooks’ meeting, some swooping down to catch fish for their supper, others again swimming placidly on the surface of the water, while the more shallow places were occupied by legions of storks, cranes, herons, &c. On some of the little islands, and indeed on the bank close beside us, were huge crocodiles lazily lying half out of the water, or

looking like so many fallen trunks of trees. It was both curious and delightful to watch the lovely sunset. How can I describe it? The only thing I can think of the least bit like it are the old pictures one sees of the Garden of Eden. It is true that a few animals were wanting, such as the horse, which could never come here; but the elephant was not very far off, and already our men were preparing a huge bonfire to scare off lions and leopards, which are said to lie in the long reeds at the edges of the marsh. Far and wide the waters stretched, and there was no limit to be seen except the mountains. Across the swamp, misty Morumbála, as it is often called, looked grander than ever under a canopy of clear apple-green sky slightly tinged with rosy red. On our left there stretched from it a panorama of more distant mountains of various shapes and sizes emerging out of a deep crimson background, the most prominent of which was Pinda, as perpendicular as a sugar-loaf, and evidently very high. On the other side of Morumbála there was another panorama of distant mountains, ending in what is called the Manganja range. Utterly regardless of the crocodiles, A—— wandered from one point to another, discovering fresh beauties, and calling me to come after him.

Aug. 29th.—This has been a long and tedious day, winding in and out among the reeds. Yester-

day every bush we passed was covered with cranes and kingfishers, but to-day not even a bush was to be seen, and very few birds. Only here and there, wherever there was a twig strong enough to support him, a large fish-eagle—*'nkwazi*—like a parson with a black gown and white bands, sat solemnly watching us.

In this marshy country we had the greatest difficulty in finding a place where we could light a fire and prepare breakfast, and in the evening were still obliged to row on for some time after sunset before we could see where to halt for dinner. When we did do so, we unintentionally turned a hippopotamus out of his night-quarters. He was highly displeased, and manifested his indignation by a tremendous splashing and snorting; but it was far too dark to see him. Just as we were nodding off to sleep, we were again startled by a gruff "Hoo, hoo!" close under the boat. All night long our friend kept up his groaning and snorting, and from the noise that went on we imagined he had companions.

Aug. 30th.—We found ourselves this morning perfectly surrounded by hippopotami. As the boat approached them, they gave a great dive, and disappeared under the water with a tremendous splash. However, as soon as we were past, they put up their enormous heads again with a loud "Hoo, hoo!"

Undoubtedly they are most uncouth-looking animals, especially when they open their gigantic mouths, and are much larger than any we have seen in any European "zoo." Nothing could be easier for them than to upset the boat and knock a hole in it, or even cut it in two if they chose. But they have never been known to attack a boat on the Lower Shiré unless they were irritated; although on the Upper Shiré, and on some other African rivers, they do sometimes make unprovoked attacks upon the traveller, especially when they have young ones. The natives are dreadfully afraid of them, and sometimes set fire to a wisp of dried grass and let it float down the river. They say the hippo is sure to follow that and leave them alone.

The river winds in and out through the marshes like the letter S. Just as we think we are close to a mountain, it suddenly takes a turn in the wrong direction. Then we go some hundreds of yards in that way, when as suddenly we turn again. The reeds and beautiful little plots of papyrus form a perfect maze. Later in the day we saw signs of cultivation, and after that, gourds with white flowers were very plentiful along the banks. We have seen lots of convolvulus twining among the reeds, and a single claret-coloured hollyhock growing in the black mud.

Before sunset we passed two of Matakanya's

villages, and stopped at one of them, where we bought a dozen eggs for a yard of calico. We did our best to make the natives understand they must be fresh, and duly, as we thought, tested them in water. Notwithstanding, every one of them turned out to be rotten. We were afterwards assured, by some people who profess to know all about them, that the natives never eat eggs. All I can say is, that our Shupanga men on several occasions showed a most thorough appreciation of them, even when they were in a far-gone condition; and we have never found natives anywhere who refused them.

Numbers of fire-flies flittered round the boat at night totally different from those we saw on the Quaqua. Here they were not larger than a blue-bottle fly, with soft down on their wings, and the phosphorescence appeared to be entirely contained in a small bag at the end of their bodies.

Really I have come to the conclusion that these hippos are the most pre-Adamite creatures that can be seen in this nineteenth century, not forgetting the elephant, rhinoceros, and crocodile. Their heads, which are all that we usually see, are very like those of bulls, only three times as large, without horns or hair, and coloured like a slightly underdone beefsteak. Above all, their heavy expressionless eyelids make them look unutterably *gauche*.

CHAPTER XII.

MATAKENYA'S COUNTRY.

PUTRID FISH TO THE MAST-HEAD—PANIC-STRIKEN CREW—HALT
 AMONG MATAKENYA'S PEOPLE—THE MAKOLOLO CHIEFS AND
 THEIR HISTORY—THE MANGANJA NATION—SPINNING—BHANG
 —MALO AND BISHOP MACKENZIE'S GRAVE—THE MOUTH OF
 RIVER RUO—ELEPHANT SWAMP—GAME-LAW—HIPPOS ABOUND
 —GREAT ANT-HILLS—LEAK IN THE BOAT.

Aug. 31st.—Do what we will, it seems utterly hopeless to prevent the boatmen from stopping at native villages, where they buy fish. The natives seldom cook them fresh. After splitting them up and drying them in the sun, they eat them when they are in a most horrid state of decomposition. We will not allow the men to bring them on board the boat, but they have most ingenious ways of hiding them from us. Sometimes for a whole afternoon, whichever way we turn, we smell fish, fish everywhere. Then we feel convinced it must be in the boat, concealed in some of their baskets, and have a

thorough search for it. However, this often ended by our not finding the fish. One evening, after one of these fruitless searches, we observed the *capitao* and another man watching us with a mischievous twinkle in their eyes. Walking a few yards along the bank and turning round, there, sure enough, we saw the fish hanging on a nail under the stern of the boat. Upon another occasion the smell made us quite sick, but still we could not find the object of our pet aversion anywhere, although we felt sure we must be carrying it along with us—and so we were. But no one will ever guess where. The boatmen had tied it to the top of the mast. There, indeed, this novel ensign was conspicuous enough, only we had never thought of looking up towards the sky. To tell the truth, I am afraid they rather enjoyed their game of hide-and-seek; but, upon the whole, they are not bad fellows. They work very hard, are scrupulously honest, very attentive, and exceedingly good-natured. It is perfectly easy to teach them all we want, and it surprises us how they will remember anything that is once shown to them. In consequence, the order and regularity on board the *Anna Maria* could not be surpassed on one of H.M.'s ships of war.

The last few days a steady breeze has sprung up usually about the same hour, 2 P.M. But most

assuredly sailing on a river swarming with hippopotami and crocodiles, with a crew of inexperienced sailors, is half pleasure and half anxiety. Whenever an extra puff of wind comes, our men, thoroughly panic-stricken, let go their hold of the sail. Away it goes, and down we plunge into the water. Once the sail was rent in two. Very cleverly they repaired it. Finding my needles not strong enough, they took a knife and used it as a stiletto to make a row of holes along the side of each piece. Then they laced them together with coarse grass. Some days the wind was really too much for them, and we thought it more prudent not to venture hoisting the sail.

We are now quite beyond the Morumbâla swamp. On all sides of us the land is well cultivated, while the river-banks are closely wooded and hanging with long creepers. Every now and then we pass a tree with beautiful flowers; but what we admire most is a creeping plant which reaches the tops of the trees, and is perfectly covered with small scarlet flowers. In colour it is quite as rich as the well-known little scarlet *tropæolum*, but it climbs over bushes and trees as they come in the way, often up to a height of forty feet, and in the distance it looks exactly like a scarlet tree. It is growing everywhere, and we see vivid patches of it brightening up the

distant woods. We gathered a few branches, and found it grew in long feathery sprays—the flowers, consisting of only eight or nine stamens, enclosed in a pale-green cup, and its leaves glossy and leathery, not unlike those of the *Pyrus japonica*.

The native village close to where we stopped for the night was much dirtier than any of the other villages we had passed. Crowds of people came out and scraped the ground with their feet, and clapped their hands. These were tokens of respect and welcome. The country still belongs to Matakanya. His people have excellent manners; but although they always treated us with friendship and respect, their friendship towards our countrymen is not very constant. They see the members of the Trading Company and the Scotch Missions always passing through their country without having a station in it, and conclude that we are the allies of the native chiefs beyond them. They observe, too, they are constantly carrying goods, and so suspect that we supply gunpowder to their enemies. Once or twice they have attacked the boats conveying letters and goods to the mission, and a few years ago they murdered an Englishman named Captain Falconer.

Sept. 1st.—Our men have discovered my weakness for flowers, and are constantly bringing me

something new. This morning it was a lovely branch covered with clusters of large straw-coloured flowers. We have spent the whole day crawling along under high banks covered with tall grass. One very precipitous one was perfectly riddled with holes. These turned out to be the habitation of a great flock of birds, with black plumage and bright crimson breasts.

We anchored for the night close to a village belonging to Chipitúla, one of the Makololo chiefs. This bit of the country had once belonged to Matakanya, but Chipitúla conquered it from him. These Makololo chiefs did not originally belong to this part of Africa, but were Livingstone's old followers. He brought them with him from near the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and they served him faithfully all across the continent, and in other journeys by land and sea.

Here I must try and give, as briefly as possible, some account of their previous history.

The tribe called Makololo were Basuto Kaffirs, who had left Basutoland and were driven northwards on account of the encroachments of the Boers. Under a chief called Sebituane, who was a great warrior, they became very powerful. He took possession of a large tract of land on the south side of the Victoria Falls, and received into his tribe many of the people whom he had conquered. After his

death the subject natives rose against the Makololo, and completely annihilated them as a tribe. But the Makololo whom I have mentioned were away with Livingstone at the time this happened, so that they survived, only now they had no homes to return to. He therefore left them on the banks of the Shiré, among a tribe called the Manganja, and, as Mr Rowley vividly describes, with "little to live by but their guns and ammunition. For a time they were in great straits. But with guns they knew themselves to be formidable, so they hunted the slavers far and near, released the captives, and took the plunder."

There were sixteen of these Makololo, and six of them became chiefs, all closely leagued to one another. The one who is considered in some sense their head is Cassisi, who took the name of Ramákukan upon becoming a chieftain. He, and one other called Molóka, who died, were the only two of these sixteen who were of genuine Makololo or Basuto origin. The others, although brought from the Makololo country, belonged to the Barotse or some of the other tribes conquered by Sebituane, and received into the tribe. Like Cassisi, they all changed their names on becoming chiefs, and perhaps the most powerful of them all is Leríma, or, as he is now called, Chipitúla, whose country we are now entering. The natives under these Makololo are,

as I have said, Manganja or lake-men. The name is derived from a word which, in their district, is pronounced Nyanja, but in other districts Nyanza or Nyassa. It means generally a marsh, lake, or river;¹ and we heard our boatmen applying the word to the marshes we came through. Livingstone himself once wanted to be guided to Lake Shirwa, and thinking this word meant a lake, asked the way to the Nyanza Mukulu or Great Lake, but was brought to a swamp just in front of the one we have come through, or a place similar to it. Mr Riddel says in his vocabulary that the river Shiré, or, as the natives call it, Chiri, has the very same meaning in another dialect, and so has Lake Shirwa or Chirwa.

As far as we have seen, the Manganja people under Chipitúla seem all to be peasant proprietors of the land. Each one grows enough for his own subsistence and no more, and in this way all the rich plains are fully cultivated and fully populated. Around this village the people had small gardens, stocked chiefly with the plants they use as regular food, but each containing a few plants of cotton, Indian hemp, and a little tobacco, as luxuries.

¹ Speke also mentions that "both the Lake and the Nile, as well as all ponds, were called 'Nyanza.'"—*Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, p. 89.

One of the natives was busy spinning the cotton into thread. He used the old distaff, which he twirled round and let fall by its own weight, so that it fell slowly, pulling out the thread. It was pretty work, and we stood for some time watching him. He was very careful first to separate the cotton from the seed, and this he did with his fingers. Afterwards, we saw them weaving it on a large bamboo hand-loom. The whole process is exceedingly slow and tedious, but the result excellent. The native calico is both close and strong.

Several of the men were smoking *bhang* or Indian hemp—a most barbarous proceeding, for the smoke causes violent fits of coughing or choking. We examined one of the pipes. The hemp was smouldering on an elaborately moulded piece of earthenware 15 inches wide by 1 foot long. This was connected by a piece of bamboo about a foot in length to a large horn filled with water, and through which the smoker drew his whiffs. These clay pipes are all made by the women, and I must say, are really very ornamental. Many of them are minutely carved; and after they are burnt, they are polished with a black liquid, most probably containing plum-bago, which is said to be found in the neighbourhood of the Shiré highlands.

Sept. 2d.—We felt sure yesterday that Malo and

the mouth of the Ruo could not be far off. There Bishop Mackenzie is buried, and we were anxious not to pass his grave without visiting it; for, besides the special interest in himself, his family at Portmore are our own country neighbours. The difficulty was, how were we to explain what we wanted to our boatmen? At last it occurred to us to show them the sketch of the little cross in Captain Elton's book. At once they clasped their hands as if in the attitude of prayer, and, looking upwards, exclaimed to each other, "Beechy Masheeney!" This morning, a little after eight, before we had dared to raise our mats for the *cachimba*, and while I was in the middle of dressing, one of the natives pulled most vigorously at the *fumba*, saying, "Massa, massa, Beechy Masheeney!" Long before I was ready, A—— and all the boatmen save one had landed and were out of sight. The river was too shallow and the reeds too thick for our boat to get up quite close to the bank, but a slippery old canoe, half filled with water, served for a bridge. I had scrambled along it with some difficulty, and was hesitating about following the others, when I was stopped by the violent gesticulations of my boatman. He was evidently afraid of wild animals.

When A—— came back for me, we wound our way along a narrow path, not broader than a

sheep-track at home, with a thick jungle of coarse grass quite ten feet high on each side of us. Most unexpectedly, in the midst of this dense bush, we came upon a square of clear brown earth, about the size of a large room, all most carefully hoed, and entirely free from any weeds. I can hardly describe the strangeness of this solitary grave, with its little iron cross, under the shade of a large spreading tree, in the midst of the African forest; it was so very different from anything I had seen before. The beautiful way in which it was kept was quite remarkable. No loving hands at home could have done more for it than these poor African savages.

A little further on we came to the mouth of the river Ruo, a large tributary of the Shiré, and then we came in sight of a village where Chipitúla sometimes resides himself. It was built on an island or peninsula, well fortified by wooden stockades. In fact, all we could see from the river was the tops of the huts.

After that we entered what is called the Great Elephant Swamp. In this uninhabited ground Chipitúla has a great many wild elephants, which are strictly preserved. Consul Elton mentions, when he came to this place, that the natives said: "The elephants on the right bank had gone into the marsh, and they did not like to take him to

those on the left without Chipitúla's express permission." A kind of game-law appears to extend over all this part of Africa, although doubtless it may not be enforced so well if the chiefs are weak as when they are powerful. The Portuguese traders, and all other intelligent travellers we have met, say that, as far as they have been able to penetrate, they have found, if the chief did not preserve the elephants altogether, he at least expected to be presented with one tusk of every elephant that was killed, and that this was called the ground tusk. Livingstone found this to be the case, in the district we are now entering, in his time, and before his own Makololo men became the chiefs here. It was customary then to give a tusk of every elephant killed to a paramount chief, called the Rundo. For some time he entertained the idea that this custom must have been introduced by Portuguese or Arab traders; but he afterwards discovered it existed among the tribes in the centre of the continent. Speke also mentions the custom to be prevalent among the Makua. However, every one tells us that this law is never enforced against Europeans, but only against natives.

Suddenly the river became full of hippos, and a fine breeze enabling us to hoist the sail, we flew along famously, disturbing them right and left. After counting thirty, I grew tired and gave it up;

but on an average there was at least one for every hundred yards.

All afternoon we strained our eyes in vain looking out for elephants, and were just giving them up in despair, when at last, as we thought, we saw the head of one on the river-bank. Imagine then our disappointment, as we got nearer, to find after all that it was only a gigantic ant-hill.

These ant-hills are wonderful erections ; we have passed numbers of them ten or twelve feet high. They are the habitations of the *Termes bellicosus*, the largest and best known species of white ants in Africa. Naturalists give the most interesting descriptions of these enormous mounds. The first appearance is a little turret, in shape like a sugar-loaf, which gradually widens and extends to a small hillock to meet the wants of the increasing inhabitants. These consist of a king and queen ; soldier or fighting ants, who do no work at all ; and labouring ants, who make all the extraordinary subterranean passages and galleries leading to a royal chamber, nurseries, and store-rooms.

We remained all the night in the swamp. Our men made a most glorious bonfire of the reeds. How they crackled and blazed away ! It was finer than any fireworks, the burning feathery sprays shooting up like rockets. Although most beautiful, it became at last not quite safe so close

to our thatched bower, and we got alarmed in case the showers of golden sparks might set fire to it. That would indeed have been a fearful catastrophe.

Sept. 3d.—To-day our spirits were sadly damped by the hideous discovery of a very bad leak in the boat; and the prospect of being swamped, not to say devoured by wild beasts, sorely exercised all our faculties in devising some way of patching it together. The recollection of the island of Zuga in the Red Sea¹ is still painfully vivid, but our situation was even worse. If the leak suddenly became larger, all we could do was to make for the side and get out as much as we could of our provisions; but even then we should have been fortunate if we found a strip of ground firm enough to stand upon, for in these marshes that is not everywhere. There was no saying, too, how long we might not have to remain Robinson Crusoe fashion before any one came to our rescue, and then we could only expect to be picked up by a chance canoe. So we pressed together the edges of the steel plates which had come asunder, and tried to cement them first with bee's-wax, then with india-rubber, then with soft lard, and lastly, with gluten obtained by washing our arrowroot flour. Nothing would stick, and we found the

¹ See p. 6.

only thing really practicable was to put heavy weights on the leak to keep the plates as closely together as possible, and to have a man constantly baling out the water.

We had not the faintest conception how long it would take us to get out of the Elephant marsh, far less what was to be the length of our voyage. When we asked the natives, they tried to tell us by pointing to the sun ; but it was not easy to make out from their signs how many suns they meant. At length we descried a grove of palm-trees, a welcome sight, for we were sure they must be beyond the marsh ; so after all, if the boat did sink, it would not be quite up with us. All we had now to guard against was sticking on sand-banks. This was not very easy, because the river was getting full of shallows, and in some places the men had to get out and wade before they could push the boat along. Every now and then we came to a dead halt ; and as we got off again, we heard the boat grating along the bottom of the river. Notwithstanding this, our leak was not getting perceptibly larger. We have learnt now how the steamer became worn out in about a year's time, and now this boat is almost in the same condition. Sometimes, when we start in the morning, we see a group of palms or some other landmark, and in the evening find it has taken us a whole day to

reach it. All this entails very great labour on the natives, and a tremendous loss of time on Europeans, to say nothing of the damage it does to the boats.

There were no more thickets of papyrus now, because we had done with the mud and reached gravel. One of the small lakes or *nyanjas* we came through was actually called Nyanja ya Matope. *Litope* would mean a puddle or a little mud; but the plural, *matope*, must mean a tremendous quantity. Already some of it was high and dry, and getting hard baked in the sun. As the natives say, *matope* was turning into *makande*; and we expect, when we return here, to find so much ground dry and well *makandemised*, that, if the boat should leak again, we can land and trot about anywhere. We were wondering whether the byblus or *Papyrus antiquorum* had any African name at all similar, because some think the Egyptians got it from Ethiopia. Our vocabularies could not help us, but the boatmen called it *mabumbwa*, which we take to be the plural for *bumbwa*. The common reed is *kumbwa* or *gumbwa*, perhaps derived from *gome*, a bank, or *goma*, to bend. It may be suggested that this is akin to the Hebrew *gome*; though we think it may be quite as much connected with gum-tree.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHIPITÚLA'S COUNTRY.

MOUNT CHORO—VISIT CHIEF CHIPITÚLA—HIS GARDEN—AFRICAN
MOTHERS—AN ORATION—EFFECTS OF POMBÉ—DOLICHOS PRU-
RIENS—VISIT CHIEF KATUNGA—END OUR RIVER JOURNEY.

Sept. 4th.—This morning we passed four of the largest canoes we have yet seen. I am sure they were at least thirty feet long. Farther on, the plain became narrower, and Chipitúla's mountains rose up before us. The highest of them is Mount Choro, the mountain I have already mentioned as being supposed in olden days to be inhabited by a spirit called Bona.¹ Very grand it looked, all covered with wood.

Before Chipitúla's time, the Manganja people had chiefs of their own nation, but over them all was a paramount chief called the Rundo. The Rundo did not concern himself with any ordinary business, but difficult questions were brought to

¹ See p. 109.

him by appeal from the other chiefs; and then, in order to avoid the responsibility (or the odium?) of himself deciding what should be done, he referred the questions to Bona. The spirit was believed to possess great influence with God, and to have it in his power to send rain and plenty over all the country round, and even prevent war. When the Rundo consulted Bona, he either went himself or sent his deputy to the top of Mount Choro, and there the business was told to a woman who acted like the Pythia of the Delphic oracle. Bona appeared to her in a dream, and gave her the answer. This woman was called the wife of Bona, and was never allowed to associate with any human being.

At the top of the mountain is a rich broad plateau, exceedingly fruitful and well watered. The Universities missionaries, when they were in this part of the country, once thought of settling there; but the natives were so afraid of offending Bona, that nothing would induce them to allow his sanctum to be penetrated. In those days they had a legend that some people had fled from the valley to the top of the mountain in time of war, carrying with them only a few pumpkins as food. These they hung on the trees, when immediately every branch put forth pumpkins, and continued bearing fruit as long as it was needed. Now that Chipitúla is chief, there is an end to the superstition.

We made our boatmen understand that we did not wish to pass the village where the chief is at present residing without paying him a visit. Early in the forenoon we came in sight of an island with a large house on it. This turned out to be Chipitúla's council-room; and our men pulled very hard to reach the shore, for just opposite, the current was extremely strong. When we got close to the bank, A—— for fun gave one of the men his card, and with some difficulty made him understand to take it to Chipitúla. The poor fellow looked extremely puzzled, but at length ran off with it, exclaiming, "Eh carta, Chipitúla! eh carta!" Shortly afterwards Chipitúla appeared, holding the card in his hand, one moment looking at us, and then at it, as if he thought both great curiosities. He wore a large red and white checked cotton cloak, and his hair, which was turning grey, was closely cut. We found his English extremely limited, and indeed could barely converse with him. We were anxious to know how far we were from Blantyre, but all we could learn from him was, "Quick Katunga." However, to us this was a great piece of information, because we remembered the Scotchmen saying at Mazaro that we must leave the river at a place called Katunga's. As we were bidding him good-bye, he made a most inconvenient discovery that he had "no hat," and

kept following us to the boat, repeating in a piteous tone, "Chipitúla no hat—Chipitúla no hat." But all we could do was to promise to send him one.

A few yards further up the river, but on the opposite side, we passed a village with neatly thatched roofs and a large square house. Its whitewashed walls were surrounded by a garden well stocked with pine-apples and a good many fruit-trees. Amongst them were a few mangoes and some cocoa or date palms; they are said to be the latter. Chipitúla's wives live here; and near the village, the river-banks were luxuriantly clothed with creepers hanging in long festoons from tree to tree, and perfectly gorgeous with the lovely scarlet creeper I have already described.

Again we stopped to breakfast not far from a village. All our efforts have been utterly unsuccessful in preventing this, because our men know the country and we do not. Swarms of people assembled on the bank to watch us; but although they congregate in such crowds, they never give us any trouble, nor do they attempt to follow us if we take a little walk. I was told at Mazaro not to be frightened if the people surrounded me in these villages, and out of curiosity mobbed me. On the contrary, I have never met with anything but the greatest kindness and respect. It is often most

distressing to see how I frighten some of the women and children, and to feel that invariably any attempt on my part to mend matters only makes them worse. Imagine the strangeness of realising one's self to be a hobgoblin! In some places it was very different, and they seemed quite delighted to show us all their operations, and enlighten us in every way they could. In those villages, I had nice long talks with the women (all of course by signs), and I was introduced to all their little sons and daughters, and told their names. If any were absent, a messenger would be at once sent off to fetch them. These poor African mothers have very warm hearts. It is impossible to see their piteous faces and expressions of deep grief as they tell me long stories about the little ones they have lost, without feeling deeply touched.

On this occasion, an exceedingly good-natured woman with a very round face began by telling me she had five children. Three of them, she showed me, lay under the ground, and now two only remained. These two she presented to me—a fine little boy about three years old, and a baby. The brown babies are funny little objects. Here it seems to be the fashion to shave both sides of their heads, leaving a square band of wool in the centre, stretching from the middle of their foreheads right down to their necks; and, like all the other

babies we see, their only garment consists of a string of bright-coloured beads tied round their waist, to set off their little brown bodies.

I gave my friend a needle with a bright scarlet thread, for I wanted to see what she would do with it. She laughed a good deal, and the whole crowd seemed amused. After it had been carefully examined by them all, she handed it to her husband. At the same time, they made signs to me that sewing was a man's work, and not a woman's. Then a tall native enveloped in a long calico sheet stepped forward to the edge of the river-bank and made quite a long oration. He delivered it with a great deal of energy, and evidently wished to make us understand what he was saying, as our stupidity seemed only to add to his excitement. At length our boatmen told us that he wanted '*nsaru*'—calico. We made them explain to him, we did not give away calico for nothing—that we bought things with it. Upon hearing this, an old woman standing behind him disappeared, and returned with a large calabash full of *pombé*. She was a good deal disappointed to find that we would not buy it. After a time she went away, and came back again with a bunch of savoury fish, hoping that with it she might prove more successful in tempting us to buy.

Evidently our boatmen found the *pombé* irresist-

ible; for when we started again, it had gone to the head of one old man, completely stupefying him. Backwards and forwards he swayed, his oars barely touching the water, until at last away they would go, flying out of his hands. Each time this happened, he would try to pull himself up in the most comical fashion. .

After this the country became beautifully wooded, and A—— could not resist jumping out of the boat to gather the seeds of some plants that attracted our notice. Utterly regardless of the warnings of the boatmen, he picked up a pod which they called *fica*, covered with a fine velvety down of a foxy-brown colour. This in reality was a multitude of fine prickles, which entered his hand in every direction, and to get them out again was impossible. We think there is no doubt that it was *Dolichos pruriens*.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the residence of Katunga, another of the Makololo chiefs. At his village we had expected to end our long boating journey, but he is at present living on an island just outside Chipitúla's boundary. He was quite prepared to receive us enthroned on a three-legged stool by the river-bank. At his side was a tall bamboo, fixed in the ground like a flag-post, with a plume of feathers waving from the top of it. Behind him stood a large retinue in respectful silence,

and among them a couple of good-looking boys, wearing white straw hats and crimson ribbons. These were Katunga's sons, and had come from the mission-school at Blantyre to see their father, because he was ill. Katunga himself was a very fine-looking man. He was suffering from rheumatism, and was tightly wrapped up in a brown blanket. One of his first remarks was,—“Legs sick; doctor from Blantyre come visit me.” (We found afterwards that the medical man from the station had visited him a few days previously.) A—— asked him if the D.D. had passed up before us, and tried to describe his appearance, when Katunga said, “Yes; he come and look at me.” We inquired how long we should be in reaching his other house. He replied, “To-morrow, no to-night; canoey can go to-night, but boatie no; pickininny go quick, quick, but boatie slow.” A—— remarked to him that the steamboat would go quick, quick. Upon which he asked us where it was, and we had to tell him that it was at the bottom of the Zambesi. We could not help being amused when he said, “Ah, these things very good for a time, but no last,” especially as his sharp eyes were steadily fixed upon the leak in our own boat, and the water coming in. He made no remark about it, although it was evident that he was silently drawing his own conclusions.

The old chief, savage though he was, knew a

good deal about boats and steamers. He had been on board our men-of-war, and had accompanied Dr Livingstone in long journeys up rivers. Many of these were extremely tedious and difficult, and some scarcely successful—as, for example, the journey up the Rovuma. Can it be wondered if the conclusions he had come to, despite the wisdom of “the great Doctor,” as they call him, were that canoes were most suitable for African rivers?

A glorious sunset ended what to us had been an eventful and interesting day. It was dark before we stopped for the night, because after leaving Katunga's we again stuck on a sand-bank. From the noise that went on, we knew our men had again chosen a thickly populated place. The party round the fire were very merry, and for some hours kept up an animated conversation, in which the word Blantyre was constantly brought in.

Sept. 5th.—We hardly expected to finish our river journey so quickly this morning. In less than an hour after starting our boatmen said, “Massa Katunga, see Inglesi house.” We felt sure they had made some mistake, and vainly looked for signs of a house, for the only thing we could see the least like it was a small shed. The noise with which the boatmen accompanied their extra exertions in contending against the current, brought several natives to the bank, and among them an individual with a

black hat, flannel shirt, and trousers. As soon as we drew close to the shore, he jumped on board and introduced himself as Jack, or Arimaçao, a servant of the Company. He told us that an Englishman, also in their employment, was living in Katunga's village. A—— landed, and went with him to the chief's own hut, where, sure enough, he found a Scotchman, living in the centre of the harem, if it might be so called, who at once promised to send off a messenger to Blantyre for *machillas*, and most hospitably offered us a part of the hut until they came. But nothing would induce us, if we could possibly help it, to sleep in a native village.

The Scotchman was very glad to see the boat, notwithstanding the condition it was in, for he is a carpenter, and hopes to be able to repair it. He intends to haul it up; and, provided he can patch up the hole, hopes still to be in time to catch the next mail leaving from Quillimane. He has been waiting at Katunga's for days trying to get canoes to take a mail from Blantyre, and stores down to the Scotchmen at Mazaro.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST STAGE OF JOURNEY.

KATUNGA'S WIVES—THE LIP-RING—TATTOOING—BARK-CLOTH—
 THE CHIEF'S KOTLA—ASSAGAIS—CHIEF MULILEMA COMES—
 ASCEND THE MOUNTAINS—CARRIERS PUT TO SIXTY MILES
 AT A STRETCH—ARRIVE WITHOUT BAGGAGE—THE MISSION
 STATION.

KATUNGA'S, CENTRAL AFRICA,
 5th Sept. 1883.

IN the first place, you must picture me sitting cross-legged, *à la Turque*, under our thatched-roof bower, my knees forming my writing-table, and before me a perfect crowd of natives on the river-bank—every woman, child, and baby the small village possesses having turned out to inspect and watch the movements of the Inglese. The noise and jabbering they are making are most distracting ; at the same time, they are very respectful, and anxious, poor things, to help us. These said females are singularly ugly, their hair cropped quite close or shaved, their necks covered with strings of coloured beads, and their only garment a scrimpy calico kilt or piece of bark-

cloth tied round their waists. In many cases this is not long enough to reach down to their knees, reminding one of the old nursery rhyme—

“She began to shiver, and she began to shake,” &c.

Nearly every woman here wears the *perèle* or *pelèle*. When she is a little girl a small hole is pierced through the middle of her upper lip, and into this is pressed a small wooden pin to prevent the puncture from closing up. After a time this is changed for a larger pin, and so on till the hole is big enough to admit a piece of quartz, or more usually a ring. When a ring is used, it is not linked through the lip like an ear-ring, but is embedded into it edgeways, so that one could see the teeth through it were it not that it raises the lip towards the nose. In proportion as the *pelèle* is made gradually larger, so the lip enlarges also, and comes to look like a snout. An average specimen we have obtained measures $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, and almost an inch in length. It is even more frightful when the poor creature becomes a widow. Then fashion compels her to take out her *pelèle*, the lip falls, and the great round hole, called *luperèle*, shows the teeth and jaw quite plainly, especially when she speaks. The *pelèle* is hideous, but the *luperèle* is still more so, and how any people in all the world can admire such a fashion baffles our

comprehension. However, it is evident that this custom of lacerating the lips is dying out, for one rarely sees it among the young.

Tattooing of the body and face is almost universal. Each tribe has its own peculiar mark or coat-of-arms tattooed somewhere on the face. The Manganja face-mark is rather complicated, but the Ajawa one is so small as to be barely visible. It is just about the nose, and resembles our broad arrow. What with the *peléle*, their tattooing, and ragged bark-kilts, many of the old women here would make excellent witches.

But I ought to tell you how this bark-cloth is manufactured. The natives generally choose a soft-wooded tree for the purpose, which is stripped of its bark in pieces about six feet long. The outer coat of the bark is then cut and scraped, leaving the inner one untouched, but always moist. Afterwards it is well beaten on a stone or hard piece of wood with a mallet, and stretched out. They keep on beating and stretching it until they get it to an equal thickness. I was told that it took two days of hard labour to beat out sufficient for a kilt, which takes about two yards. In appearance it looks like dilapidated old leather. Do you remember the two terra-cotta beggars on the nursery mantelpiece when we were children? I never see the natives in this bark-cloth without thinking of them.

A——'s description of Katunga's hut had excited my curiosity, so I have just been to see it. I found it shut out from the outer world by a high bamboo stockade, within which was another stockade enclosing the chief's residence and those of his wives, who are said to number thirty. The hut itself was a large mud and wattle, square house, with a verandah in front of it, crowded with skins, horns, tusks, and boxes, many of them belonging to the Company. It had no windows, only a door; and the interior, as far as I could see—for it was very dark—appeared to be divided by mud walls into four stalls. It was one of these the Scotchman had offered A—— in the morning, and he was occupying one of them himself.

The wives live with their families in separate beehive huts, which are built all round it. I was sorry not to see the principal wife, but the Scotchman told me that it was the custom of these river chiefs, when they were unwell, to go and live upon an island, and Katunga had taken her with him.

Strange to say, he has such confidence in our countrymen, that he allows them to go in and out of this second enclosure as much as they like; but no native man dare enter it. A—— has had occasion several times to go into the centre of it, and found the place such a labyrinth of reed fences that he never learnt how to get out again without assist-

ance. But it exactly reminded us of the Kaffir *kotlas* we saw at Delagoa Bay; and the reason evidently was, that the Makololo, being of Basuto origin, had brought some of their customs with them. No one seems to imitate these Makololo in building *kotlas* or stockades, but some other Kaffir customs are believed to have been introduced into this part of Africa through the inroads of Zulu tribes from the south. For instance, the most intelligent Europeans we met believed that the assagai, or short spear, was unknown among the tribes about here till after the Zulu hordes crossed the Zambesi in 1836, bows and arrows having been their only weapons previously.

Katunga sent us a present of a cock and hen and a stone of rice to-day, accompanied by a message, to say that he was sorry, when we called upon him yesterday, he had given us nothing to eat. It is customary here to give a present in return for every one you receive, so we sent him a scarlet jacket.

Another of the Makololo chiefs, Mulilema, has just been to see us. He lives a few miles further up the river.

For the last two days the heat has been very oppressive. Tamarind-trees are growing wild here, and at this season are in fruit. Arimaçao brought us some, with which we made an infusion, and found it refreshing.

BLANTYRE, 7th September 1888.

Early yesterday morning we heard a voice calling us by name. It turned out to be F——, whom the D.D. had sent down from Blantyre with a couple of *machillas* and a party of carriers. Arranging and distributing all the different loads was a great business, and it was past eight before we got fairly started. How every one at home would have laughed could they only have seen our cavalcade of men, women, and babies! Well, off the men trotted with us across a grassy plain for about two miles, and then commenced a long and steep ascent up a mountain. At the top of it the road became nearly level, running along the mountain-ridges, and any climbing we had to do after that was very gradual. All around us was natural forest, but the trees were thinly dispersed and small; while away down in the plains below, the Shiré was winding in and out like a silver thread for a distance that, to us, had been many a day's journey.

Most of the trees have large leathery leaves, and yield gums of various kinds, amongst them gum-copal. Every here and there, too, we passed dense thickets of bamboos. The wonder is that trees can grow at all, because the natives burn the grass every year. The season for burning it was just commencing, and we had noticed several of these

fires on the river-banks. Although we often saw the young trees destroyed by them, the old ones were usually just a little scorched. We heard various reasons assigned for this yearly burning. Some said the fires destroyed the snakes, and also made it easier to hunt for rabbits, as it exposed their holes. But probably another, if not the principal reason is, that the fresh young grass must be available for sheep and goats, while no animals could possibly eat the jungle.

Large spaces in the forest have been laid bare by the natives cutting the trees for firewood or building purposes. They take every tree they come to as they go along, often clearing more than an acre at a time. It is a curious sight, for all the stumps are left standing upright in the ground, many of them three feet high, and it looks as if they had all been broken over by a terrific storm. The people cut them that height, and afterwards burn the stumps by making large fires round them.

Although the missionaries have made a most expensive road, our bearers invariably preferred taking short cuts by the paths they used before it was made. Perhaps the missionaries originally intended this road for carts; but here their energies ended, for since they made it, they have never had sufficient vigour to make a cart. While we were climbing up the mountain, A——, who happened

to be walking, saw the footprints of a lion. They were great round patches, larger than the footprints of a horse. At this season of the year, when the streams are drying up, the wild animals are driven to the parts of the forest near the rivers, so as to be within the reach of water; and our companion thought that, coming down from Blantyre during the early part of the night, both he and his men must have made a narrow escape. In fact, from what he told us, we learnt that this mission-road, although not very much used by human beings, was found convenient by the deer when pursued by lions, as they can run faster on it than through the jungle. Consequently, if a person is walking along it by night, he is not unlikely to encounter first a deer and then a lion.

It was extremely hot, and our men stopped two or three times, to get a drink of water or to have a smoke, before we reached a native village called 'Mbame, which is considered to be the half-way halting-place between Katunga's and Blantyre. Their idea of a smoke was rather original. Each man took a single whiff of the pipe and handed it on to the companion next him, who did the same. After it had been handed all round in this way, the embers of unburnt tobacco were carefully knocked out and folded in a leaf or piece of skin, to serve on a future occasion.

We did not get to Blantyre until eight in the evening. Long before that we had been greatly distressed about our poor men. Upon reaching 'Mbame, the half-way halting-place, several of the *machilla*-bearers had thrown themselves on the ground and fallen asleep through sheer exhaustion. As for the carriers with the luggage, they were miles behind. We only learned then that they had not tasted food since two A.M. that morning, and it was now past three P.M. Afterwards it became extremely painful to feel the poor creatures tottering and stumbling under us; but they would not allow me to jump out of the *machilla* and walk, although A——, in order to ease them, had walked most of the way until it became dark. As night drew on they grew terrified for wild beasts. F——, who kindly came and walked beside my *machilla* after the sun set, told me the natives are so singularly afraid of wild animals that they hardly dare ever walk in the dark, even in large companies, except at the season when the long grass has been newly burnt; and, as I have said, they were only just beginning to burn it. Altogether their strength had been sorely taxed by such a journey. Can you wonder at it?—for the poor fellows had travelled all night, a distance of thirty miles, and now they had to go back with us as their burdens. We were surprised that they did

not simply refuse to do it without a longer rest, and could not help feeling the whole time that, although all had been arranged out of well-meant kindness for us, the labour put upon the natives was oppressive. Certainly, had we foreseen this before we started, we should never have permitted it. F—— tried to cheer me up by always saying “that Blantyre was only five miles off.” But I felt so utterly wretched, knowing I must be adding to their sufferings, and so tired myself, that I thought his five miles would never come to an end. At last we reached it, but without a scrap of luggage, not even our bags.

Every one assured us that it would turn up sometime to-day, and so it has. All morning it came tumbling in piece by piece, and a little after noon the carriers were seated outside the house, waiting to be paid. Poor creatures, their honesty has been severely tested! The payment each one received for that terribly long journey was a fathom—two yards—of calico. You will hardly believe me when I tell you the loads they carried. Fancy a woman with one of A——’s portmanteaus on her head, my bag in one hand, the wraps and umbrellas in the other, and her baby on her back! while one of them, in addition to her baby, carried the smallest of my boxes,—which, you know, is anything but a light weight!

But now that we have had leisure to look about us, I must try and describe Blantyre. The station is most beautifully situated. It stands on the edge of a gentle slope, just where that slope breaks down into a deep and precipitous glen. As the glen winds, we cannot see to the bottom, but we are told that it goes right down to the river Shiré. At the sides of this glen are hills, a little higher than the station. It is difficult to imagine that the Shiré can be in that direction, for it is not the way we came; but the truth is, the river takes a bend, and flows half-way round the station, although it is at a distance of about thirty miles at every point. Looking away from the glen and up the gentle slope I have mentioned, one would almost say the country was a level plain, yet it rises slightly till the view ends in some hills about five miles off. In fact we are surrounded on all sides by hills, most of them many hundreds of feet higher than we are, and all of them bristling with wood right up to their summits. As to the plain-land, it is mostly covered with the long grass of the country, studded here and there with groups of trees.

To us, accustomed to the natural forests which clothe the valleys of the North, it is curious to see trees breaking the horizon on the top of every mountain. Another strange, and I must say beautiful sight, is to be seen almost every night,—for, as I

have already said, the natives at this season are burning the grass throughout the country. Therefore, as soon as it became dark, we find one or more of the mountains lit up, just as Edinburgh Castle and its rock are on the occasion of a national illumination. The flames usually form zig-zag paths for themselves as they creep up towards the summits.¹

The station itself consists of a quadrangular enclosure, two opposite sides of which are each formed by a row of four small houses. At the back of them are some other buildings, such as the dormitories for the scholars and the cattle-sheds. All these buildings are made of posts and sticks, plastered over with clay, and thatched with the long grass of the country. But the house in which we are living is quite apart from this small town, and at some distance off. It is very large, and built of stones cemented together with clay; but the roof is thatched like the others. The building of this house must have entailed a great deal of labour, to say nothing of the cost; for, as the missionaries had

¹ It is perhaps pretty well known that, as far as history can tell, the first expedition that sailed round Africa was one sent by Pharaoh Necho of Egypt, and the second was conducted by Hanno, the Carthaginian. His journal was deposited in the temple of Saturn, and gives a very curious version of what we saw, and what he happened to see, in passing along the west coast. He says he saw mountains and rivers of fire, and especially one very high mountain all in flames, which he called "the chariot of God."

no carts, the stones had all to be carried, on the heads of the natives, from a very considerable distance. With the new house, the missionaries introduced glass into the country. Before that they had used calico instead of it. They say the natives are rather afraid of the glass, and have no idea how easily it can be broken,—which perhaps is as well, for as yet none of the windows have shutters.

The mission garden lies at the top of the glen I have already described, and overlooks the valley. We were not long of finding our way there; for we had sent out the gardeners a good many seeds, as well as a few peach and fig trees—their roots packed in clay—and we were anxious to see how these had succeeded. All the peaches had died, but one of the fig-trees survived, and has borne fruit. Now numerous layers are being made from it. Out of our seeds two kinds of Grenadilla failed; but *Passiflora edulis* came up, and is now covering an arbour, laden with fruit. A few plants of Arabian coffee, which came from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, are growing beautifully; but the tea and ipecacuanha plants have all died. The gardeners themselves brought out some vines. These have already borne grapes; but the most curious product is a few plants of the large Muscatel grape, which one of the gardeners raised by sowing a bunch of raisins. In time there will be quantities of fruit;

but at present all the plants are exceedingly small.

All European vegetables are said to do well here. Unfortunately this is not the season of the year for seeing them.

We sent nine different kinds of gum-trees, and they have all succeeded, including the one which is the tallest tree in the world ; but the blue gum is growing the fastest. The gardeners tells us that already they have planted 4000 of these Eucalypti round the station, as well as a few cypresses and *Pinus canariensis*. However, this is about the last place to introduce new forest-trees into, or anything else that needs to be planted outside the garden and the fields ; because they are almost sure to be destroyed when the grass is burnt, and long before they are strong enough to stand fire. The only way to preserve them from the fire is to keep a considerable space clear round about them by regularly hoeing it. Of course this entails so much trouble and expense that no one could think of doing it except for a few pet trees.

CHAPTER XV.

BISHOP MACKENZIE'S MISSION.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE MORE THAN TWENTY
YEARS AGO—ARRIVAL OF SCOTCH MISSIONS.

BEFORE we came here, we knew well enough this mission had been preceded by another, under the late Bishop Mackenzie; but we did not know that their station of Magomero had been so near to Blantyre as it was. We find the distance was only about fifteen miles; and during the months that Bishop Mackenzie's party spent there, so many events happened in the neighbourhood that we have had to read all about it to understand our own surroundings.

Here I know not how I can explain to you even where we were, and what kind of people we had now come amongst, without inflicting upon you a short history of the two missions.

It appears that in 1857, Livingstone returned to England full of his recent discoveries in Africa,

and with great hopes of being able to induce some of his countrymen to go out to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa and found a colony. He seems to have been perfectly sanguine as to their success as colonists, and also firmly to have believed that their presence there would be sufficient of itself to act as a check upon the slave-trade. But along with this colony he was anxious to combine a Christian mission to the natives. However, his attempts at procuring colonists proved utterly unsuccessful; neither did he get the encouragement he expected from the British Government, doubtless because they saw the inconvenience of settling a British colony in the interior of a country whose coast was held by the Portuguese. Notwithstanding, he succeeded in arousing not only a strong desire to put an end to the horrors of the slave-trade, but also a considerable amount of zeal for the spreading of Christianity among the heathen in those regions. This resulted in a project being started by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in which those of Dublin and Durham afterwards joined. Hence arose the name of the "Universities Mission." The object they had in view, to quote their own words, was as follows: "To establish stations in Central Africa, which should serve as centres of Christianity and civilisation, for the promotion of true religion, the en-

couragement of agriculture and lawful commerce, and the ultimate extinction of the slave-trade."

The little band of missionaries arrived on the coast of Africa in February 1861. Here they were met by Dr Livingstone, and under his guidance expected at once to proceed up the Zambesi and Shiré to their destination in the highlands. But now Dr Livingstone began to fear seriously the dangers arising from the Portuguese, who were largely engaged in the slave-trade, and might naturally enough prove unfavourable to the mission. He therefore thought it would be more prudent to try and conduct the party into the interior by some other way, and north of the Portuguese territory. But at length, after numerous unsuccessful wanderings, he took them back to the Zambesi, and conducted them by the route he had originally intended up the Shiré, to the abode of a chief called Chibisa. This was near to where the Makololo chief Katunga now lives, and where we ourselves left the boat.

It had been arranged that the missionaries should settle in the highlands among a tribe called the Manganja. Unfortunately, they had arrived at an awkward and very eventful time. There was war in the country; and these Manganja, whom they had come to Christianise, were being rapidly driven out before their enemies, who were called the Ajawa.

Those of them who did not retreat were being captured, and either sold as slaves to the Portuguese, or else kept for the use of the conquerors. In spite of all this, the Bishop and his party, guided by Dr Livingstone, commenced their ascent into the mountains, following almost the same route as we had taken, until they reached 'Mbame. Here the Bishop had gone to bathe, and the remainder of the party were resting, when a slave-gang passed through the village on its way to the Portuguese settlement at Tête. As soon as the drivers of the slave-gang caught sight of the English, they fled into the forest, leaving their captives behind them. The poor creatures were soon set free by Dr Livingstone and his party, and told to go wherever they pleased, but they preferred remaining with their liberators. Then the Bishop came upon the scene, and, to quote Livingstone's own words, "he at first had doubts, but now felt that had he been present he would have joined us in the good work."¹ After this, Livingstone and the missionaries continued their journey, and met more slave-gangs. These they also liberated; and here Livingstone says, "As we had begun, it was no use to do things by halves."²

These captives, when told they were free, chose, like the others, to remain with the mission party.

¹ A Popular Account of the Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 247.

² Ibid.

How could they do otherwise? for their homes were destroyed, and their friends either killed or dispersed. Dr Livingstone saw no harm in all this; on the contrary, he seems to have thought that these captives themselves formed a ready-made parish for the Bishop to commence his labours in, and a piece of ground was accepted from a Manganja chief for them to settle on. This was called Magomero, or rather, according to Mr Riddel, Magomera, which means "the falling in or termination," i.e., of the mountains. In this way the Bishop suddenly found himself turned into an African chief; and he was not long of experiencing the perplexities arising from such a situation.

Dr Livingstone having now conducted the party to their destination, left them. At parting, he told the Bishop that the natives would try hard to persuade him to help them against their enemies, and warned him to avoid getting thus embroiled in their quarrels. The Bishop followed this advice as closely as it was possible to do in the circumstances; but unfortunately the mischief was already done, and by Livingstone himself. He and the missionaries had supposed that the slave-dealers, whose captives they had liberated, came from a distance, and they never would hear more of them. On the contrary, the slaves turned out to be just the captives who had been taken in the

war raging over the country they were going to. The missionaries had in fact committed an act of hostility in taking the part of the weaker against the stronger, and besides, had formed a little kingdom of liberated captives, whom they were now bound to protect in face of the enemy. The sad and inevitable consequences were, that the Bishop and his little band had to fight several battles. Thus they found themselves suddenly placed in a position they never dreamt of before leaving home ; and instead of missionaries carrying the gospel of peace to the heathen, they were now regarded as warriors. Nevertheless, they gradually worked their way out of this false position. They did this by never losing any opportunity of showing their kindness to all mankind, and the true object of their mission. Eventually they came to be loved and respected by the natives of both tribes. Unfortunately, however, this anomalous commencement of mission work has given rise to the impression here that missionaries are chiefs and warriors, and even to this day it is difficult to efface it.

Still another difficulty arose out of this first mistake. The Bishop had unavoidably become not only protector, but also ruler of those emancipated slaves who clung to him, and it was not long before he found the awkwardness of governing a people whose habits, customs, and even language were

strange to him. It may be natural to suppose that an educated countryman of ours would have little difficulty in ruling over these simple children of nature; but it is very much the reverse. The Africans have many peculiar customs, and still more remarkable laws; and even when these are known and the language learnt, there is a singular difficulty in entering into confidential intercourse with the natives and eliciting information from them, which very few of our countrymen have the tact to overcome successfully. As far as we have observed, any one who comes among them as a chief, teacher, or head of a mission, is at a great disadvantage, and has more of this difficulty to contend with than others. From what we have seen, we should say that the Universities missionaries succeeded wonderfully—doubtless because they were all very sympathising, and at the same time very intelligent. But to give a curious instance of how little they knew what they were about, I may mention, that although Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie had rescued, as they thought, so many Manganja slaves out of the hands of the Ajawa and settled them in the Manganja country, it was long afterwards discovered that three-fourths of these *protégés* had been Ajawa, and sold into slavery by the Manganja.¹

¹ The Story of the Universities Mission, p. 155. By Rev. H.

Over and over again we have observed, as a striking characteristic of these natives, their shrewd discernment of what is politic. Singularly reticent and sensitive, they would never dream of enlightening a stranger as to any of their customs, unless they were first perfectly confident in what view he would regard them. They usually leave him to find out for himself, and, with a keen sense of the humorous, thoroughly enjoy his mistakes and perplexities. Thus the Bishop and his party, who would never have fought except in defence of these liberated captives, found they had been leading them against their own tribesmen, and, I might almost say, fighting on the wrong side; but the savages had thought it their interest to keep the secret.

It is impossible for me to enter here into the awkwardness of the situation which gradually dawned on the missionaries as they became acquainted with the language and the character of the people; suffice it to say, it became clear to them that, in order to get out of their false position, they must leave Magomero,¹ only they did not finally make the move until after the death of the Bishop. They made it then, and with less regret, because they had found by experience that

Rowley. Also, *Twenty Years in Central Africa*, p. 65. By Rev. H. Rowley.

¹ *Universities Mission*, pp. 283-285. *Twenty Years in Central Africa*, pp. 112, 113.

Magomero was not one of the healthiest places in the district. At first they did not intend to remove very far, and tried one place after another; but a combination of circumstances, one of which was a famine, eventually obliged them to retreat towards home.¹

At this juncture they were met by Bishop Tozer, who had been sent out as successor to Bishop Mackenzie. He, upon due consideration, thought it advisable to disperse the little colony of liberated slaves, many of whom were still following the party and depending upon them. He also decided to withdraw to Mount Morumbâla; and having obtained the permission of the Governor of Quillimane to settle there, found it a safe, healthy, and convenient retreat, and a place that would have made a good starting-point for renewing the attempt among the mountains, for, as I have already said, it is as high as Ben Nevis. But after a residence of a few months there, and taking a comprehensive view of the situation, he came to the conclusion that it would be still better to approach the Shiré highlands and Lake Nyassa by a different route altogether than through the Portuguese territory. Accordingly he led the party away to the island of Zanzibar.

This proved to be a wise decision; and with

¹ Twenty Years in Central Africa, pp. 145, 150, 161.

patience the Universities missionaries have in fact now worked their way to Lake Nyassa, and will probably reach the Shiré highlands in due time. Besides, they have advanced into the interior in other directions, especially towards the north. This they have done, not at one great stride, such as they took when they came to Magomero, but by posting a string of stations by the way. Occasionally they have met with misfortunes and reverses in some of their advanced outposts—as, for instance, at Mataka's town; but then they only have required to fall back on their station next behind it. Neither can they be at a loss now for supplies as they were at Magomero, nor be cut off from communication with one another, or with home.

After the withdrawal of the missionaries from Mount Morumbála, the natives of the Shiré highlands for the next thirteen years were left to themselves; but when the news of Dr Livingstone's death reached Scotland, many people wished to erect some suitable monument to his memory. Several of his friends felt that nothing could bear a more lasting testimony to the esteem in which he was held than the carrying out of his long-cherished wish of establishing a Christian mission amongst the native tribes of Africa, where he had spent so much of his life.

The idea was taken up by the Established Church of Scotland ; and Mr G. D. Young, R.N., who had been for some time in charge of Dr Livingstone's ship the Pioneer, and afterwards commander of the Livingstone Search Expedition, offered to guide the party to Lake Nyassa, provided all their preparations should be ready in a given time named by himself. But in the meantime the Free Church were starting a similar project. They had indeed thought of doing so as far back as the year 1862, but had abandoned the idea, and now they revived it. They were the first to be ready with the necessary men and funds. The Established Church therefore resolved not to stand in their way, and agreed to give up to them the proposed station on the lake and the advantage of Mr Young's services. Only, it was arranged that a gentleman of the Established Church should be sent out along with the Free Church party, who should look for a site for his own mission in the same country.

The Free Church people called their station after Livingstone himself—Livingstonia ; and the Established Church party called theirs after his birth-place—Blantyre.

This arrangement was carried out ; and the representative of the Established Church, after staying some time at Lake Nyassa with his companions,

began to consider how best he could fulfil his trust. He observed the station on the lake was somewhat low, and must necessarily be the less healthy on that account ; and he recollected that Livingstone's original idea was to found a mission in the Shiré highlands. He accordingly retraced his steps from the lake to the mountainous regions which they had passed on their way up. Before he had definitely fixed upon a site, he heard that his own party were coming. Therefore he went down the river to meet them, and brought them up to the foot of the cataracts of the Shiré. He next asked the Ajawa chief Kapeni's permission to settle in his land. The old man gladly acceded to his request, and at once took him to the spot that he wished him to occupy.

Thus it happened, although we were not aware of it before we came to Blantyre, that the Church of Scotland was, in point of fact, sending a mission into a field which had been already abandoned by other missionaries, and that, too, for good reasons derived from experience ; but only temporarily abandoned—for Bishop Steere had been consecrated "Bishop of the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa and the river Shiré,"¹ and was still hoping to reach them by a better route.

¹ Twenty Years in Central Africa, p. 131. Central Africa, Nov. 1883, p. 168.

I do not think the promoters of the undertaking were aware of this; for they always recommended a perusal of Livingstone's works, but never of the history of the Universities Mission. This was a great mistake, for many reasons. Livingstone had great missionary experience in South Africa; but when he came to East Africa, it was not in the capacity of a missionary so much as in that of an explorer. Naturally, however, the Universities missionaries, who followed him, and actually resided there, gained a more thorough and correct experience of the neighbourhood than ever the explorer had the opportunity of acquiring.

On the other hand, circumstances had changed greatly for the better for sending a mission by way of the Shiré since the departure of the Universities missionaries. Quillimane had become a more accessible port, with steamers occasionally calling at it when they could. In this respect the situation had improved since the time Bishop Tozer had seen reason to abandon it. Still the new missionaries never thought of adopting Bishop Tozer's policy of planting a string of stations so as to preserve their base of operations, and went at once 300 miles into the interior. This we think a mistake, because they were thereby passing through the territories, not merely of the Portuguese, but also of Matakanya and two Makololo chiefs, without leaving any repre-

sentative among them who might have won their friendship and helped to carry intelligence. Accordingly, if war should break out between any two of these people on the road, or should any of them conceive unfriendly feelings towards the mission, the missionaries would be cut off from their base of operations. In that case they could not easily pass homewards, neither could they get supplies sent up to them.

Changes had also happened in the Shiré highlands since the days of the Universities Mission. Kapeni had been at that time one of the conquering Ajawa; but now he was weak and powerless, living in continual dread, on the one side, of the Makololo chiefs, who were gradually extending their possessions inland from the river—and on the other, of a tribe of Zulu Kaffirs, called the Maviti, who were in the habit of making raids upon the Ajawa and carrying off their crops. On the occasion of these raids, Kapeni always fled for refuge to the mountains until the enemy were gone. The arrival of the Established Church missionaries was hailed by him with delight, for he knew how Bishop Mackenzie and his party had protected and assisted the Manganja.

In point of fact, this accounted for the peculiarities of the mission station. Situated at the head of a glen, it turned out to be, in a military sense,

the key to Kapeni's own position ; and his dreaded enemies had been in the habit of marching up this valley against him. Kapeni's real object was therefore to use the missionaries as a buffer between his enemies and himself. Indeed, in July 1877, they heard a report that the Maviti were really coming, and Kapeni asked them to assist him against them. Some of the missionaries accordingly went to that part of the river where the Maviti were expected to cross and attack them, while the rest busily occupied themselves in throwing up, in the midst of the mission station, what they were pleased to call a fort,—a round heap of earth, which reminded us at first of a sheep-stell, or the sepulchral mound of some departed hero. However, the Maviti never came ; and it is said they have never come since, except on friendly terms. It is evident Kapeni was a shrewd old man when he made an alliance with the missionaries, since the very knowledge of the English and their guns being at the head of the pass has been quite enough to keep off the enemy. Neither was he disappointed on the other hand ; for the Makololo were so afraid of offending the countrymen of Dr Livingstone, that they have been easily dissuaded by their influence from overcoming poor Kapeni.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOUT NATIVE CHIEFS.

VISIT TO CHIEF KAPENI—LAW OF SUCCESSION—KAPENI
RETURNS OUR VISIT.BLANTYRE, *Sept. 11th.*

TO-DAY we paid Kapeni, the old Ajawa chief, a visit, accompanied by the D.D., one of the missionaries, and a party of school-children. He lives about five miles off, at the foot of Mount Soché, so we took a *machilla* with us in case any one felt tired. As we approached his village we found his people all very friendly and glad to see us. They are rather nice-looking. On our arrival we were received by Kapeni's son. He directed the people to spread mats on the ground for us, and a goat's skin near them for his father the chief, who, after a little while, appeared himself. He is very old and withered-looking, and was wrapped in a sheet of old black calico. He wore a necklace of large red beads, and a massive broad ivory bracelet round

one of his wrists, which, I am sure, was an inch and a half broad, and exceedingly thick. In comparison with the Makololo chiefs he is very poor-looking, and, in fact, is very poor, but has bright intelligent eyes. Almost the first question he asked us was, "if we had brought him any oranges." The blue gauze veil I was wearing excited his curiosity, for he had never seen one before. After gazing intently at me for some time, he turned to the missionary and asked, "Why is the Donna black like us, and not white like you all?" I immediately took it off, when he exclaimed, "Ah! now I see she is white." My gloves next attracted his attention, and he thought I must be cold, because I wore "boots for the hands," and was anxious to know if I wore them to keep me warm.

A—— had on dark-blue spectacles as a protection against the glare of the sun, and these the old chief also noticed. A—— took them off, and handing them to him, told him to try them on; but he very soon took them off again, because the people round him went into such fits of laughter that it did not suit his dignity. In some of his ways he reminded us of "a canny Scot," with his slow cautious answers and ready sense of the humorous.

A—— wanted to know how he prevented crimes,

and he asked him what he would do if he caught a thief. He answered: "The old-fashioned plan was to fasten a large stick round the neck of the thief so that he could not run away easily, and then sell him to some one at a distance; but he understood the English did not approve of this, and he did not know very well what was to be the new system. The old plan he thought very good, because one both got rid of the thief and got something good by selling him."

He was particularly pleased at my trying to keep up a conversation with him (of course through an interpreter), and said "he liked me, because I took trouble to speak to him." Amongst other things, we explained to him that we had only come to visit Blantyre, and were going back to Scotland. I asked Kapeni if he would like to go with us. He replied, "He would die before he got there." The idea of our leaving appeared to puzzle him, and after thinking a little, he said "he could not see why we should go away so soon." The D.D. had paid him a visit during the previous week, and the old chief now told us that he was fattening a goat for him, and he was afraid he might leave before it was ready.

All this time the school-children and *machilla*-men were being hospitably entertained with sweet-potatoes, and he made many apologies for having

nothing better to give them. Before leaving, we gave him a pair of scissors and some needles and thread, with which he appeared immensely delighted.

We returned to Blantyre by another path, and on our way came to an open space where the ground was divided into circles containing inside of them a variety of geometrical patterns. We suppose that all this arrangement was connected with the ceremony which every young person here has to go through when he or she "comes out" and takes a new name. But what use could be made of these curious figures we could not imagine, and it was disappointing not to be able to get a satisfactory explanation.

A missionary who believes he has gained much information from the natives which they never confided to any other white man, declares that the portrait of a whale is always introduced at some of the ceremonies, and even gives the native name for it. It is perhaps needless for me to add, that no such word is to be found in any dictionaries we have of African languages as bearing that particular meaning; but probably the missionary concludes that those pictures of whales in the interior of the dark continent must have come down by tradition from the Deluge, and are convincing proof of that awful event.

We were very much struck with a tree growing

on the banks of one of the small streams. It was very like an ash both in size and foliage, and had long bunches of large *Westeria*-like flowers of a brilliant scarlet.

I have mentioned Kapeni's son having received us, because we were told so by the missionary who had accompanied us and acted as interpreter; but the natives have a way of using the words *father*, *child*, and *brother* in a very wide sense, and I rather think the youth was Cherobwe, whom we came to know afterwards as Kapeni's sister's son and chosen heir. It is a fact which at first sounds very extraordinary, that among the Ajawa the heir is usually a sister's son; and if a man has no sister—a rare event—he sometimes chooses even a more distant relative. For this curious custom the natives assigned to A—— the following reason: It is deemed desirable that the heir, when he receives the inheritance, should receive along with it the younger wives of the deceased, and take them for his own, and thus provide for them. In fact, an ordinary African has nothing to leave but his wives and the most trifling amount of goods. Even those who are fortunate enough to be chiefs, think more about who should succeed to their wives than who should succeed to their chieftainships. They therefore nominate as their heirs persons not too nearly related to them. Senhor N—— does not think this

the true reason of the custom ; but as to the custom itself, he is well acquainted with it, and says it prevails among the natives (the Chigunda) who live under the Portuguese.¹

Although a man does not make his own children his heirs, he will naturally make some provision for them. He either leaves them some of his goods and chattels, or else gives instructions to his heir to provide for them.

Among the Makololo the father is succeeded by the son, and in the various other tribes of Africa various orders of succession prevail ; still no rule is absolutely binding, and every one may leave his property to whomsoever he pleases. In this part of the continent it is in fact very rare that any one dies without having nominated his heir. Of course he cannot write, but he declares his will before witnesses. He may also alter it in the same manner.

The regular and proper witnesses to the will of a chief are the headmen of his villages. But to prevent any mistakes, a prudent chief will take every means of making it well known who is to be his successor. In this way everybody knew that Kapeni's chosen heir was Cherobwe. When he becomes chief he must drop his own name and take that of Kapeni, just as old Kapeni himself

¹ See also, *A Popular Account of the Expedition to the Zambesi*, p. 112 (Livingstone). Also, *East African Letters*, by Buchanan, p. 26.

did when he succeeded his uncle, for his original name was 'Nsema.

Occasionally the Ajawa do make their own sons their heirs by will, and in that case provide for all their wives living separately. It is even asserted by some of the natives, and by one of the missionaries—whose information, so far as it goes, is good—that in a few rare cases chiefs or headmen of villages have nominated their daughters to succeed them. This, however, has not been corroborated so well as the rest of our information. The chieftainess, they say, retains her own name instead of taking that of her predecessor; but if she ever marries, then her husband takes the name of that predecessor and becomes chief. She lives apart from her father's widows, whom she calls mothers.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken to designate heirs, Senhor N—— says he has known a great many very serious disputes to arise out of a doubt whether or not the deceased had altered his will, and what witnesses may have heard his latest wishes on the subject.

A—— found there had been a similar dispute at the spot now occupied by the mission. There once stood here a village, the headman of which was named Massangáno. He was killed suddenly by a Makololo chief, and three of his sister's sons—or at least two of them—disputed the right to

succeed him. These were M'kande, Manga, and Piseni. Apparently they cared less who should be headman of the village than who should obtain the wives. But at all events, the point was decided in favour of M'kande, who then took the name of Massangano, and the other two retired to a village about five miles off. They had friends as well as enemies, and signs of private feuds kept cropping up ever afterwards. On one occasion the diviner was employed to bring an accusation against Piseni; but this proved unavailing, because a man who has friends and influence can defy even the diviner. It appears, however, that some similar attempt was made later, with a result about which all friends of the mission have heard something.

The new Massangano, shortly after he had succeeded, was driven out of the village by the incursion of the Maviti. He took refuge along with Kapeni upon Mount Dirande. However, they had not been long there when a bright idea occurred to them. At this juncture the agent of the Church of Scotland Mission put in an appearance, wanting a place to settle in; so they agreed to offer him the site of the deserted village, which, as I have said, commanded the pass. The offer was at once accepted; and then Massangano built for himself a new village not very far off, but on the safe side, and Kapeni returned to his old abode.

Sept. 13th.—Kapeni has just been to return our visit, and brought us a present of a cock and three hens. He sat on a chair placed for him in the verandah, and while we were talking with him one of his headmen also arrived to call upon us. The headman was offered a chair, but he explained that in the presence of the chief he could only sit on the ground. They were both extremely anxious for some small-shot and gunpowder, and became importunate. They had already teased the medical doctor in the same way, who told them he had nothing but doctor's shot. A—— had been much taken with the idea, and thought that we must have recourse to it now; so I went and fetched a handful of rhubarb and ginger pills. I wish you could have seen their faces as they each took a pill in their hands and carefully examined it. At last the old chief exclaimed, "Why, it would not even kill a guinea-fowl!" I told him that it was *monkwala* (medicine); whereupon he remarked—"If it was to do them good, I had only given them each one," and I was obliged to give them some more. Kapeni next wished to see his headman first try the experiment of swallowing one; then he tried to swallow one himself, but did not succeed. Finally, he decided to take it home and eat it in his *oufa*—Indian-meal porridge; and I became rather alarmed as to what

the consequences might be if they swallowed all the pills I had given them, like so many *bon-bons*, and saw my experiment had been rather rash ; so I cautioned them that it might be as well not to take more than two in one day.

In return for the cock and hens, we presented Kapeni with a piece of scented soap wrapped up in tinfoil, and a cherry-coloured silk handkerchief. This he immediately wound round his head like a turban. He looked so picturesque, that we could not resist going to fetch a looking-glass to let the old man see himself ; and it was most amusing to watch the astonishment of both himself and his followers.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMMERCE.

SURROUNDING COUNTRY — AFRICAN INDIA-RUBBER — TRADE AND
BARTER—TSETSE-FLY—SOME NATIVE INDUSTRIES.

OUR principal walk is the road which the missionaries made when they first came here. Going along it about a mile, we come to a house which is being built by the African Lakes Company. W—— is getting the natives to make excellent bricks and tiles; they are the best that have been made here yet, although the stamping of the clay and everything else is done with hand-labour. Our conclusion, from all we have seen, is, that the most valuable art one can introduce into the interior of Africa is brick and tile making. However, the mere introduction of the art is not enough, because unless it is made easy the natives will never adopt it.

Although there is a kind of beauty in this country, still, from sunrise to sunset, one sees the same view of distant mountains, which are too far off to

reach. Our walks would therefore be very monotonous were it not that along the course of the streams we find a little variety of nature which reminds us of home; and, in spite of having to scramble over granite rocks and through matted jungle, we quite enjoy it. At this season of the year there is very little water, and what there is is gradually drying up, which it always does before the rains; but the banks are luxuriantly clothed with creepers, and brightened with the little crimson *Schizostilis coccinea*. In some places there are clumps of *Osmunda* fern, and in others patches of a kind of *Cyperus*—not quite so handsome as the papyrus, and differing from it in having a round stem instead of a triangular one. Perhaps the genuine papyrus could not grow up here, for the climate is not nearly so hot. In the sheltered fissures of the rocks there are masses of maiden-hair fern, and the creeping fern trails along the ground. Large round gourds are suspended from the trees above us; and every here and there, too, we meet with the india-rubber vine.

Vine I say, because the African india-rubber plant is not the least like the South American one, with great leathery leaves, so common in the sitting-rooms at home. There are said to be several plants from which india-rubber can be procured; but the one the natives of East Africa always get it

from is a creeper climbing upon the tall trees close to the streams, with a luscious fruit, and I believe is called *Landolphia*. Its stems are exceedingly slender, and its glossy evergreen leaves look very like those of the sweet-bay. When the stem is punctured the juice flows out in a stringy state, which the natives wind into a ball like worsted. It is one of the few things they have to sell, and they always sell it in that form. We bought half-a-dozen balls for a needle.

A good many persons at home have imbibed from Livingstone his idea that the demon of commerce was stronger here than in any other part of the world, and imagined that most of the Africans were born traders, loving trade more for its own sake than for what they could get by it. According to this view, all that was required for opening up Africa was the mere sight of a few Europeans in the interior, when, it was supposed, the natives would at once copy their civilisation, and become so enamoured with industry and legitimate commerce that they would give up the slave-trade as being less profitable. There is some truth in all this; but Livingstone was only a traveller in this part of Africa, and not a settler, nor had he the opportunities of seeing any settlers who had tried the experiment—and the expectations formed upon his predictions are apt to be a little disappointing.

The African differs little from the Asiatic in his love of haggling ; and if the people here have anything to give in barter, they can make as good a bargain as anybody else, and, moreover, will delight in doing so. But experience has proved that it requires much patience, encouragement, and persuasion, to say nothing of constant supervision, to make them engage in steady industry for the sake of having something to sell. As one may expect of people living in a state of nature, their wants are comparatively few, and little effort is required to supply these. Masters and servants alike spend all the moonlight nights, and well on into the small hours of the morning, in dancing. Naturally light-hearted and merry, their present happiness is complete ; and not being a reflective people, they know nothing about care, and give no thought for the future. Nevertheless, it would be doing them an injustice to call them otherwise than an industrious race, for as long as they are paid regularly they will work ; only, if left to themselves, they would cultivate little more than they actually required for their own sustenance.

The missionaries, since their arrival in 1876, have engaged in pretty extensive farming, giving employment to as many as a hundred men and women at a time. These they pay regularly in calico, and find them to be excellent workers. The agents of

the African Lakes Company, too, when they have occasion for their services, find that they work well ; but their plan is rather to encourage the natives to farm themselves. Therefore, instead of taking any land into their own hands, they prefer buying the produce from them. So little have they succeeded in this, that, as far as we have seen, they have as yet found nothing to buy and sell at a profit but ivory and india-rubber. Now these were the old staple exports of the country in 1865 ; and even the india-rubber is only sought for growing wild. Although up here there are no forests of it, as in some other parts of Africa, still it would be very easy for the people, if they chose, to plant it close to their villages. Only twenty miles from the coast, between Lindi and Masasi, where there is a forest, extending from fifteen to twenty miles, almost entirely clothed with the india-rubber vine, Mr Maples has observed that the natives only gather it in a very desultory manner, when hunger and famine compel them to go to the coast and seek food.¹ At such times they will spend days in collecting it.

The African, accustomed from his boyhood to roam through the country hunting for game, thinks nothing of walking distances that at home would sound incredible. Occasionally natives who live far beyond Lake Nyassa may be seen taking copper

¹ Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, June 1880, p. 339.

and malachite to Quillimane for sale; while ivory is brought from all parts of the interior. But these things are easily carried by the people themselves, and, comparatively small in bulk, are amply remunerative. Besides, the searching for india-rubber, copper, malachite, and ivory, affords a certain amount of pleasure and excitement in itself; whereas none of the fruits of the soil can be had without some degree of labour, and before they could be very remunerative the means of transport must first be easier.

Some persons will tell you that intertribal wars are among the drawbacks to commerce, and were it not for them the natives might be very commercial. Still, all these observations may be made in places where there have been no wars for a number of years, and where there is no more likelihood of them than in any other country I can think of. Where we were, there was no restriction to the natives going by certain routes through friendly tribes to the coast; and even in some other parts of Africa, where such restrictions do exist, as Du Chaillu says, merchandise can still be handed from one tribe to another, only a small commission being exacted by those through whose hands it passes.

Even where people are not in this happy condition, peace just depends upon the balance of power as much as it does in Europe, and the impediments

to commerce that may arise from war and adverse interests are much the same as there, but I cannot see that they are any greater ; so that, if the natives of Africa had the same turn for commerce as the people of Europe, they might overcome the difficulties of this kind quite as well, or very nearly so.

At the same time, a little bartering and exchanging of goods does go on among the natives themselves, but to a limited extent, as, for instance, in fish, salt, iron-works, &c. Those, too, who live near Quillimane, take some of the produce of their land to sell in the town ; while here a few may be seen every morning bringing fowls, eggs, &c., to sell to the missionaries. But then our people have taught and encouraged them to do so, and they know that this is one of the ways to please the white man. In short, to render the African people commercial, it is necessary for traders to go to them, and not expect them to go far to meet the traders ; and the most really serious drawback to Europeans reaching them is the want of beasts of burden. However, there is obviously nothing to prevent either natives or traders driving ox-waggon or pack-oxen, as is done in South Africa. Here, as there, in certain localities the tsetse-fly would be destructive to oxen ; but it would be only necessary to avoid these places. As for the long grass, that would just be an impediment for half the year.

It is rather curious that the bite of the tsetse proves fatal only to animals in a domesticated state—but to all of these, with the exception of the goat, mule, and donkey,¹ and, I think, sheep. Consul Elton found that his donkeys suffered a little, but not fatally. A theory, too, has been started, that the tsetse disappears before cultivation; but this has

¹ The following extract from a paper by Mr Rankin, of the Belgian Expedition, seems to show an experience to the contrary in regard to donkeys, and it is interesting also in regard to elephants. Although Mr Rankin considers that the elephants stood the ordeal satisfactorily, the wonder to us is, they did not stand it better. It would be curious to see how the African elephant would fare if domesticated. He writes: "On July 17th we first saw the tsetse-fly, in a belt of country infested by it, through which we had been marching since crossing the Kingani. We were now face to face with one of the three problems the expedition had especially to solve—viz., could the Indian elephant, being removed, by long captivity and by its artificial treatment, from the safeguards of the wild state, resist the attacks of the tsetse; or would he, along with the ox, the horse, and the donkey, succumb to them? The problem was solved, and that in the hoped-for manner. The fly swarmed on the elephants till the blood trickled down their flanks in a constant stream. For days they endured this, and yet they showed no prolonged signs of tsetse-poisoning—lassitude, melancholy, running out at the eyes—either at the prescribed time—viz., eight days—or afterwards, though they seemed pained and distressed during the infliction. The donkeys, on the other hand, sickened more and more after this, and at Mpwapwa were in a dying condition. . . . Our troubles came in a cluster at and after Mpwapwa. There one of the donkeys died on August 30th. On stepping forth from my tent one morning, I saw the poor beast just outside, his neck over the medicine-chest. In his dire need he had crawled from his quarters all the way to my tent. I could do nothing for him—the tsetse had done their work."—Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, May 1882, pp. 277, 289.

been found not to hold good in many places. I can attribute the fact that oxen are not used north of the Zambesi to nothing but the difference in character of the natives. Curiously enough, the same character seems to grow upon every one who settles in the country, and it is rather remarkable that at Quillimane the Portuguese use only manual labour.

In the coast towns, such as Zanzibar, Mozambique, and Quillimane, the natives have for years seen the European modes of living, and have even been employed in helping to build their houses, yet one never sees a native imitating them in any way to speak of. Beside the houses stand the huts, just the same as those in the interior. Thus you see civilisation does not spread of its own accord; and I think it must be evident to every one, that if it could, it would have done so long ago, for the continent of Africa is not like a recently discovered island in the Pacific. Some of its people have been in contact with civilised nations from the earliest times, and the rest have been in contact with these, and so on into the heart of the continent. In this way civilisation might have spread like leaven throughout if it was true that the natives only required a model to imitate.

I may add, that any one who will read the descriptions of the natives at the time the Portuguese first settled on their coast, will find that they had

imbibed an amount of civilisation from the Arabs which they have since lost.

I am not sure whether it might not be remarked that our own countrymen, when transported to that climate, degenerate in a somewhat similar manner if they do not belong to the upper classes. They find that, if they are content to live without refinement and niceties, they can supply the necessities of life without toil and trouble. Perhaps, like the mutineers of the *Bounty*, if they were left to themselves, they would eventually do just as the natives do. However, this does not mean they would become savages, for it must be remembered that the natives live in a style quite as good as that of many of the Celts in Scotland and Ireland.

Trade, to be promoted in Africa, must be commenced by Europeans; and this cannot be done effectually by merely travelling through the country, or even by opening up thoroughfares to the coast by means of steamboats or otherwise. It would really require small stations or settlements of some kind to keep the natives in constant contact with Europeans until they had acquired regular habits of industry; and it is extremely doubtful if this would prove remunerative. However, no one has yet properly explored the mineral wealth of Katanga, which is just beyond us, but half-way across the continent. There it would

appear that copper is found in considerable quantities, for we frequently hear the Portuguese are carrying on a regular trade in it with the natives. We have been trying to get specimens to take home with us; but the missionaries here know nothing about it, and we have not had the good fortune to meet with it among the natives, excepting on one occasion, when we saw a boy wearing a copper bracelet, which nothing would induce him to part with. Copper is said to be used as a kind of current coin among some of the tribes in the interior, and for this purpose it is made into pieces varying in weight from $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 3 lb., cast roughly in the shape of a St Andrew's cross. It is also rumoured that gold is found in the same neighbourhood, and Europeans have extracted some of it out of the copper I have already mentioned. Doubtless many tools and implements might be made which would improve other industries were there iron-foundries; but Mr Thomson, whom we met at Zanzibar on his return from a long search after minerals, declared that although a little iron ore could be found almost anywhere, still nowhere had he met with it in such quantities that it would pay to work it in any other way than the natives do themselves.

The Ajawa are famous as blacksmiths, and supply a good many of their neighbours with hoes, axes, knives, arrow-heads, and a variety of assagais. They

obtain the iron from the ore very much in the same way as the ancient Britons used to do, having no fuel but wood, and no furnaces except such as they can construct for the occasion out of clay.

Many an evening A—— watches the blacksmith at work in Chipitúla's village, and says that after the metal is converted into pig-iron, or a similar material, they work it little by little, by making it red-hot with a small fire, which they blow up with bellows made of goat-skin. The nozzle of the bellows, where it comes in contact with the fire, is made of earthenware of their own manufacture, and looks like a narrow glazed pipe, only it has but a tiny aperture like that of a blow-pipe. When the metal is sufficiently hot, they take it out and hammer it between stones or cold iron.

Every one here tells us that it is quite remarkable what a number of trees a native can cut down in a day with one of his own axes, and the amount of ground he can turn over with his hoe. These hoes are very like large Dutch hoes. They enter the ground like the axe of an executioner, and turn up the soil with lever-power; so the truth is, we cannot benefit them by introducing spades.

The gardeners indeed have done so, but say they find the natives complain a good deal—for the poor creatures have no shoes. They therefore do not attempt to compel the field-workers to use spades,

and the Portuguese never think of making them work with anything except their own hoes.

But although the African cares comparatively little to obtain by commerce the products of other countries, still he has learnt to utilise those indigenous to his own. *Apropos* of this subject, Bishop Mackenzie remarked to Dr Livingstone that he had brought him out to teach the natives, amongst other things, agriculture. "But," said he, "I see they know far more about it than I do."

Dr Livingstone himself discovered that bringing out cotton to plant here was like taking coals to Newcastle, for there was better cotton in the country already; and surely no one could be a better judge of that than himself, for perhaps you may remember that he commenced life as a cotton-spinner.

The mission gardeners find that Indian corn sown in our way is not nearly so productive as when it is done in native fashion. The natives cultivate it in heaps of burnt soil and ashes. In this way it both grows faster and ripens sooner. But even the preparation of this manure possesses a secret unknown to a foreigner, for the natives have discovered certain grasses which, when burnt, are more beneficial to the culture of maize than others, and these they carefully keep in the little heaps of smouldering ashes dotted over the fields.

Before our missionaries arrived in Africa, the

people dwelling in these Shiré highlands were already cultivating, in addition to Indian corn, which is their staple food, beans, yams, cassava, ground-nuts, pumpkins, and sesamum. In most of their villages there were small quantities of cotton and tobacco, and where the soil was suitable, rice and sugar-cane.

On the alluvial plains of the Lower Shiré the soil is extremely fertile, and never becomes exhausted. Besides, there the people have no difficulty in sinking *yisima* (wells) wherever they please. Consequently, every square yard of ground there is utilised; and the villages stand so near to one another that the space between them is just sufficient to grow what is necessary for the sustenance of the inhabitants. The only uncultivated spots are a few square yards near each village, left for the disposal of rubbish.

Up in the highlands it is different, for there, unfortunately, the soil is not nearly so productive. The Ajawa villages, therefore, instead of being crowded together as closely as possible, are generally found dispersed over the country, and situated close to small streams. But even in these choice spots the soil in course of time becomes exhausted, and the people then remove to a new place. On our way up here, we passed one of these new settlements in course of construction. The site

chosen was at the bottom of a deep valley; and the people, living in booths, were busy cutting and burning the trees, so as to clear the ground for their future houses and gardens. They very seldom allow any trees to remain inside a village, although one might imagine that the shade of them would be agreeable to any people. Senhor N—— says the reason is because they fear trees would harbour leopards at night, and that the natives even complain against the beautiful acacias we saw in the town of Quillimane.

The *misasa* or booths are so easily and quickly put up in a country where long grass abounds, that they are constantly used instead of tents. Rebman says the Wavisa, when coming to trade, never sleep in other people's houses, but always put up *misasa* for themselves. While we were coming through the long swamps, we sometimes saw little bowers—or rather mere roofs—of this kind on the dry spots. Native travellers had put them up, and passed a night under them.

Apropos of this subject, I may mention that the word for a sleeping-place is *maro* or *malo*; ¹ and it is a curious coincidence, which no one seems to have noticed, that Maro or Malo is the name of the island in the Shiré where Bishop Mackenzie died and is buried. It has, I suppose, been often used as a sleeping-place by travellers on the river journey.

¹ Rebman's Dictionary, edited by Krapf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE AT BLANTYRE.

MISSION STATION AT ZOMBA—A MEDICAL CASE—DEATH AND FUNERAL—NATIVE BELIEF IN RESURRECTION—A DISAPPOINTING WIDOWER—NATIVES WISH TO BURN THE COOK-HOUSE—YOUNG ELEPHANT—MISSION ANIMALS—POISON ORDEAL—THE MISSING SENHOR N—CRUELTY TO HUMAN ANIMALS—THE DEATH OF MR —.

IN 1879, the missionaries opened another station sixty miles further inland, situated upon Mount Zomba. Zomba is a mountain 8000 feet high, but the station they have made is not nearly at the top of the mountain, and only a few hundred feet higher than Blantyre; still they look upon it as a health resort. I cannot say we think this was a very wise step; although, if they had gone to the altitude of 4000 feet or more, then the advantages to health would have almost counterbalanced the other drawbacks. The chief objection is, that it is two days' journey from here; while, as I have already told you, this place is too far from the coast,

or even from the river Shiré, without there being an intermediate station. One of the consequences of taking this second long stride towards the interior is, that they have to pass by natives whom they have not had time or opportunity to make their friends. Besides, there are scarcely enough of missionaries to man two stations so distant from each other. At present the head-gardener lives at Zomba by himself, although occasionally one of the others lives with him.

During the last few days we have been all greatly interested in a poor woman, the wife of a headman near Zomba, who came all the sixty miles with her husband, two men-servants, and a baby, to consult the doctor about a tumour in her throat. It turned out to be a very bad case, and such that at home one out of fifty die in undergoing an operation for it. We all felt that if she died the natives would lose faith in the doctor, who had only been a few months here. The poor husband begged so very hard that something should be done to relieve his wife, that at last the doctor, who is extremely kind, could not resist his entreaties, and set about examining her throat. The tumour was further on than he expected, and the examination produced such bleeding, that, before he was almost aware of it, he was in the midst of the operation itself. She was extremely weak after it, and we did all we

could for her, but any one at home would have thought it very little. She preferred to lie in the children's cook-house, close to the fire, which was lit in the middle of the floor, native fashion; and there was such a dense smoke round about her that it both choked us and made all our eyes water, but she was quite accustomed to it. We made her a pillow with the dry husks of the Indian corn-cobs, but she liked her own tiny wooden head-rest best; and in spite of all our efforts, she died.

A—— was anxious to show her poor husband some sympathy, and attended her funeral. It was very simple. In less than twelve hours, she was rolled up in matting, slung to a bamboo pole, and a couple of men set off with her body at a jog-trot. When they reached the native burial-ground, where a grave had been already dug, her husband most delicately undid the matting, and slipped a large piece of calico the size of a table-cloth under her body, which was doubled up. He then tore up an older bit of calico into strips, and gently bound them round her.

In the meantime the natives had been busy cutting sticks, and these they placed slanting over her after she had been laid in the grave, and then put a great many mats over them. The sticks were intended, as the missionaries supposed, to protect the body from being scraped up by wild animals;

but as they could not be very effectual for the purpose, we suspect that it was rather to prevent the earth from falling on her, or else for some superstitious reason we did not know about. A little Indian-corn flour was then thrown into the grave, and both the basket that held it and the calabash she had last drunk out of were broken up and thrown in after it.

I have read that on the mainland north of Zanzibar the natives believe in the resurrection of the body, but no one has learnt that here. However, there was something about the grave that the husband was not satisfied with. It occurred to A—— that perhaps he was not pleased with the position of it, for it had been dug by the mission gardeners. The next time he saw Kapeni, he endeavoured to find out about it from him; but the old chief was exceedingly reserved, and did not enlighten him at first. Then A—— told him there were some people in our country who had an idea that they would rise again in a particular way, and should be buried in a position suitable for the purpose, although we ourselves thought it a matter of indifference. Upon hearing this, Kapeni at once said, "The Ajawa bury so, that they may rise towards the east, and the Manganja towards the west."

Poor Nyama (for that was the man's name), I

felt so sorry for him and his little motherless babe ! He was evidently in very great distress, and constantly, during our long talks, he used to point to his little one, making me understand how lonely she was.

I saw a great deal of him while he was here, and often showed him pictures, and tried my best to explain them to him by signs.

He went back to Zomba with his child, but a fortnight later returned to the station with several followers, and a gun lent him by one of the Europeans at Zomba. He said he had come to hold a feast at his wife's grave. The next morning, as I was passing the hut where he was staying, he called out to me, "Donna ! Donna !" at the same time making signs that he wished to speak to me. When I went up to him, he made one of his servants present me with two enormous coils of tobacco grown on his own ground. I asked after the baby, and he told me he had left it with another wife. We were not very favourably impressed with Nyama during this second visit, and began to suspect that he had some other object in view besides visiting his wife's grave.

The girls in the school, too, were dreadfully afraid of him, and declared they knew by his blue and white checked loin-cloth, with its dark-red border, that he had been among the Arabs, for this was

the kind of cloth they usually gave in barter for slaves. He was always loitering near their dormitory, and we were quite relieved to hear one evening he had left the station. Fancy, then, the state of my feelings, after all the sympathy I had shown him, when I heard that my interesting widower and father had carried off no fewer than six children from one of Kapeni's villages at Dirandi, and had sold them to the slave-traders !

After Nyama's wife died, the natives wanted to burn down the cook-house ; but we could not allow that. Poor things ! they are very superstitious, and imagine nobody can live in a house that any one has died in. In their own villages, if they think some one is going to die, and they do not want to destroy a good house, they remove the sick person to a temporary grass hut which can easily be pulled down ; while others, again, who are more affectionate, bury the body in the hut the person died in, so that they may keep the spirit near them, and gradually allow the hut to tumble to pieces of its own accord. In this case, as no native would go near the cook-house, and it was standing empty, a young elephant, caught near Lake Nyassa by Mr M—— of the African Lakes Company, was put into it. We often asked the natives what they thought about this, and they always answered that "it was a great wonder it lived." But to my great disappointment,

at the end of a fortnight it died. This elephant calf was a source of great interest to us all, and Mr M—— had hoped to rear and train it for the use of the Company. I should be afraid to mention how many tins of condensed milk it got in a day, besides vegetables, and the milk of a cow which was kept specially for it.

We have heard of many cases in which attempts have been made to rear young elephants, but they have been unsuccessful. It was an ugly little creature, with enormous flapping ears that lay backwards, as is the case with all African elephants, whereas the Asiatic elephants have ears that hang down.

The missionaries, soon after their arrival, took the trouble to bring cattle from a considerable distance to the station. By this time these cattle have multiplied, so there are now about forty bulls, oxen, cows, and calves; but they are never put to work of any kind, and are kept sacred or like beasts in a menagerie. As for the cows, they barely give half-a-dozen tumblers of milk in a day among them, if as much, because the calves are allowed to feed themselves first.¹ The D.D. fails to see the good of keeping so many unprofitable animals, therefore he has ordered one to be killed now and again.

¹ This extraordinary custom is found in South Africa, and some say it also prevails in the Shetland Islands.

Besides the cattle, there are two pigs, whether for use or ornament I do not know. Outside, there are a few goats and sheep belonging to the mission, and boys are employed all day in watching them. The sheep are of the well-known kind in which all the fat goes to the tail, and it is difficult to say whether they bear hair or wool.

As for the goats, they were so voracious, that when the children had been washing their clothes and put them on the bushes to dry, a guard had to be kept to prevent these animals from eating them up.

Poultry were so abundant among the natives, that there were hardly any kept by the mission party. We were not a little amused to find, in the house we were staying in, that no use could be made of the eggs for the want of egg-cups. But the D.D. soon solved the problem by taking up a bamboo and cutting it across into several pieces.

A—— has been anxious to get a specimen of *mwavi*. It is very difficult to procure it. Whether it is rare or not, I cannot say; but the natives are always reluctant to enlighten the missionaries about their peculiarities, except the few who manage to win their confidence. At length W—— succeeded in procuring for A—— a large piece of it, which is probably genuine. It is the bark of a poisonous tree, which is used for the trial by ordeal. The

natives here declare that the Ajawa never force any one to take the poison, unless when the diviner has pronounced him guilty of some crime, particularly witchcraft. But persons who are accused of other crimes, and without the intervention of the diviner, may take *mwavi* of their own accord, and frequently do so, or at least talk about doing so. An infusion is made of the bark, and the suspected person drinks a considerable quantity of this. The general rule is, if it does him no harm, or acts as an emetic, he is held innocent; but if it causes other symptoms, or proves fatal, he is declared to have been guilty. However, Sir J. Kirk says he believes there are different kinds of *mwavi* used, and that the symptoms which are looked for vary accordingly. It is generally considered allowable to take *mwavi* by proxy—that is, instead of drinking it, to give it to a goat or a fowl. *Mwavi* is very much used among the natives who are under the Portuguese. There, at all events, the accused are compelled to take it when the evidence is not clear. We have met a Portuguese who once acted as a magistrate, and used to administer it himself.

We have never heard of any good legends hereabouts. The missionaries have collected one or two relating to the creation, and a good many fables relating to birds and beasts. What use the natives make of the latter, we cannot tell; but they appear

to give much pleasure to children, and we are rather inclined to infer they are made for their amusement; for when we hear grown-up people telling stories to one another, as far as we can follow, they are not of that nature, but seem all to refer to facts and people they are acquainted with. These fables are immensely inferior to those of *Æsop*, or any of his more modern imitators; and besides, the moral is frequently not very good, if there be any moral or point at all in them. Perhaps the reason why Africa is so poor in anything like legendary lore is partly because the people practise neither the art of writing nor that of verse; for if they did one or other of these, they would have not merely an aid to memory, but an incentive to produce something presentable. As for their songs, as we have said, they are usually extemporised; but if a European were to make a collection of them, he might possibly find amid the rubbish something of interest.

Sept. 15th.—There are still no signs of Senhor N——, and we feel a good deal disappointed at his non-appearance. We new-comers are all very deeply impressed with the urgent necessity there is for an intermediate station between this and the river, to serve as a half-way halting-place for the carriers with their heavy loads. No one is more anxious about it than the medical doctor, who agrees with

us that the strength of the poor creatures is being sorely overtaxed by being made to walk the thirty miles at one stretch, heavily burdened.

Instead of a "Society for Protection to Animals," there is great need here of a "Society for Protection to Human Beings." Indeed we often wish that Lady Burdett-Coutts could make her appearance. Besides, it is quite impossible to keep a party of carriers together or under supervision during a thirty miles' journey, or for nearly that distance; and their honesty, although it has been proved long and well in the past five years, is being put to a test which is inexpedient.

Since our arrival we have had several opportunities of observing that the first and last of a string of carriers have always a distance of many miles between them, and sometimes twenty hours have elapsed between their respective periods of arriving. When circumstances do not admit of their taking their own time, then the labour entailed upon them becomes oppressive. Already, we are told, there are signs that the natives are not so willing to act as carriers as they used to be; and should a day come when they refuse to do so, the missionaries would have either to leave Blantyre or to starve.

Sept. 20th.—This has been a very sad week. Shortly before we came here, Mr —, who was

upon a hunting and scientific expedition to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, was brought to the station very ill of dysentery. The doctor had him placed in his own room; and under his careful nursing he was fast recovering, when, about a fortnight ago, a bad relapse took place, and he died on Saturday evening. This was the first death which had taken place among the Europeans on the station, and all the circumstances connected with it were peculiarly sad. A sick-bed in the centre of Africa is very different from a sick-bed at home, and it was most distressing to see him lying so ill, and to know that it was impossible to procure the necessary comforts to alleviate his sufferings, and also to see no one but strangers administering to his wants. We have visited him daily during the last fortnight; and although we knew that he was gradually sinking, still, when the end came, it seemed sudden. I had been talking to him just twenty hours before I was summoned to follow him to his lonely grave. I cannot describe to you my feelings on that Sunday—a day I can never forget. A—— was very unwell, and unable to attend his funeral, but wished me to go. As I watched the whole proceedings, it was impossible not to realise that it might be one of us next.

At twelve o'clock we were summoned by the bugle, and met in the verandah of the doctor's

house. In front of it a large crowd of natives had already collected, all of them very quiet and respectful. After a short service, the coffin, which was covered with dark-blue calico, and made during the night by the carpenters, was lifted by some of the Europeans, and the rest of us followed it to its last resting-place in the bush.

There we laid it in the solitary grave, and sprinkled it over with white flowers. It seemed so sad to go and leave him lying there, for all around was very wild and desolate. The spot chosen was on a burnt-up grassy mound, evidently artificial, and not unlike the ancient barrows to be found in European countries. I noticed several earthenware pots lying about, but I could not find out whether they had always been there, or whether they had been overturned in digging poor Mr ——'s grave.

You will realise more vividly the dreariness of the spot when I tell you that the next morning, in spite of every care that had been taken, it was painful to see the marks of the wild beasts which had been already scraping on the surface. Later on in the day, too, A——, who happened to be sitting on a seat under the Grenadilla arbour, noticed six enormous birds hovering in circles over the spot. W—— brought down one with his

gun ; it was indeed huge, and its neck thickly covered with feathers. We think there can be no doubt that they were the *Lämmergeier*, or bearded vultures. Strange to say, none of the Europeans had ever seen them here before, although some of them have been six years in Africa.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE AT BLANTYRE—Continued.

I TAKE AFRICAN FEVER—THE CHIPÉTA—REFUGEE SLAVES—NATIVE LAWS REGARDING CHANGE OF DOMICILE—NIGHT-ALARM—CASE OF KIDNAPPING—THE WAIL.

Sept. 30th.—I have been confined to bed for a week with African fever. It commenced the day after Mr ——'s funeral, and the doctor had left the station for a little change. The first symptoms were an indescribably strange feeling in my head and eyes. The next day I was too ill to move; I could not lift up my head, and I had rheumatic pains all over my body. We had a small thermometer for taking the temperature with us, and by it discovered the amount of fever to be pretty considerable. We had understood that the fever we might expect in Africa would be of the intermittent kind, and that quinine should only be given in the cold stages; whereas, whatever my fever was, it certainly was not intermittent, and there were no

cold stages. A—— was perfectly at a loss what to do, and many times nearly made up his mind to give me quinine; but as my temperature rose to 106° before the doctor came, he was afraid to risk it after the advice he had got. It was four days before the doctor returned. He was astonished to find my temperature so high, and at once administered large doses of quinine; and although very weak, the rapidity with which I recovered was marvellous.

One of the most disagreeable sensations in this African fever is the dreadful depression by which it is accompanied.

I have already told you the history of the Magomero Mission, in order that you might be better able to understand some of the peculiar circumstances connected with this Blantyre Mission. Now I must tell you that the station itself is surrounded by six villages, whose inhabitants (numbering 600) all look upon the head of the mission as their chief; and this is the way they all came to be there.

The natives in this part of Africa had not forgotten the system pursued at Magomero; and no sooner did they see the missionaries fairly settled at Blantyre, than several of them arrived seeking their protection and help. They were at once received, and given each a piece of land for a hut and garden. At first the missionaries tried to

investigate their stories, but this was almost impossible; besides, they went on the principle that "Blantyre was an asylum for the slave." Among the refugees were a few of the Ajawa free people of the country, who might have been discontented for various reasons, or perhaps they hoped to become greater men with the English than they could at home; for you must remember that they had the inducement of becoming landed proprietors, or rather, in fact, small crofters, at Blantyre. But by far the greatest number of refugees were what were called Chipéta. These are the remnants of a tribe who belonged originally to a place called Chipéta, on the western side of Lake Nyassa; but some were made slaves at various times long ago, and the rest finally conquered by Maviti—the warlike Zulus I have already mentioned—dispossessed of their homes, and sold into slavery. Thus they became scattered among other tribes. In short, most of the slaves the natives possess belong to this extinct tribe, who are, as it were, the helots of the country. They are considered to be of Manganja origin; but they are not acknowledged by the Manganja here, and surpass the free Manganja in their antipathy against the Ajawa.

Shortly before we came to Blantyre, an Ajawa was nearly killed in passing through a Chipéta village, but was rescued by the missionaries. This

mutual hatred is extremely awkward for the mission, seeing that it is situated in the land of the Ajawa.

What is still worse is, that these Chipéta happen to be people of rather a low type and exceptionally bad character—a circumstance which, I suppose, is attributable to that want of self-respect that is apt to grow upon a despised and down-trodden people. It is even alleged that some of the refugees at Blantyre are fugitive criminals. Since they settled here they have been engaged in several riots, and the missionaries have had to disarm them; indeed they have given us some of their arrows to take home with us. By receiving these refugees, the missionaries have made enemies of the masters of slaves all round and round; and it has come to this, that the slave-catchers think it particularly fair game to catch the mission people, seeing that most of them were slaves before, and had escaped.

Now, however, the missionaries have gained experience in the ways of the country, and see that they may preach against the slave-trade and slavery as much as they like, and are by no means required to countenance either; but if they were to interfere by force and liberate all the slaves who came within their reach, there would be no end to their wars, and they would require the resources of a nation. But still they have got 600 people on their hands

—people who came to them in former times; and now that these are there, they cannot easily be sent away. In fact, the simplest method of remedying such a state of matters would be for the missionaries to follow the example of their predecessors at Magomero, and move themselves to a little distance, so as to get out of the midst of the villages that have grown up around them.

While by far the greater number of the Blantyre colony are refugee slaves, still, as I have said, there are a few freemen among them; and in permitting these people to settle there, the missionaries were still further interfering with the native laws of the country, although some of them do not like to allow it. In proof of this, the Ajawa chief, Kumpama, remarked that he liked our people being in the country, because we gave his people work; but at the same time, he objected to our giving them a permanent home, and taking them away from the chief under whom they had been born. He found greater fault with this than giving an asylum to runaway slaves.

Senhor A—— corroborated Kumpama's statement, and told us, before a free person could settle anywhere, he must first get permission to do so from the chief of the district where he wished to settle; and in order to obtain this permission, if he happened to come from any part of Africa which

was under native law, he must show that he had permission to depart from the chief of the district he left, and also that he had the status of freeman there. At the same time, he said these rules could be disregarded to a limited extent without war being the consequence. If, however, a person merely migrated from one village to another within the territory, he did not require to ask the chief's permission for doing this.

We were surprised to find the same laws existing in a very different part of Africa—viz., Delagoa Bay. For there an English resident told us that he had been employed several times in procuring workmen for the British colony at Natal, but had always found it necessary to get permission from King Umzila to take them away. Practically, he said he could have taken them once in a way without asking the king, but it would have caused such offence that it would have been the first and last time.

Now I have given you this long lecture so that you may understand a great piece of excitement that took place here a few evenings ago.

We were suddenly awakened by a tremendous firing of guns, followed by a voice shouting to A—— to take a revolver and defend the house, for the enemy had come and were burning Cherimoni's village. This was one of the Blantyre villages,

only about 200 yards off. Sure enough, upon jumping up and looking out of the window, there were the huts, as we supposed, blazing away, and the rosy reflection of the flames lighting up the sky. A—— was not long in dressing, but already several women and children had flocked to the house for protection, and crowds of armed natives were rushing past it in the direction of the village. Very wild some of them looked in enormous feather head-dresses, armed with assagais, and bows and arrows, while a few had guns. A—— went as far as he could to try and get some information; but as every European had rushed off on the firing of the first shot, he did not like leaving us women and children very long alone. In about an hour and a half all was quiet, the fires apparently out, and A—— returned to the house; but all we could elicit from him was, “Oh, dear me, it was nothing—nothing!” This was really more than our curiosity could stand, and we could not help inquiring what all the firing had been about. “Nothing; only two children carried away!” Of course, upon hearing this, it was impossible not to ask him whether any attempt had been made to rescue them. He said, “Yes, he thought so;” but no more could we learn from him.

I have already told you this house stands by itself, some way off from the rest of the Europeans;

and as it was a very dark night, there was nothing for it but to wait until the next morning for an explanation of this most mysterious affair. It was rather difficult to believe that so much noise and fuss could be made about "nothing."

When the morning came, we heard all about it from the D.D. and the doctor. It appears there was an old man dying of consumption in Cherimoni's village, and as the people did not wish to pull his house down, they built a small temporary grass hut some way off, and there they removed him to die. It was a lonely place, close to a stream, and with no neighbours near it. The man had two wives, but only one happened to be in the hut with him at the time the children were stolen. Late at night, two men had knocked at the door, and asked permission to come in and warm themselves by the fire. No sooner had they entered than they each seized a little girl and rushed off. When the poor woman tried to rescue the children, two other men, who were waiting outside, came in and knocked her down and stunned her. Some time elapsed before she was able to get to the village to raise an alarm, and then no traces of the men could be seen. The headman had fired a gun, which roused the Europeans at Blantyre, and all the rest of the firing and shouting had been done by our own people to bring the natives together.

They had also set fire to a few huts, because the native plan is always to light a fire when there is an alarm : it is said to prevent a panic among friends, besides helping to discover the enemy. A little later the doctor and one of the Europeans went a considerable distance in pursuit of the men, but found it was useless, for they were too late ; and, as I have said, the night was very dark.

I was too weak from the late illness to walk so far, but after breakfast A—— went with the D.D. and the doctor to visit the poor mothers. He described them to be almost frantic from distress. The dying man was very ill, and a perfect skeleton. None of them—not even the doctor—had ever seen any one so thin before. The next thing we heard was the mothers singing the wail, which was a song they extemporised and set to a very mournful air. In this way they kept repeating, over and over again, their sad story ; but the chief burden of their song was about the children, what they would be feeling and thinking when there was no one to be good to them any more. They sang most loudly the first few nights, but went on singing it at intervals for weeks and weeks. The other natives caught up the air, and wherever we went we heard them whistling and humming the wail. You cannot think how piteous it was to hear them.

Various reports were brought to us the day after the children were stolen as to where they had been taken. Most of them confirmed what A—— and the doctor had heard from one of the headmen of the villages. They said they had been taken to a place called Pamasanja, fifteen miles off, where a party of twenty-four black Arabs and two white men had arrived, bringing with them a quantity of guns and gunpowder to give in exchange for slaves, and that these were trying to get as many slaves as they could to take down to a place on the coast called Chisanga, and ship them away.

Upon hearing all this, A—— and the doctor arranged to start with a large party of natives early the next morning to try and get back the children; and they set out to collect men from the villages. They intended to go by Kapeni's, so as to get his countenance and assistance. In principle, A—— is quite against missionaries having to fight in defence of the natives round about them, or even in self-defence. But as they had already taken all the villagers under their protection, he considered we were bound to protect them faithfully as long as that arrangement existed. Besides, kidnapping of children was an act contrary to all native law; and our quarrel would not be against any native tribe, but only against Arab strangers, and the individual natives who were assisting them.

However, the D.D. had heard that it was possible to get a letter taken to Quillimane in six days, either by Zomba and Mount Milanji or the river. Therefore he proposed rather to send a message in this manner, so that the Portuguese or some British cruiser should know how to intercept the gang at the coast. After consultation, this plan was unanimously adopted, because it was thought it might be the surest way of getting the children, and the other plan would lead to hostilities, which eventually might prove awkward for the mission.

A few days after the children were carried away, the husband of the woman died ; but comparatively, this made little difference to them. They still went on mourning, not so much for him as for the living dead, their children, who were living somewhere, but never more to be seen or known again. After the funeral, they came day after day to the station, repeating their sad story, and imploring us to find their children for them. I shall never forget their distress the first time I saw them. They were sitting on the floor in the doctor's house very much excited, and both of them talking and telling their story at the same time. Then they commenced beating the floor and singing the wail. There they would go on for hours and hours, drawing the most vivid pictures of the poor children—how they were badly off for food, ill used, and weeping for their

mothers. The expression of deep grief on their faces was more than I could stand; yet there we were, unable to comfort them, and utterly powerless to help them.¹ After their husbands' death, the widows had their heads shaved. This is the custom for mourners here, and narrow strips of plaited bamboo were wound round their heads, necks, arms, and legs. We had already noticed a good many women on the banks of the river with these narrow plaits of bamboo, but did not know then that they, as well as dark-blue calico, were signs of mourning.

¹ Since our return home we have heard, through letters received from the doctor, that he has succeeded in getting both the children back. They had not been exported by the Arabs after all, but were only being kept as slaves by some natives.

CHAPTER XX.

LIFE AT BLANTYRE—Continued.

THE WORK OF WOMEN—SOME NATIVE INDUSTRIES—AFRICAN
BABIES—A—— FALLS INTO THE LION'S PIT—MITIOCHI IS
INTRODUCED TO THE READER—HE IS EXPECTED TO ATTACK
US—PREPARATION FOR WAR—THE WATCH—TOO WELL PRE-
PARED—CAPTURE OF A SPY.

THE women here do quite as much work as the men, and upon the whole appear to be the most industrious. The men cut down the trees and build the huts, while the women do nearly all the hoeing and cultivating of the fields, besides the cooking, and brewing of *pombé*. We never pass through one of their villages without seeing a woman busily pounding corn in a large wooden mortar, or grinding the bruised grain between two stones. This must be pretty hard work, to say nothing of the amount of patience it must require; for they work the upper stone backwards and forwards with both hands, slightly assisted by the weight of their bodies, until the corn is reduced to

fine flour, and falls upon a skin or mat laid below to catch it.

Their sieves are made of basket-work, and they are very skilful in sifting both their grain and flour ; but although I often watch them, I never exactly know how they do it.

Bamboos and reeds grow here in great abundance, and basket-making is a common occupation ; indeed the natives use baskets for all sorts of purposes that would never occur to us at home. They make large ones, which they generally carry on the tops of their heads, and in fact fill with everything we should put into a cart or wheel-barrow. There are also smaller ones of various sizes, some of them used for holding their food, and others, again, are woven so close that they are said to hold water ; but although we have seen some very fine ones, I cannot say we have seen these. Then there are different kinds of ornamental baskets, and exceedingly fine matting too.

Another work which belongs specially to the women is pottery. They make the elaborately carved pipes I have already described, besides a great many pots of various shapes and sizes, some of them exceedingly ornamental. They have no moulds nor wheel, but can copy anything that is given them to imitate ; and it is quite a pleasure watching the jar or pot gradually developing

out of a great lump of bluish clay in their skilful fingers. The vessels are next fired between two layers of wood, and there they are allowed to remain until they are thoroughly baked. After this they are sometimes dyed red, black, or grey.

The mission gardeners, when they first arrived, would have been somewhat at a loss how to proceed had they not discovered that the native women were able to make flower-pots. Some of the women make as many as sixty flower-pots in a day, but it takes three days before they can be thoroughly baked and finished. One of the gardeners has since learnt how to make bricks at Quillimane, and has taught them this; so now a great many are being employed on the station in brick-making.

An African mother is always to be seen at her work with her baby on her back or playing by her side. These babies are perfect little models, and I am sure many an English mother would envy them, for they are so quiet and contented. I have never heard one cry yet except from fright. It is the funniest thing to see the way in which a tiny creature, that we should think at home far too young to be allowed even to sit up, can cling to its mother's back, without any support of any kind, while she is calmly taking her time in arranging her calico.

Day after day strings of women, most of them with babies on their backs, pass the house carrying enormous loads of brushwood on their heads for burning bricks. The risks the babies run of having their eyes put out is sometimes frightful; but if we say so to the mothers, they only laugh; and certainly it is wonderful to watch the way in which the little creatures move their tiny heads from side to side, dodging the sharp points of the branches.

As soon as they begin to run about, they commence imitating their mothers in their various occupations. Little things of two and three will be busy with a small lump of clay seriously trying to make a pot; and very droll they look, for they are often bespattered with clay from head to foot. Sometimes we meet them carrying small loads on the tops of their heads, or see them in the villages trying to pound maize, or, if it is a boy, perhaps shooting arrows from a tiny bow. It seems to come intuitively to them to copy anything they see being done by those around them.

The other day we distributed a few dolls among some of the girls, and soon found they had not the faintest conception how to play with them. After the dolls had undergone a thorough examination, we were amused to see the children putting them

on their backs and supporting them with their calico, just as they saw their mothers doing with the babies.

Now I must tell you of a singular adventure that A—— met with the other evening, which, though amusing enough, might have been attended with serious consequences. He fell into a trap which had been set for lions. He had gone out for an hour before sunset with the head of the mission's gun, in search of guinea-fowl, or anything else that might come in his way. After traversing the bush for a little, he found it too fatiguing, and made for some ground which had been cleared by the natives and surrounded by a wattled fence. Instead of climbing the fence, he saw an inviting-looking opening in it, and was going towards that, when gradually he felt the ground gently giving beneath him until he landed at the bottom of a pit about ten feet deep. He wished to disencumber himself of his gun by stretching up and putting it on the surface, but could not reach so high. So, gun and all, he had to work his way up like a chimney-sweep, which he did by pressing with feet and hands against the opposite sides of the pit. He met some natives soon after, and made signs to them what had happened. They were immensely amused, and laughed a good deal. These pits are generally set with a sharp-pointed stick at the bottom, which impales the

animal as it falls; but fortunately in this trap it had been omitted.

It is somewhat difficult to find out generally what the natives think about the mission, as they are too polite to tell us the plain truth to our faces. As far as we can learn, those of the Ajawa who have not been pupils of the mission are beginning to learn that the missionaries are not fond of war; but still they cannot understand their object in coming to the country. They seem simply to suppose that they are, like themselves, a new tribe, come to settle for their own pleasure or profit. They look upon them as wealthy colonists who have many curious customs, most notably that of singing hymns, and who know a great deal about *monkwala*—medicine or magic—and what is best of all, who have plenty of calico to give away.

There is an Ajawa man called Mitiochi, who is a great slave-catcher. He is not, therefore, very well disposed towards the missionaries. Besides, a girl who was once one of his slaves ran away from him to Blantyre. It is very probable that Mitiochi fancies —— has just stolen his slave, and made her his own; for the idea of people keeping servants who were not slaves would be quite new to the natives. Indeed, though each of the missionaries keeps several servants, it has never been the custom at Blantyre to pay domestics wages; and it would need a great

deal of explanation to show the natives what is the difference between a slave and a servant.

At any rate, two years ago Mitiochi attacked a party of mission carriers on their way from Blantyre to Zomba, and took away all their goods.¹ Upon hearing of this, — started with one of the Europeans and twenty natives to pay him a visit. His village is said to be about thirty-five miles from this; and the mission party, in order to lose no time, appear to have walked the greater part of the night. The leader of the party had been well warned, by those who had been longer in the country, and knew the ways of the natives better than he did, that upon no account must he attempt to enter Mitiochi's village before daybreak; for if he did so, the natives would immediately conclude he meant war. This he might surely have known if he had read books about Africa; and at any rate, one might have expected common-sense to have told him that even the most assured and undoubted friend coming to call at cockerow had little reason to expect a

¹ As it is known to several persons that I accompanied the Commissioners to Blantyre, it is necessary for me to explain here that the little incident in the past history of the mission I am about to relate was not obtained through them or by their investigations. The story itself is pretty widely circulated on the coast; but my information was taken from the diaries of some of the missionaries, who of their own accord from time to time read me extracts out of them. I have been obliged to give the short account of it, as above, in order to explain the next piece of curious experience we had of life at Blantyre.

blessing, but rather, if anything, a pair of boots or the poker at his head.

Nevertheless — pursued his own course, and somehow so timed himself as to arrive about four o'clock in the morning. The result was, that Mitiochi's villagers at once shouted "War, war!" and he and his people were mobbed. The more they talked of peace, the more the natives shouted "War!" until at last — took refuge in a hut. In the meantime his companion, who throughout seems to have displayed an admirable amount of tact and coolness, remained outside haranguing the natives. But Mitiochi's people, upon seeing the white man retreat into the hut, got bolder, and commenced bullying the party. One of them even came forward, and asked how they could expect to see the chief when they had not sent him a present. Accordingly they sent him a few yards of calico; but the messenger returned, saying it was no present at all. Then as much again was sent, but still the same message; and a third was tried with the same result. After this they were obliged to beat a retreat under a volley of stones and bullets.

Two days afterwards, two of the Europeans were sent with a party of armed natives to Mitiochi's village. As one can readily suppose, this, after all that had so recently occurred, was, to say the least of it, extremely injudicious, and the consequences

resulting from it were all that might have been anticipated. The truth is, if it had not been for the precaution and tact observed by those who had to go on this most dangerous errand, there is no saying what might have happened. As it is, the whole affair has been a most unfortunate one for the mission, by whom Mitiochi is still regarded as an enemy.

When we were travelling up the river, we heard that, a year after all this happened, Mitiochi had intended to return the visit by attacking the station. Fortunately he had been prevented by some people making war upon him, and thus keeping him engaged. However, it was thought very probable that he might come this autumn while we were here, because autumn is always the season for war, when the long grass has been burnt and the country is clear. We mentioned this at Blantyre, but — declared he did not believe there was any truth in it, and that people had made a great deal more fuss than was necessary about this Mitiochi affair. In fact, he said he thought that it would be a good thing to pay Mitiochi another visit, and suggested we should go with the doctor, although he did not offer to accompany us.

But to resume our own narrative. A few evenings after the girls were carried off, we were returning from our walk when we met —, looking

extremely white, coming towards us with his hands clasped, and somewhat excited. He no sooner saw us than he exclaimed, "I say, what do you think? Mitiochi is coming to attack us to-night, and I believe it's true." At first we were inclined to think that some of the natives had been trying to frighten him, but he assured us that a young man had been sent to warn the station. If it was really true, then there was no time to be lost, for it was nearly sunset, and we knew very well it would not be us that Mitiochi would attack, but that he would try and seize the women and children under the protection of the mission, and very probably the cattle.

—— thought his own house the safest place, because, as he told us, it was built of stone, whereas the enemy's bullets could soon penetrate the mud and wattle walls of the houses in the quadrangle. But we agreed with all the other Europeans, that it was most important we should be near one another, and act together if it were necessary. With such a small number of Europeans on the station, dividing the forces would never have done, and it was quite impossible to defend both ——'s house and the quadrangle. It was clearly in the latter place that our presence was most needed, for there were the school-children, both boys and girls; and we hoped also to make it an asylum for the women

in the villages. There, too, the D.D. was lying very ill of fever. We did not wish to tell him more than was necessary, for fear of increasing his illness. Nevertheless he managed to hear about it, got up and dressed, and lay with a revolver under his pillow and a great stick by his side.

Accordingly, A—— and I removed to the house of Mr and Mrs ——; and it was arranged that if we were attacked, I should at once go over to the girls' dormitory and remain beside the young schoolmistress and her pupils. They were really in the greatest danger, and the poor things would be sure to become panic-stricken, and we could not leave her alone with them.

The most useful man on the station at the time was W——. He had once been a carpenter to the mission, but was now in the service of the African Lakes Company, and kept a small store for them at Blantyre. He knew the natives well, and they were fond of him. He proposed to A—— an excellent plan, which was adopted. They made all the women and children from the villages come into the station, because of their being the chief prizes for the slave-catchers; besides, they were sure to have been in the way if they were scattered everywhere. It was a curious sight to see the poor creatures come trooping in one after another with baskets of food on their heads. The men

were left in the villages ; but all were made to collect into one hut in each village, and keep watch with their bows and arrows at hand. Then W—— took about a dozen picked men to walk round the station during the night and keep watch along with himself.

It was thought most probable that Mitiochi would send spies before him, so as to know how he should attack the station ; and if he saw how we were prepared, the attack would never be made at all. Of course every one had some plan to propose, but the most original was suggested by —— . His last idea was, that the Europeans, instead of remaining to defend the station, should all go out some considerable distance, and waylay the enemy by taking pot-shots at them from behind a rock.

Perhaps nothing made me realise our situation more vividly than seeing him sitting at a table, surrounded by a group of natives, busily occupied in extracting small-shot from a pile of cartridges, and replacing them with slugs. I was so aghast at the extraordinary spectacle, that for a moment I stood motionless, but was roused from my reverie by his asking me to help him. He told me it was not good for any one to stand with their fingers idle at such a time. His appearance of fear when we first met him that evening, seemed to have given place to something almost like warlike ardour.

He was talking of shooting as many as possible of the enemy, and said it would do a world of good to give the natives a lesson. The eager eyes, and the long fingers drawing the cartridges towards him, recalled the sights I have seen at the gaming-tables on the Continent, when people are drawing in the money.

Kind Mrs — made me a most comfortable little shake-down on the floor in a small closet off the D.D.'s room ; while A—— lay on a sofa in her parlour, dressed, all but his boots, and with a rifle and cartridges ready beside him. As you can imagine, it was impossible to sleep. As every rat scampered past us, up we jumped, thinking it was the enemy come at last ; and of course we were dressed, so as to be ready at the first alarm. All night long we heard the watchmen going their rounds regularly, and from time to time W—— himself came to the parlour window to ask A—— what o'clock it was, and to report. About two o'clock in the morning I was actually beginning to doze, in spite of its being the hour that they expected the enemy to make the attack, when W—— came to see if A—— was awake, and to report he saw a fire in the distance, which he thought might probably be a hut set fire to. He sent his watchmen out in that direction, and they were long of returning. At length they came back, and told us that the fire

was far away down in the glen. When the early streaks of daylight began to appear soon after five o'clock, they were a most welcome sight, for we knew then there was no more chance of the enemy coming that night.

Next day W—— and A—— were both rather tired ; but F——, and a gentleman who was on a visit to the station, took a walk of about twenty miles round it. Far down the glen they came to a spot where they saw signs of a great many people having passed the night, apparently lying on the ground. To all appearance it looked as if it had happened just as we had expected (although we never heard anything more of the matter)—that Mitiochi had actually come, but had found us so well prepared that he had not ventured to attack us. However, it was thought more prudent to watch in the same way for two more nights, especially as the women and children came trooping in seeking our protection, after it got dusk, of their own accord.

Some days after this, I was sitting writing, when I heard an unusual noise and commotion, and saw the natives rushing past the house in great excitement. The garden boys had caught a man, who was supposed to be a spy of Mitiochi's, hiding in the glen below the garden. The natives seemed inclined to lynch him ; and, poor fellow, he did look

dreadfully frightened. However, after getting a good lecture from the D.D., who was now walking about again, he was let go. I felt very sorry for him, he looked so thin and miserable, and wanted to give him a good dinner. But every one seemed amused at this ; and our natives explained to me he would never eat it, because he would be sure to think I had mixed poison with the food.

You may judge from this what a sensation Mitiochi has caused among our neighbours. Indeed the morning after our vigils, A——, while strolling for a smoke along the mission road, was charmed at the sight of Kumalomba coming to meet him with an unsheathed knife, long enough to carve two of us together like venison. This individual was the headman of the largest of our villages, and he always limped about like the god Hephæstus. The reason was, that he had been sent on the second expedition to Mitiochi's, where he received one or two bullets in his leg. He had been cured in a most creditable manner, only not quite perfectly, by a lady-doctor from Livingstonia. In the presence of English visitors Kumalomba always looks as proud of his leg as any army pensioner does of a war-medal.

The mention of him reminds me that A—— was becoming annoyed, because, when he had made the acquaintance of natives and wanted to be friendly

to them, he had difficulty in distinguishing one from another. He supposed this was owing to their complexion being rather novel to him, till he found that Kumalomba made the very opposite remark. He said he had now seen a good many of us, and was astonished that we all had such different faces and such different characters.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT BLANTYRE—Continued.

THE INDUSTRIOUS D.D.—HE TAKES FEVER—A MAIL—ARRIVAL
OF SENHOR N—— VISIT FROM CHIEF RAMÁKUKAN—RAT-HUNT-
ING—ANTS—DOCTOR'S PERMISSION TO CUT HAIR—MOONLIGHT
DANCE—AFRICAN BOYS.

BLANTYRE, October 2d.

YOU will be surprised that all this time I have said so little about the D.D., and just barely alluded to his having a most serious illness. I must therefore give some account of his doings. When we ourselves reached Blantyre we found that, although he had been there only a week, he had lost no time in exercising his mechanical genius. In the first place, we observed that he had most thoughtfully added to the furnishing and the comfort of the room we were to occupy, for he had been putting up pins for hanging clothes on, &c., and had himself made a most beautiful little table for it. When we got outside we saw traces of his handiwork in

the improving of what we may call the Blantyre aqueduct. The water is led in an open drain through the little settlement, but its course had not been very neatly kept. In fact we ourselves, when we arrived in the dark, nearly stepped into it. But he was throwing bridges across it, and making all as beautiful as the town of Salisbury, and had converted the small space in the centre of the quadrangle into something very like a little public garden.

He was also busily engaged in the construction of a pug-mill. The object of this was to render brick-making easier, and to give employment to one of the idle oxen. The idea was most excellent, and would have been of the greatest benefit if it could only have been successfully carried out; but unfortunately it proved a failure. The carpentry work was not bad, but the foundation turned out to be too soft.

In spite of many difficulties, his energies never seemed to flag. From morning to night his brain was constantly at work devising some new scheme for the embellishment of the place and the comfort of its inhabitants; while his hands were never idle, producing no end of delightful little surprises in the form of the neatest of travelling tables, camp-stools, &c., until I might say he effected a revolution both inside and out.

Every one interested in the missions of the Established Church of Scotland must have read, as we had done, an enchanting report that was once published of the garden at Blantyre, with its terraces and fruit-trees. The D.D., for one, had been captivated with this, and had whiled away many an hour during our long voyage in thinking how he would adorn the said garden with rustic vases, &c.; in fact, if we guessed aright, he was in his mind's eye comparing it to Drummond Castle.

After we rejoined him, however, it seemed almost too cruel to make any allusion to that faded vision of a tropical paradise; but we soon found that, nothing daunted, he had been consoling himself with the pleasures of hope. One day while we were taking a long walk, we were told to look back and enjoy the view of the distant station. A—— remarked it was very interesting, for he could scarcely say beautiful, as the site of that little dusty spot in the midst of a naturally wooded park made him in truth think of hens' scrapings in a shrubbery; but the D.D. was so full of his own plans for the future, that he was quite able to imagine it like the Pincian Hill, only crowned by a church and graceful campanile, which he expected to have the pleasure of planning when he got home. His work, however, was soon destined to

meet with an interruption which I shall have to relate presently.

His next idea was to take a tour, and visit some of the friendly natives. He had a principle, too, that missionaries should paddle their own canoes instead of hiring, so he was going to buy some. He had hopes also of being able to find some place that would do to meet the wishes so often expressed by the medical doctor and ourselves—namely, that we should have a small station somewhere in the Makololo country, and so situated that it would break the long land-journey, of which we had had such painful experience. Accordingly, in less than a week from the time of our arrival, he was off with two of the missionaries.

On his return, he told us that he had selected a spot. But we feared, from his own description of it, that it did not exactly meet the requirements we had been pointing at. Instead of being about half-way between Blantyre and the river, it was only some three miles from the latter; and as it was at some distance off the straight road, it would be necessary to go out of the way to reach it—therefore the day's journey of thirty miles at a stretch would not be much shortened. Neither did it sound very promising either to health or convenience. It was situated on the top of a small hill, about 300 feet above the level of the river; and

any one living there, would have to carry up their water all that height. However, he had wandered about for some time, and had not been able, as he thought, to find anything better. The name of this place, it appeared, was Nankanga.

As soon as he returned, the next thing he took to was laying out walks below the garden. In the midst of this work he was suddenly seized with illness ; and the only question about it was, whether it had been caused by Nankanga or the walks. Although Blantyre is comparatively a healthy place, we have heard a good deal to make us believe that fever may be contracted here by delving in soil which has never been disturbed before, especially in moist situations. The spot that the D.D. selected for making these walks in did certainly answer this description ; indeed a little bit of it was even in this dry season a bog. On the other hand, that place which he had discovered, and called Nankanga, might well compete for unhealthiness with the garden at Blantyre. As most people know, a hill just 300 feet high comes within the range of the fogs and malaria, and is even more unhealthy than the level of the water from which these rise.

His illness was most alarming, as the amount of fever was very considerable ; but the doctor lost no time in applying the strongest remedies : and although, of course, he was weak for some time, after

a packing in wet sheets, the rapidity with which he recovered was very remarkable.

A—— and the doctor went to visit Kapeni to-day, and while they were away a mail arrived. I cannot describe the strange feeling of receiving our first letters from home. I felt almost afraid to open them, for fear they might contain bad news. This is the 2d of October, and they were nearly all dated 27th July. As for the newspapers, they lay on the floor in piles; but most of them we had seen before leaving home.

A—— has told me about his *mirandu* with Kapeni. But I suppose I must explain that a *mirandu* means here exactly what a palaver does elsewhere. A man called Katimba, living in one of the Blantyre villages, was suspected of having had a hand in the stealing of the children. It was proposed that his hut should be burnt down, and he himself expelled from the mission territory. But A—— was anxious that this should be done by Kapeni rather than by the missionaries, and resolved to try whether he could not get the chief to exercise jurisdiction in this instance over the villages round the station. It was the intention of the Church of Scotland to leave civil jurisdiction to the native chiefs, and A—— hoped that a practical example might help to further that object. However, his wishes were most strenuously opposed

by one of the missionaries, who represented that any appeal to Kapeni would look like a sign of fear, and of desire for his protection, and would bring down the enemy upon the station. It was all very well, he said, for us, who might be away before the enemy actually came, but those left behind would suffer the consequences. Still A—— was determined to go, only he promised to take great care to show that the motive was not fear.

Accordingly the doctor and A—— set forth ; but they had no sooner reached Kapeni's and explained what they wanted, than they found that the old chief himself was in distress at having lost two children exactly in the same way. A—— told him that we did not know the laws and customs of this country, and we had only come to teach things we did know, especially about *M'lungu* (God), so we wished him to act as judge between the natives whenever there was occasion for it. Kapeni was quite willing to do so, and said that if he should find proof against Katimba, he thought it would be right to burn his hut, and he would take care not to let him return.

The doctor then asked very cautiously about the movements of Mitiochi. Kapeni told him a large company of armed men had been seen to cross the mission road in the direction of the glen under the station, but he had not heard of their returning,

and did not know what had become of them. The doctor made a compact with him that he should give us warning if he heard they were coming in our direction, and we should do the same to him. Whereupon A——, remembering his promise, said, “ Even if we get no warning, we can always defend ourselves ; but we may lose the women and children. So we want to fight properly, and give them a good fright. And here’s where it is, Kapeni : if they attack us, and we are unprepared, we’ll kill some of them ; but if we are prepared, we’ll kill a great many of them.” Then A——, thinking he had made a slip, and gone too far, tried to rectify it ; but the old man, who was laughing at it as much as himself and the doctor, said, “ I’ll be sure to prepare you if I can ; for they are a bad set, and I think the more you kill of them the better.”

A few days afterwards Kapeni sent for Katimba, and heard witnesses, but found nothing proved against him—and quite rightly, too ; for the whole evidence was, that he lived near the hut from which the children were stolen, and when asked about them he looked frightened and taken aback.¹

The doctor learnt, in the course of a few days, that Mitiochi had found his way to the extreme

¹ This attempt, however, to detect the guilty persons, was not without effect ; for some time afterwards, as I have already said, both of the children were restored, and one of them, as it was thought, through the influence of Katimba.

end of the mission road down at the river, and was engaged in a drinking-bout with the headman of the village there. It was a little disconcerting to think that our hero had sunk to this. But we were glad to know he was thirty miles away from us; for his own village was only about fifteen miles off, and W—— calculated that he could have reached us by one night's march at any time.¹

Oct. 4th.—The news has at last reached us that Senhor N—— and Donna B—— have arrived at Katunga's. We have long been looking for them, and the good-natured W—— has been sending messengers to the top of a high hill to see whether they could descry a boat winding its way up the Shiré. A—— and I have vacated our room in the stone house for our friends, and have taken possession of a hut in the quadrangle. This evening they arrived, accompanied by a large suite of servants, who were all put up in one of the villages.

¹ Since we came home we got a letter from the medical doctor saying that he had tried to get an introduction to Mitiochi through a friendly chief, but he just succeeded in making acquaintance with Mitiochi's constant ally Makanda, and Makanda had promised to introduce him to Mitiochi at some more convenient time. Some time after the new head of the Mission arrived at Blantyre, Makanda kept his promise to the doctor, and took them both to visit Mitiochi, and this new missionary's description of him must at least be quoted: "A big, powerful-looking man, very different from my idea of him—in gait, form, and feature reminding me strongly of some intellectual English bishop."—Church of Scotland Missionary Record, p. 327—October 1882.

Ramákukan, another of the Makololo chiefs, has been paying a visit of several days to the station, chiefly, we think, to have a look at us. He has lost an eye, but has a portly figure, and a great air when he walks about. He knows a little English, and is extremely fond of coming to our hut. On one of these occasions he was immensely taken up with my bottle of smelling-salts, which happened to be lying on the table. After he left us, he told some of the Europeans "that his friend the Donna got good snuff, the best in Africa." Early next morning he appeared with his followers at our door, when, as soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, "Donna's snuff very good; clear Ramákukan's head." As I was unwilling to part with my salts, I was obliged to give him a little *eau de Luce*, and he went away quite satisfied.

Sometimes I asked him about his children; but they are far too numerous for him to remember all their names, and it is very funny to hear him asking his servants to help him out with them.

He is very fond of telling us all about the Magero missionaries, and will sit for hours talking about Livingstone, Proctor, Scudamore, Dickinson, and the Bishop. He has still a most vivid recollection of sea-sickness, which he experienced in some of his journeys with Livingstone.

His heart is set upon possessing an elephant-

gun ; and he cannot understand, if the D.D. is a big chief, why he should not be able to give him one at once. The D.D. tried to put him off by promising to send him one when he returned to England ; but he at once said, "Ramákukan no believe that." The D.D. has had dinner prepared for him every day ; but on this occasion he was determined to show his displeasure, and sent it out to his servants untouched.

Now that we are in a hut of our own, we are experiencing the novelty of housekeeping in the centre of Africa. Sometimes I wish our friends at home could have a peep at us. A few stout poles fixed in the ground, interlaced with branches and coated with mud, form our dwelling. All round it runs a verandah.

For the first few nights we were dreadfully troubled by rats. They ran along the ceiling and down the wall, and over us. At last we were obliged to keep a bamboo pole to knock them down ; but now they are not nearly so bad, because whenever I saw one during the day, I used to call in some of the school-boys, and they had a great rat-hunt, ending by their invariably catching the unfortunate animal by the nape of the neck, just as a terrier would do at home. Having done that, they killed it by beating it with sticks, and finally cooked it for supper.

We have only a mud floor, and another great plague are minute house-ants. The legs of the table and the posts of the beds have all to be put into tins filled with water. Even these are not always successful in keeping them off; for unless they are emptied every day and filled with fresh water, the little creatures make bridges of their dead companions' bodies, and soon cover everything. Not very long ago, A—— laid down his sun-helmet, and did not notice that it was touching the wall. Shortly afterwards he put it on hastily to go out, but immediately the ants covered his head and ran down his face and neck in thousands. Although I felt very sorry for him, I could not help laughing, for it was such a curious sight, while he shouted "Murder, murder!" They are particularly fond of our sponges, and sting most horribly, especially if they happen to get into our eyes. Once or twice they have even turned us out of bed. I am told that the natives have some ingenious plan of suspending their food from the ceiling, so as to prevent the ants from getting at it.

Then we have also the white ants. Although this is not the season when they are bad, still we are warned not to leave a leather portmanteau or a bag on the floor. As they are especially destructive to wood, they sometimes eat the whole of the inside of the posts supporting the huts; so that

often, when these appear sound externally, the slightest blow will bring them down.

But by far the most formidable ants in this part of the country are what the natives call "Maviti," most probably after their dreaded enemies. These are dark brown, almost black, and about three or four times the size of the common ants in our country. Naturalists name them *Anomma arcens*, or driver ants, because they are said to drive every living creature before them. A—— once encountered them in crossing a stream. The little creatures had taken possession of all the stepping-stones; but he thought with a hop, step, and jump he could get over quite safely. His feet never rested for an instant on a stone; yet he had no sooner crossed than he heard the natives shouting to him, and looking down, he saw that dozens of ants were already running up to his knees, and the natives immediately commenced knocking them off him.¹

¹ Consul Elton mentions that the natives in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa also called these ants "Maviti," and gives an account of an amusing adventure he had with them. He says: "In the middle of the night I heard loud cries for help, and seizing my revolver—for I expected at least that we were attacked by Ruga Ruga—rushed forth. Two figures clothed in *pyjamas* were leaping about the courtyard and rolling on the ground with frantic yells and contortions, while buckets of water were being thrown over them. Incautiously advancing to the scene, I was immediately made aware of the cause of the uproar by several severe bites on my legs, and look-

They always travel in lines, and Senhor N—— tells us, that when the natives see them approaching they make large fires all round their villages, and lay heaps of ashes in their way.

Du Chaillu calls them the lesser *bashikouay*, and describes them “as the most voracious creatures he ever met, and the dread of every living animal, from the leopard to the smallest insect.” He says, “The elephant and gorilla fly before their attack, the black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased, and in an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.”

Apropos of this, Bishop Steere, after mentioning

ing downwards, found that the ground was swarming with immense reddish-black ants—“Maviti,” as we called the pugnacious little brutes on the lake. The deserted house was alive with them. Over our boxes and bales, over every rafter and post, over all the walls and ground, they were marching and crawling and running and congregating by tens of thousands. The mosquito-nets of the two beds that had been placed in the verandah were literally black with them. Most fortunately they confined themselves to the environs of the haunted house. I was about to strike my tent and take to flight, when one of the villagers, who had been aroused by the commotion and was standing by as an amused spectator, quietly remarked that they would not come beyond ‘there’—pointing to a spot some yards distant. They never come further than that. ‘So you knew all about it,’ we shouted indignantly; ‘and why on earth didn’t you tell us?’ ‘Oh yes, we knew the *virombo* [beasts] were in that house, and always came out at night, and we could not sleep there, so we gave up building the house. But we didn’t know they would bite the white men!’—*Lakes and Mountains of Africa*, p. 409.

"that the ants are the true kings of the forest," says: "The coast men have a legend that when King Solomon reigned, and all the beasts acknowledged his authority, the ants came to complain that the elephants trod upon them and killed them by hundreds. The elephants made light of it, and said, that as they were the strongest of all beasts, the ants should get out of their way. The ants denied their strength, and offered to fight them. The bystanders laughed, but King Solomon appointed place and time. So the elephants sent ten or twelve of their biggest, and the ants came in myriads. At the first onset the ants were crushed by thousands; but almost immediately the foremost elephants, knocking over everything in their way, rushed to the nearest water, for their trunks and ears and eyes and lips, and every part tender enough for an ant to nip, was full of them, cutting their way in deeper and deeper. The other elephants thereupon said it was beneath their dignity to fight with creatures so insignificant; but Solomon gave it for the ants: and from that day forward, let lions and elephants boast as they may, they tread carefully when they see ants before them, and no one since has ever ventured to fight them."¹

The people here say that, when they are on a

¹ Central African Mission: Occasional Paper, No. V., p. 5.

journey, few things will turn them aside. They will surmount all obstacles, and can even cross a stream of water. This is confirmed by the narratives of other travellers. Some of the lesser ants roll a straw into the water, and float on it until it touches a stone, and to this stone they cling, and then manage to shift the straw until it forms a communication with the bank. This process they repeat until a bridge is formed from bank to bank. In justice to these little insects, I must say, as far as we can speak from experience, they never went out of their way to attack us.

Oct. 7th.—To-day a woman walked all the way from a village some eight miles from this to ask the doctor if her husband might cut his hair. The doctor had given the man some medicine three months ago for some trifling ailment which did not require him to pay him another visit. It appears that the natives, when under a doctor or medicine-man, never think of cutting their hair without his consent; otherwise both men and women cut their hair regularly, and keep it very short. Almost every evening we hear tremendous drummings in the villages, and at last I persuaded A—— and the doctor to take me to see one of the moonlight dances. So we started last night for Cherimoni's village, accompanied by a couple of natives carrying their assagais upright. This they always do

at night, to impale any leopard that might spring down from a tree upon them.

Senhor N—— tells us that they do the same thing even in the town of Quillimane, where there are only a few trees in the street; but during the day they always carry their assagais at the trail.

I must confess that, after all, I did not half appreciate our moonlight walk through the bush. The path was so narrow that we could only walk single file, and in some parts where there was thick jungle it was pretty dark. Only the day before we arrived here, a lion had killed an enormous leopard close to the very path we were taking. However, when we reached the native village, my fears were forgotten in the midst of the strange and weird sight of the dancers.

The most conspicuous object was the drummer, who looked exactly like the pictures one has seen of a wild American Indian. He had an enormous head-dress, covered with long drooping feathers, not unlike a Highlander's bonnet, only the feathers hanging down behind reached as far as the small of his back. He sat in a stooping position, bowing backwards and forwards, keeping time to each beat of his drumstick. The glow from the fires, besides casting rosy hues over the scantily attired black figures, threw long grotesque shadows on the thatched huts and surrounding bushes; while the

dancers themselves stood in a circle accompanying the drum with a wild air. A little step forwards, and a shuffle backwards, were all the steps they possessed; but every now and then they would vary their song and their step by a figure something like "the haymakers," giving a loud clap with their hands and an unearthly whoop as they twirled round.

Most of them wore rattles round their ankles. These they make by drying the wild gourds in the sun until their pulp is shrivelled up, and the seeds then form the rattle. On and on they went, never seeming to tire of their monotonous dance; while the surrounding spectators, waiting for their turn to come round, threw piles of brushwood on the fires to enable us to see them better. At last we were obliged to leave them; and I have no idea how long they kept it up—for when I fell asleep, the last sound I heard was their drums still beating.

We had seen one or two similar feather head-dresses at Delagoa Bay, which had been bought as curiosities by European traders, and were told that one of them was worth several oxen, being made of the feathers of rare birds.

There is a large boys' school here, and the boys are quite as fond of dancing as the older people. Many a time we sit and watch them, for their dormitory is just behind us. But by far their favourite game is a simple one of ball. They stand on

two sides within a certain space. Then one set throw up a ball in the air, while the other set catch it; and when this is properly done, a boy who is looking on cries "Hock, hock!" As for the ball, they make it themselves from india-rubber, taken direct from the vine.

The missionaries taught them cricket, but doubtless they must have many games of their own we did not see. Bishop Mackenzie's party found games of whip-top, humming-top, and many others, as common among the Africans as among the boys at home, so that they could teach them nothing new. At length, in despair, they thought they would surprise them by making a kite. All the children assembled to see it; but it turned out lop-sided and heavy, and would not go up. So one of the missionaries remarked to them, "You never saw anything like this before, have you?" Whereupon a little fellow replied, "Oh yes; only the things we have are different to yours, for ours go up, and yours go down."

Between twenty and thirty of the Makololo chiefs' sons attend the school. Chipitila has built a small village, about a quarter of a mile outside the station, for his boys, and has sent some of his wives to look after them. They have all servants of their own, and the bigger ones have guns. After school-hours we meet them going out shooting,

attended by a couple of servants, one of whom carries his young master's gun ! They are wonderful marksmen ; and A——, who has gone out with them once or twice, says they are as good as pointers at finding game. They bring in guinea-fowl, wild-duck, and partridges, and sometimes buck.

Quite lately Chipitúla sent his sons a present of three hundred fowls. Fortunately for their companions, they share everything of this kind with them. Nothing strikes us more forcibly than the singular unselfishness of these poor savages, for both old and young share everything they get with one another, or those around them. Sometimes when I have given a child a biscuit, I have felt quite sorry to see the way in which the poor little thing has given a bit to all its companions, until many a time nothing more than a crumb remained for itself ; yet there it was, as bright and happy as if I had given it a whole boxful to divide among them.

In the same way, if an old pair of boots happens to be thrown away, and a child finds them, it immediately puts on one boot on one of its feet, and gives the other boot to a companion, who puts it on one of his, and thus they hobble about all day with them. The next day the boots are sure to be handed on to two others, who again pass them on to two more ; and so they go on, until each child in the school has had a turn of the boots.

In one of the boxes sent out from home, there was a black straw hat with crimson ribbon and a green ostrich-feather. As none of the girls would even try it on, I gave it to Chicusi, the eldest son of the Makololo chief Chipitúla. He was immensely delighted with it, and wore it for several days; then each of his younger brothers wore it in turn; and finally, it was sent down to the little brothers at home on the river.

Hats are an irresistible piece of finery to these poor African boys. Mrs D—— has a servant who has made a most creditable cocked-hat for himself, in which he has stuck a long wild-looking red feather. The other day she told me she had taken off her bonnet, and shortly afterwards observed that some one had been touching it. As she knew no one had been in the room except this boy, she asked him about it. Then the poor fellow confessed that he had not been able to resist the temptation of just trying it on for a moment to see what he looked like in her looking-glass.

The last event that came off during our stay here was a marriage. We heard suddenly that this was in contemplation between two of the missionaries, and it was to take place before the D.D. departed, for he was to perform the ceremony. Donna B—— and Mrs D—— extemporised a *déjeuner*—and wonderfully well too, even producing a most creditable

cake ; while to my lot fell the rigging out of a couple of brown bridesmaids in handkerchief dresses, and arranging a suitable costume for the bride. One thing was still wanting, and that was a wedding-ring ; but the D.D. at once produced one. I need hardly say that the ceremony, which took place in our hut, caused immense excitement among the natives. The bride was given away by the vice-consul, who turned out for the occasion in a blue jacket and gilt buttons. In a legal point of view the case was rather peculiar, for it was extremely difficult to say even in whose country we were ; but everything that could be thought of was done to validate, authenticate, and solemnise the contract.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARE FOR HOME.

COLD WEATHER—GIVE UP LIVINGSTONIA AND LAKE NYASSA—
 DID WE COME THE BEST WAY TO BLANTYRE?—BID IT FARE-
 WELL—AUTUMN ANTARCTIC SPRING—A WEARY NIGHT—DIF-
 FICULTIES OF STARTING—VISIT CHIEF MAZÉO.

Oct. 20th.—The day we were to leave Blantyre was fixed for us by Senhor N——, who calculated how long it would take us to reach Quillimane in time for the November steamer. But the rainy season was just commencing, as it usually does in the beginning of October, and one or two heavy showers had already fallen. Strange to say, although we were approaching the hottest season of the year (the antarctic summer), there were one or two remarkably cold mornings. We were so cold that we put on all the warmest wraps we possessed; and as for the natives, they were transformed into living ghosts, running about as fast as they could go, enshrouded, all but their eyes and feet, in their calico sheets. Shadowy

little figures, too, could be seen crouching, almost doubled up, in the most sheltered corners they could find.

When we came here we were expecting that some day we should see Livingstonia and Lake Nyassa, but our hopes have gradually faded away. Our only means of getting there would have been by the Livingstonia steamship, called the Ilala; but it was engaged at the north end of the lake by Mr M——. One time, indeed, it came within reach of us, and landed Mr M——, who came here; but we were told, that even before he reached this, it was off again. However, if it had waited a few days, we could not have availed ourselves of the opportunity, as that was just the time when I was ill. There was then no way for any of us to reach Livingstonia except on foot, and we were informed it would take ten days to get there, and as many to come back. The D.D. having been ill also, A—— was the only one of our party who could have accomplished it; but he has had no such time to spare, as his business has occupied him almost every day, and he would like more time for it than he has any chance of getting. The medical doctor thinks it is as well it is so, as he observes he is a good deal reduced, and fears that a twenty days' walk, with indifferent food, would try him very severely.

Before leaving home, A—— had observed from some letters of the missionaries, that there was reason to hope that a good land-route between Blantyre and Quillimane might be found over Mount Milanji. He took every opportunity he could get of inquiring about this. Sir John Kirk told him he had never heard of any such route, and at any rate, believed the river, in spite of its unhealthiness, would always be the best into that part of Africa. He continued his inquiries upon the subject as opportunity offered, but ceased to be very sanguine about it. A great part of the way is just the line taken by the slave-traders, who have come round the south end of Lake Nyassa, and are going to the sea, and he foresaw many evils likely to arise from that circumstance; besides, it would appear that the route would lie among a number of petty chiefs, who were often at war one with another—whereas, by the Shiré, the only chiefs whom it would be of consequence to have as friends were Matakanya, Chipitúla, and perhaps Ramákukan.

The only improvement he was still anxious to see made upon the river journey was to find a short cut by land from Blantyre to where the river becomes deep and comparatively straight, so as to avoid the windings and shallows that had wasted so much of our time and strength in coming up. The fact that the Universities missionaries had set their hearts

upon Mount Choro, which lay just in the way indicated, made him in parting recommend the medical doctor to explore it and the neighbouring heights. He hoped that thereabouts a high and healthy station might be found that would be a good resting-place, so as to divide this bit of land journey into two easy days' work. At the same time, it would be a station in Chipitúla's country; and if afterwards Mount Morumbála could be occupied, that would be in Matakenya's country: and thus there would be plenty of halting-places in the way of stations and sub-stations to make travelling in future comfortable and expeditious.

A few months afterwards he received from the doctor a letter as follows:—

“For various reasons my survey was unsatisfactory. On this side of Choro a better site could not have been desired. The water-supply is good; the road between it and Blantyre, level and easily gone over, about eighteen miles; as to height, about 150 feet above Blantyre. The road, however, to the river, rough and steep, almost impracticable for goods. Not being satisfied, I asked Mr Henderson to go, which he did last week. At my suggestion, he went to the south side of the hill, where appearances seemed to imply a more gradual descent. He found matters much as I did to the north. I should still like to know something of the road to the Ruu, which to all appearances seems to be better, and it is said that canoes come a considerable distance up that river.”

The Ruu is a tributary of the Shiré, and joins it

near Bishop Mackenzie's grave, where it looks as large as the Shiré itself. The Universities missionaries frequently went up and down it, and considered it navigable for fifty miles ; in fact, the Bishop had just sailed down it from Magomero when he died.

We have not heard if this idea has been any further investigated.

Oct. 22d. — Yesterday we said good-bye to Blantyre, and commenced our homeward journey. We were a large party ; for besides the D.D., there were the N——s, their servants, and the doctor, who intends going as far as Chipitúla's village with us.

A—— and I were up and ready to start soon after sunrise, but, as usual, there were countless delays ; so, after all, it was nearly eight o'clock before the men trotted off with us. Luckily we had not proceeded more than a mile before we discovered that some of our *machilla*-men had bolted. This might have been exceedingly awkward ; but fortunately, just at that moment we met W——, who had no difficulty in procuring others, because the natives were always willing to work for him.

It was a lovely morning, and the air was deliciously cool and fresh—indeed I thought I had never felt it so invigorating in Africa before ; but perhaps this was partly owing to the excitement of

knowing that every step we took was one nearer home.

The aspect of the country had greatly changed since we passed through it on our way up to Blantyre. The long grass had been all burnt; and what was at that time a dense jungle, was now perfectly bare and black. On the other hand, within the last two or three days the antarctic spring had burst forth suddenly. The trees, which had been partially or entirely deciduous, had put forth fresh leaves, mostly of coppery pink, and some of vivid green. Every here and there, too, out of the black soil bright flowers were beginning to show themselves. One of these was not unlike a purple crocus—or rather an autumn crocus, for the flower came up without the leaves; but in size and richness of purple it surpassed anything I can compare it to. It was as large as a claret-glass, and had a single stripe of golden yellow down the middle of its petals. Next to it might be placed a bright yellow orchid, with a flower the size of our large St John's Wort, and a curious brownish-red or copper-coloured calyx. Gladioli were very plentiful, with all the colours of the Ghent varieties, only extremely small. These seemed to be a great attraction to the honey-birds, which abound here, and have the most varied plumage—orange, black, yellow, and crimson.

This reminds me I have forgotten to tell you about some of the other birds we have seen. There are said to be humming-birds in the country; but we have not come across them. Not long ago one of the chief's sons brought me in a couple of beautiful creatures, with dark-green and crimson plumage; and A—— shot another, which turned out to be very like an English jay. But quite the most remarkable are what Livingstone calls "the night-jars, *Cometornis vexillarius*." These hover above the houses every evening, and look like very large bats. I could not believe they were birds, until some one brought one down with his gun. They are dark brown, and only ten inches long from head to tail; but from the middle of each wing hangs a couple of feathers nearly a foot long, which dangle about as they fly.

Now that the warm weather was coming, not only were the flowers springing, but the insects swarming. We had regretted going away just as the flowers were coming out; but, on the other hand, we were not sorry to escape the insects, because we had heard so many horrible stories about them, and even as it was, had seen enough. Still there were some great curiosities all around Blantyre. The stick-insects were very common. They looked exactly like bits of dead twig, until suddenly they walked off in front of us. Then there were

the leaf-insects, often called "walking leaves," and undistinguishable from the fallen green leaves lying on the ground, unless they moved; while another set of tiny creatures, without wings, exactly resembled little bits of straw. Perhaps the most beautiful creatures we saw were the lizards. One kind, which was not uncommon, was of a sky-blue colour, indescribably brilliant; but as soon as they were dead, they quickly became an ugly dull brown, or else we should have brought one home in spirits.

All the ground is strewn with enormous shells, enough to make any one think they were at the sea-side. They are pure white, four or five inches long, and are, I believe, called *Achatina*, or agate snails. There are not very many to be seen near Blantyre, as they have all been picked up and burnt, to make lime for whitewashing the houses—indeed a great many were taken away for that purpose by the Free Church missionaries to Lake Nyassa, where there are none; but one has only to walk a few miles out from the station to find them lying about at intervals from twenty to thirty yards. This is the only land-shell found here; but at Quillimane we saw another one as well, which was quite a different shape,—more like the land-shell at home, only very large.

It was quite dark when we reached Katunga's. Some hours before we got there, our poor bearers

showed signs of fatigue, and one of mine stumbled with me, tossing me out of the *machilla*. We had expected to find the boats all ready and thatched for us. Imagine, then, our disappointment to see them high and dry, and not a single preparation of any kind even commenced! On account of the malaria, sleeping in the open air was out of the question. Thus our choice lay between a stall in Katunga's hut, who had now returned to his village, and a grass booth recently erected by the African Lakes Company, of which, for the last fortnight, Senhor N——'s fowls had had the free run. We chose the latter, and our *machillas* were to act as beds. Mine was soon stretched across a few wooden boxes, thoroughly riddled by white ants; while A——'s canvas hammock was swung up between the posts of the booth, until he declared he felt just like a fowl on a perch.

Next day no one could understand why we were in such a hurry to proceed on our journey, and it seemed impossible to get anything done to our boat, while to pass another night in such a place was out of the question. At length we got the boat fitted up with a bower like what we had before, but Katunga would not give us a crew. He was afraid, if he let his men go down to Mazaro with us, that Matakenya might kill them on their return journey. There was no such difficulty about Senhor N——'s

two boats, one of which the D.D. was to occupy, because he had brought his own boatmen with him from Quillimane. Some hours were spent in trying to talk over Katunga, but he remained resolute. At last there was nothing for it but to send one of the Europeans down the river in a canoe to see if Mazéo, another of the Makololo chiefs, would supply us with boatmen. It was far on in the afternoon before he returned, but he brought back a crew. So we bade farewell to Katunga, who made us a present of a rhinoceros's tusk, and were soon floating swiftly down the river.

I forgot to mention rather a curious thing we saw at Katunga's. He has a breed of poultry with feathers all growing the wrong way—that is to say, each feather is curled back like a drake's tail. Senhor N—— was immensely taken with them, and wished to take a pair to Quillimane.

In an hour we reached Mazéo's village, which was almost opposite to the island where we had first made Katunga's acquaintance. Mazéo was wearing a Stuart-tartan plaid, given to him by the D.D. He is unmistakably by far the finest-looking of the Makololo chiefs. His village, too, was cleaner and neater than any we had yet seen in Africa. I asked him to introduce me to his wife. He sent for her, and she came with her baby in her arms; but before approaching, she

knelt respectfully on the ground. She was tall, and very good-looking, but did not remain with us many minutes. Mazéo asked us a good many questions about Sir J. Kirk and his family, whose special servant he had been at the time that the Makololo were wandering with Livingstone. He gave us a tusk of ivory to take to him, while he presented me with an otter-skin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING DOWN THE RIVER.

VISIT CHIPITÚLA AGAIN—MRS C—— COVETS MY DRESS—MATA-
KENYA'S COUNTRY AGAIN—DESERTED VILLAGE—A MAIL—
MARSHES NEARLY DRIED UP—CROCODILES—RED PEOPLE—
BROAD ZAMBESI AGAIN—HOSPITALITY OF SENHOR A—— DIF-
FICULTIES OF CARRIAGE—HUNGRY AND THIRSTY WILD BEASTS.

Oct. 23d.—This morning we stopped to breakfast with Chipitúla. We had expected to find him at his village within his large court-house, but were told that he was waiting to receive us in the midst of his harem. We found he had over 100 wives, who were certainly by far the most advanced women we have met with in the interior; but in comparison, I prefer the wives of the highlanders.

Chipitúla was waiting to receive us on the river-bank. He at once led us to his principal wife, and did not introduce us to any of the others. She was sitting on a mat in front of their house, which

was evidently built in imitation of the Blantyre houses, and had calico windows. I caught a glimpse, too, of a four-post bed through the open doorway. We have been told that Chipitúla is exceedingly proud and fond of this wife, and thinks more of a present given to her than to himself. She was a coarse, dumpy, ugly-looking creature; and her appearance was not improved by her European clothing—made, she told us, by her son Chicusi. The other wives were sitting on mats in front of their different huts; and it was so curious to see them all wearing long dressing-gowns, that I asked Senhor N—— where they could have possibly got them. He told me, most probably from Tête or Senna.

The chief's children were distinguishable by their ivory bracelets. Several of these young Chipitúlas have the most extraordinarily shaped heads,—the foreheads being very remarkably developed, while the under part of the face consists of singularly narrow and pointed features, so that you can tell them anywhere. Some of these are at the Blantyre school, and are said to be very clever.

We gave Chipitúla the hat we had promised him, and his principal wife a scarlet jacket; but unfortunately this did not satisfy her, it only raised her cupidity, for she asked me to take off my dress and give it to her,—a most inconvenient request as I

was then situated, so I was obliged to refuse. In vain I tried to explain to her I was travelling, and had very few dresses with me, but that I would send her one from England. However, this was of no avail, for she at once said, "What is the use of your having boxes if you have not got lots of dresses in them?"

In order to change the conversation, I began asking Chipitúla about his children, and amongst other things, why he did not send his daughters to Blantyre, but only his sons. He replied, "That no one had asked him to do so before; but if I would come and fetch them, he would send them." When he heard I was on my way to Europe, he asked me to try and send another lady for them.

We have noticed that each of these Makololo chiefs have a funny little stool by way of a "throne." It is round, and cut the whole breadth out of the stem of a tree, and supported by five carved legs. Upon our arrival a female servant had brought us all smaller stools of the same kind, or chairs made in imitation of those at Blantyre.

When breakfast was ready, Senhor N—— asked Chipitúla to join us. Shortly afterwards his principal wife forced her way between Donna B—— and myself, and kept on harping about my dress.

The natives had no sooner caught sight of the medical doctor in our party, than they took him

off to visit a man who had been shot in the leg. When he returned, he said he regretted that he had no bandages ; so while the servants were clearing away the things, I thought I might as well go and see if I could find some old linen in one of my boxes. Now our boat had been anchored some little distance off, and quite out of sight of the other boats and of our party. I had almost reached it, when I turned round and saw the principal wife and all the other women following me. As it was no use to turn back, I got into the boat. Besides, I thought that even if she proved troublesome, the boatman who had been left to guard our things would help me. But no sooner did I get into the boat than off he rushed, while my friend and half-a-dozen other women jumped in after me. They were determined to have my old brown holland, and as I would not give it to them, to take it off by force, and they commenced tugging at it. Just for a moment I confess I was a little bit frightened, and did not exactly know what to do ; for the idea of my male companions returning to find me in a state of nature was embarrassing, and the very thoughts of such a thing took away my breath.

Suddenly it flashed across me to put off time until some one might chance to come, by engaging her in conversation—of course, by signs ; so I talked about her boy Chicusi, who happened to be

at the school at Blantyre, and then I asked her if she had any little daughters. I found she had buried five little ones somewhere opposite to us, and that Chicusi was the only child remaining to her. Then she asked me how many children I had; and when I told her that I had none, the poor thing thought they must have died; and she got so absorbed in telling me all her sorrows, and entering, as she thought, into mine, that she forgot about my dress until the others returned to the boat. No sooner did they appear than she made off, and I had no more trouble with her.

Chipitúla has a breed of small liver-coloured dogs, with foxy heads and short hair, something like English terriers. They seem very timid, but not wild like the dogs in Mohammedan countries and Greece, and never seem to take hydrophobia, as far as we could learn. Chipitúla was most anxious to have a *mirandu* with us. His grievance was, that Matakenya had once carried off one of his wives, whose name was M'lankuliro, and her young son.

The first medical missionary who had been at Blantyre had succeeded in getting back the boy, but not his mother; and now Chipitúla wished us to use our influence so as to get her also restored to him. He said, if we did not succeed, he had a great mind to go to war with Matakenya. The

gentlemen tried to dissuade him from war. However, Chipitúla seemed bent on it. A——, seeing this, pulled him aside, and tried to give him a piece of private advice; but unfortunately he had too little command of the language. Accordingly, by the first opportunity, he wrote a note to W—— at Blantyre, asking him to get Chipitúla informed that he had seen two gunboats building at Mozambique. These might be intended to go up the Shiré in spring; so, if he attacked Matakanya, it might lead to the Portuguese attacking him, if they were so disposed. Therefore A—— strongly urged him to take this into consideration. Senhor N—— also wrote a letter to Matakanya, and did his best to warn him that he had better keep peace with Chipitúla.

We anchored for the night in the Elephant marshes, right in the midst of hippos.

Oct. 25th.—This morning we reached a village belonging to Matakanya, and to our great astonishment found it quite deserted. It was just opposite, on the other side of the river, that several years ago some of his people murdered a sportsman named Falconer; and Senhor N—— told us, that on his way up to Blantyre, the people in this very village had kept shouting out to him “they would let him pass this time, but that they would not let any more English pass either up or down.”

Now it happened that Donna B—— had a special liking for roasted corn-cobs, and almost as soon as we stopped she commenced cooking them and distributing them all round. A—— was going for a little walk while eating his corn-cob, and a short way out of the village he met a man to whom he offered the remainder. The poor fellow scraped and bowed profusely, and immediately he saw several others emerging from the bushes. In the meantime some of us were discussing what could have become of all the people in so short a time, when suddenly we saw troops of men, women, and children flocking back to the empty huts. The cautious way in which they came in was so remarkable, that we asked our boatmen where they had been and where they were coming from. Their explanation was, that the people had been terrified at seeing such a large party anchoring close to their village, and felt sure we must mean war, especially as they knew that we were friends of Chipitúla; so on our approach they had fled to the bush and hidden themselves. But apparently the man to whom A—— had given the corn-cob, and who happened, as we were told, to be the headman of the village, had received it as a token of peace.

Further on in the afternoon a delightful surprise awaited us, for we met the mail on its way up to

Blantyre. We had a largish packet by it, although how many more letters we ought to have received we shall never know ; for curiously enough, when the bag was opened at Mazaro, some of the letters were blown into the large fire which, as I told you, they were in the habit of lighting every evening.

By the time the letters were all distributed it was getting late, and as the twilight thickened into night, our encampment would have afforded endless studies for an artist's brush. It was pitched in a thick grove of bananas ; and everywhere we turned, camp-fires were smouldering or blazing away. Here and there they lit up the long, broad, tattered-looking leaves of the bananas, under which parties of natives were gathering, in shadowy relief, and the glare from the flames cast ruddy glows on the faces of the dusky groups already sitting round them. Above us the whole heavens were sparkling with the brightest of stars, and a pale moon glittered on the river. But although we had anchored at an earlier hour than usual, it was nearly eight o'clock before dinner was ready, because the Portuguese seemed to consider it highly improper to sit down to any meal unless there were fowls prepared in three different ways, and they could make no exceptions even in the jungle. Many a time it has sorely tried our patience to stop, weary

and hungry, for the night, and to find there was nothing for it but to wait until these extensive preparations were completed. On this occasion our picnic was spoilt by its being far too late in the day for sitting out in the open air. Already the mosquitoes had destroyed our peace, and the light of our lamps proved an endless attraction for all sorts of insects, who hovered in clouds above us. Notwithstanding, this did not interfere with the merriment that was going on among the groups seated by the fires, and the story-telling was kept up until a pretty late hour. We were not very far from a native village, and suspected that after dark a good deal of *pombé* was smuggled into the camp from behind the dark bananas.

Oct. 26th-30th.—The last three days have been spent in going through the Morumbâla marshes. Mount Morumbâla looked as grand and beautiful as ever, but the marshes were greatly curtailed. Most of the lovely little lakes we saw on our upward journey were now long stretches of dried mud. Our Garden of Eden had disappeared, and even the birds had taken flight. Perhaps they had flown to more watery regions, or it may be that the sight of our little flotilla had frightened them away,—but not the mosquitoes, for they seemed more numerous and bolder than ever. It occurred to me that this might be owing to their having

tasted more white men's blood in these two months than they ever did before.

A tremendous thunderstorm, accompanied by very heavy rain, came on the other evening after we had fairly anchored for the night. We were trying hard to keep ourselves dry, when we were startled by the sound of the other boats paddling off. We wondered what could possibly have happened, and were rather amused to find it had suddenly struck Senhor N—— that our steel boat might prove an excellent lightning-conductor, and he was only retreating to a respectful distance.

As we got nearer to the Zambesi, we met numbers of natives busily searching for crocodile-eggs. The crocodiles generally lay these in the sand on the river-banks, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Sometimes as many as sixty are found in one nest. They are about the size of a goose's egg; and although the natives eat them, we are told they hardly ever do so unless pressed by hunger. However, at present food is said to be scarce here, consequently they are in great demand. Yearly, numbers of women, children, and deer are carried off by these treacherous creatures. The women are generally attacked while they are getting water. In a number of villages we saw them using a calabash fastened to the end of a long pole,

with which they drew the water up the banks for fear of the *'ngona* (crocodile).

When the D.D. took the tour I have already mentioned while we were at Blantyre, he arrived at a village beside the river where a boy had just been seized by a crocodile. The natives succeeded in frightening the animal, and it let go its hold of the child, but not before the poor little fellow ~~had~~ been immersed in the water long enough to be drowned. The D.D. and his companions did all they could to restore him to life, but in vain. The animal, however, was killed; and the D.D. brought back to Blantyre, as a trophy, its head and paws. He had the said paws for a long time hanging on a rope to dry, where they looked so peculiar that I wish you could have seen them. It seemed exactly as if the Devil had dropped his gloves.

Alas! our tea has now a most horrid taste, in spite of the water being both boiled and filtered. We miss this luxury, for it was always so refreshing in a hot afternoon. We fancy this taste must be caused from the drying up of the marshes; for, do what we will, it is impossible to disguise it.

In passing through Matakanya's country we were again struck with the good manners of the people; and we also noticed, as we had done going up, every here and there, a native of a particularly

red complexion. Indeed there was a woman of this kind at Blantyre, who was always called by the natives there the red woman. A—— had occasion to investigate her history, and found it a most curious one, but was not able to account for her peculiar colour. But now we have discovered that it is caused by mixture of blood with the Portuguese. It is exactly like that of a North American Indian, but rather a deeper red.

Oct. 30th.—Yesterday morning we passed Mazaro, and are now lying anchored on the broad Zambesi, in front of Mururu. Our downward journey has only taken eight days. This has seemed long enough, for travelling in the wilds with a large party has many drawbacks. Before proceeding any further, Senhor N——'s two boats and all the heavier luggage have to be carried across to the Quaqua, which is no light matter, seeing it is the height of the dry season, and that the river is now no longer navigable at the point nearest to this, as it was when we came up it. The boats have therefore to be taken some way down the bed of the stream. Even then they will only be able to float every here and there, and for the most part must be dragged by main force several miles; consequently, the emptier and lighter they are the better. Senhor N—— does not wish us to join them until they get into deep

water, because the shallows at this season are peculiarly unhealthy; so we ourselves are to go across country in *machillas*, and meet them at a place called Mugurumbe, about fifty miles from this.

When we arrived here, Senhor A—— was not at home, but he appeared in the evening perfectly laden with every luxury Quillimane could produce, from champagne to bottles of mixed sugar-plums, all in honour of us! He leads a regularly nomadic life, travelling from place to place as his business obliges him, and carrying about with him everything he requires in the way of furniture. His house stands in an open plain perfectly overrun with white ants. In every direction one sees their gigantic hillocks; and the walls of the rooms, which are built of clay, and have once been whitewashed, now look as if they were covered with a paper-pattern, from their tracks. This accounts for the empty house which had so astonished me on my first visit to Mururu. No one ever thinks here of building larger houses or having more furniture or woodwork in them than they absolutely require. As Bishop Steere says, "The ants are the only native builders whose houses last more than three years in Africa." This is especially true in the immediate neighbourhood of these pests, for they will not allow any houses to stand except their own.

Senhor N—— remembers the time when the plain was covered with trees, but a few bare stems are now all that remain.

Upon arriving here we were most hospitably offered a room, but preferred remaining in the boat. A piece of sandy ground lies between us and the river. Yesterday two of Senhor N——'s goats were carried off from it in broad daylight by lions or leopards; so every evening a large party, armed with sticks and lanterns, escorts us to our night quarters.

The wild beasts have flocked to the banks of the river to be near water. Lions, we are told, even come across from an island opposite; but as yet, we have only seen their footprints in the sand. Within the last few weeks the leopards and hyenas have made sad havoc in Senhor A——'s farmyard by running off with a whole litter of young pigs. The place is surrounded by a strong stockade ten feet high; and although it sounds incredible, Senhor A—— declared it to be a fact that they can spring over this fence with young pigs in their mouths.

Nov. 1st.—We are now experiencing some of the delays that are so characteristic of this country. There is great difficulty in getting carriers for so large a party, and it looks as if we must inevitably lose our steamer.

This forenoon a native, after he had attracted

our attention by clapping his hands, knelt down at Senhor N——'s feet, and rolled over sideways three times. We were impressed by the earnest and anxious look upon the man's countenance, and discovered that this was his mode of claiming our protection. Senhor N—— explained to us that we were now in Portuguese territory ; and finding it impossible to get carriers, he had asked the head of the police in charge of this district to help him. In consequence, the military were ordered to scour the country and seize the headmen of the different villages, and imprison them until the requisite number of carriers were produced. This unfortunate fellow was the headman of an island opposite. He had insisted upon his people volunteering to act as our porters, and the result was, that they had turned upon him and beaten him. Notwithstanding the severe strain on our patience, I confess my sympathies lie entirely with the poor creatures who are obliged, whether they like it or not, to leave their homes and usual occupations to carry us fifty miles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OVERLAND JOURNEY.

NIGHT IN A NATIVE VILLAGE—A TURKEYS' BATH—AFLOAT ON THE
QUAQUA—A SQUALL ON THE RIVER—LOSE THE STEAMER—THE
D.D. MISSING—TURNS UP NEXT DAY.

QUILLIMANE, 6th Nov.

WE were not sorry to bid farewell to the Zambesi, grand as it looked, and get a stage nearer home. In the early morning the river was covered with a brownish froth. This gradually disappeared as the sun got stronger; but not so the horrid taste of its waters, which, as I said before, no boiling or filtering would remove. Besides, during our stay at Mururu we had felt somewhat like caged birds. It was extremely hot, and the only cool part of the day was an hour before sunset and half an hour after sunrise. Unfortunately, as five o'clock was the dinner-hour, it was impossible to get any exercise, and already the confinement was beginning to tell on some of us. A—— showed premonitory

signs of dysentery, which in itself was a little alarming; but most probably the bad water was the cause of this.

All Monday we remained in suspense about the carriers, and when we said good-night there were still no signs of them. About 12 P.M. we were awakened by a tremendous noise of shouting and singing. Lifting up the *fumba*, we saw a dusky line of figures filing along the sand under a beautiful moon.

Shortly after daybreak on Tuesday, we received a message from Senhor N——, telling us that the carriers had come, and to prepare at once for starting; so, notwithstanding our past experiences of procrastination in this country, we got ready as quickly as possible. This was no small matter, for A—— and I were now to leave the steel boat and embark at Mugurumbe in a boat belonging to Senhor A——. Everything had therefore to be packed and divided into loads, and all by our own hands, for the servants had gone ahead with the heavier luggage; and by the time we had rolled and strapped the mattresses together, and all was ready, we were pretty nigh exhausted. But when we reached the house, not a soul was stirring except the D.D., who was waiting patiently upon a bench. It was then barely seven o'clock, and another hour elapsed before Senhor N—— made his

appearance, with the intelligence that we were not to start until after breakfast, which meant eleven o'clock. Not long after this, we heard that some of the unfortunate carriers had bolted, and the soldiers had been sent after them.

In the middle of breakfast Senhor A—— returned from launching the boat on the Quaqua, where he had met with no end of obstacles. After collecting, as he thought, all the boatmen together, they discovered that they had forgotten their paddles; and no sooner was permission given to go and fetch these, than they decamped altogether. At last he was obliged to send off the boats under the charge of a few small boys.

As soon as breakfast was over, the carriers had to receive their payment in advance. Tearing off calico for above a hundred men was both a slow and tedious business, and long before it was finished the sun was at its height. Then suddenly, for the first time, it occurred to Senhor N—— that if we were to start before the afternoon some of us would be sure to have sunstroke. Oh how my back ached as hour after hour passed waiting wearily on a hard bench! Unpleasant visions, too, of a night that must be passed in a native village began to haunt us. However, there was no help for it, and all that could be done was to take things calmly.

Eventually it was 2 P.M. before we were actually on the move. There had been so many delays that it was difficult to believe even then something might not occur to stop us. For several miles our narrow footpath went across a flat and well-cultivated country, and we passed several villages nestling among bananas and fine old mangoes. Then we came to the river Mutu, and our men waded across with us. After that, for some time, we kept along its banks; but the ditch itself was almost dry, and choked with water-lilies (*Pistia stratiotes*) and weeds. My men were not long in finding out my love for flowers, and one of them brought me, among others, what I supposed to be a splendid specimen of a *Hæmanthus*, or, as I believe it is often called, a blood-lily. Its spotted stem was crowned by a huge head of fiery-looking filaments. Senhor N—— says it is quite common in the neighbourhood of Quillimane.

There was no doubt that carrying us went sorely against the grain of some of the poor men. Several of them lagged a good deal behind the others, and somehow our party did not keep together as we ought to have done. Far on in the afternoon I passed the cook, which was a bad sight; for it was evident, whenever we halted, we should have to wait first for his arrival, and then still longer for our dinner. As the sun set, it got gradually darker

and darker ; still I could see no signs of the rest of the party, and I began to wonder whether my men could have possibly missed the halting-place. All sorts of horrible reflections, such as passing a night in a native village by myself, rose up before me ; so you can imagine how glad I was when we got to a village, with a large fire burning in the centre of it, to hear A—— shouting out to me.

It was quite the dirtiest and most wretched of all the villages we had passed through in the course of the afternoon. We decided that we could not possibly remain the night in such a place, but apparently the men had no intention of carrying us any further. A fresh pile of grass thrown on the fire in honour of our arrival soon revealed to us a silver coffee-pot, so we had no longer any doubt but that this was really intended to be our halting-place. Presently Senhor N—— and Donna B—— arrived, when we did all we could, first by persuasion and then by expostulation, to induce them to try some other village, but in vain. They assured us it was the safest place we could stop at, because the head-man had once been a slave in their own family—therefore they could trust him better than any of the others ; and besides, he knew better how to make us comfortable. Mats were spread on the ground, and we sat down, tired and faint, to await the cook.

All this time the D.D. was missing; and when an hour elapsed, and there were still no signs of him, we got alarmed. Senhor N—— did all he could to bribe a party of natives to go out and hunt for him; but nothing would induce the men to stir out of the village, because lions had been heard roaring round it the previous evening. At length we were greatly relieved by hearing the shouts of his *machilla*-men announcing his approach. Nothing had happened, only he had proved rather too heavy a load for them, and they had got on very slowly.

The headman offered us a hut; so we went to examine it. The D.D. led the way, carrying a lantern; and I was just beginning to creep on all-fours after him, when he beat a hasty retreat, exclaiming, "This is too fearful! it will never do." The Portuguese and the headman frowned at the idea of our sleeping in the open air; for they declared that such exposure to the dew would bring on fever. However, we noticed that some of the huts happened to be built upon piles—doubtless because this country is inundated in the rainy season; so we bethought ourselves of getting under the piles and below the foundation of the houses, and really found that the cleanest place. At first Senhor N—— and the headman were strongly opposed to this, on account of lions and rats; but

the D.D. volunteered to pay a man to watch the rats; so with a strong guard of natives and fires around us, we were ready to risk all animals, great and small.

None of us were sorry to see the first streaks of early dawn; for although we saw nothing of the lions, we had other unpleasant neighbours, and amongst them long hairy worms, which commenced crawling over us whenever we lay down. As soon as it was daylight we got a cup of chocolate, and resumed our journey. We had not proceeded very far before we came to the Mutu; and here my men insisted upon my getting out of the *machilla*, while two of them carried me across it in a "king's cushion." No sooner had we reached the opposite bank, and before I knew where I was, than one of the men hoisted me up on to the top of his shoulder, and set off at a good run. At first I felt inclined to be angry; but when I thought of the faces of some of my friends at home—if they only could have met me—I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which fairly astonished the poor fellow, and he drew up so suddenly that I was nearly pitched head-foremost into the bush.

Senhor A—— possesses another house at Mugurumbe. We reached it shortly after twelve o'clock, but found that Senhor N——'s boats had not yet arrived. However, Senhor A——'s boat was there,

and the natives were just commencing to prepare it for A—— and me. In the meantime all that could be done was to sit under the verandah and watch its progress. By degrees both the D.D. and A—— found corners in the bush where they could perform their morning toilet unobserved, and the N——s disappeared into the house for the same purpose. When they all reappeared, looking fresh and clean, you can imagine how uncomfortable I felt, and how thankfully I accepted Donna B——'s offer of a bath.

She led me through the single room of the house, which formed Senhor A——'s bedroom and store-room, into a smaller compartment behind it. This was evidently the part of the verandah running at the back of the house built up; and it had no light except from a few stray rays that found their way from an outer door leading into the kraal. Groping along very carefully through piles of dried fish, ground-nuts, beans, rice, and Indian corn, we turned the corner; but still I could see nothing the least like a bath. At length she pointed to an earthenware pot filled with water, and placed beside a little square of matting. Then handing me a long bamboo, with a calabash at the end of it, she made signs that I was to stand on the mat, while one of her servants filled the calabash with water from the pot, and poured it over me. Both she and her servants

seemed very much surprised and amused when, in return, I made signs that I could do it myself, and would like to be left alone.

I had undressed, and was just going to try my novel bath, when suddenly I saw a pair of the brightest eyes flashing in the corner, and fixed intently on me. I had not the slightest doubt that it must be a wild cat, or some such animal; but what could I do? for although I could hear the gentlemen talking outside, still I was not in a position to call to them. For some moments I stood breathless and motionless, and then tried to scramble into my clothes, but always keeping my eyes steadily fixed on the horrid creature. By degrees, however, I was gradually becoming accustomed to the dim light, when, to my great joy, I suddenly discovered my cat transformed into a poor turkey-hen sitting quietly on her nest. With renewed courage I was able to look about me, and found myself perfectly surrounded by turkeys on their nests; and it was difficult to say whether they or I had got the greatest fright.

When the sun set, there were still no signs of the boat, but Senhor N—— offered to put up a bed for the D.D. among the turkeys. However, he preferred rigging up a tent for himself at the other end of our boat.

Early on Thursday morning the boats made their

appearance; but we were not able to start until the afternoon, because we had got almost within the reach of the tide, and had to wait until it began to go out, otherwise we should have had it against us.

At first the banks of the Quaqua were extremely beautiful, and numbers of gaily plumaged birds—blue, yellow, and green—flew from tree to tree in front of us; but as we got down the river, and as the tide receded, we could see nothing but banks of black mud rising higher and higher above us. It grew dark before the natives could find a place where it was possible to land and light a fire; and even then they had to wade through greasy mud, which reached up to their waists at every step they took. A new enemy, in addition to the mosquitoes, now assailed us. This was a small sand or mud fly not bigger than a pin's head; so it easily got through the small net-holes of the mosquito-curtain, and bit most horribly.

We paddled on during the greater part of the night—the natives shouting and singing wild airs all the time; but none of our boatmen have sung like the first crew we got at Quillimane. In the morning, we stopped and breakfasted in a grove of wild date-palms; and although it was broad daylight, we were almost devoured by mosquitoes. I have been quite disappointed at seeing no monkeys

on the banks of the Quaqua, for the D.D. saw them on his way up to Blantyre. Further on in the day we were obliged to stop and wait for the tide within a couple of miles of Quillimane, but on the other side of the river. Here, rather than go without dinner, I summoned up courage to let the boatmen carry me through the sinking mud to the shore. At the top of the bank stretched an open plain or sandy links far and wide. On the other side we could see a large square house lying in the midst of palms. This belonged to Donna B——'s family, and she occasionally stayed there. A——, who had landed earlier in the afternoon, walked across this barren waste. He found the country beyond it cultivated in the same way as about Quillimane, and understood that the reason why the great plain between it and the river was left barren was because it was covered with water in the rainy season. While we were at dinner a lot of old servants, who had once been slaves, came to pay their respects to Donna B——.

Shortly after starting again, a slight swell commenced ; and as it increased, the natives got frightened, and wanted to return to the shore. The D.D. thought this was great nonsense, and offered to take the risk of leading us across the bay himself. Accordingly he set off in his own boat in front of us ; but our crew very soon got panic-stricken,

and before we were aware of what they were about, drove us straight into a mangrove-thicket. There was just sufficient light to see that we were coming in contact with an enormous branch of a great baobab-tree ; indeed it was already half-way under our bower, when A—— jumped up and rushed with full force against it. To our great relief it broke with a tremendous snap ; for, one moment more, and it must either have capsized the boat or carried off our bower with all its furnishings, probably hurting us. Senhor N——'s boat almost immediately joined us, and we heard that poor Donna B—— was nearly fainting from fright. In a few hours the wind fell, and as we rowed across the bay we were met with gentle breezes laden with the scent of orange-blossom. As soon as we reached the Quillimane harbour, our men shouted out, "Steamer ! steamer !" Full of hope that she might turn out to be the expected British India vessel, we made them row alongside, and were extremely puzzled at finding there was no one on board who could reply to us in English. We steered away in disappointment, but soon saw Senhor N—— standing on the shore setting off rockets in order to show us where to land.

Judge of our feelings when almost his first words were, that we had missed the steamer. It had left the day before, so we had only lost it by a day.

This was indeed bad news ; but our disappointment was somewhat modified by a fresh anxiety, which for the time took the place of every other. We had expected to find the D.D. waiting for us at Quillimane ; but he had not arrived, and Senhor N—— was very much alarmed about him—for he told us that numbers of boats were lost in attempting to make the passage across the bay in a swell, but that no search could be made until daylight.

We were greatly relieved to hear this morning that he had walked in about 3 A.M., and at breakfast he related his adventures. His men appear to have become panic-stricken almost as soon as ours ; but instead of driving the D.D. into a mangrove-thicket, they stranded him on a bank of greasy mud, and then ran off and left him. Fortunately he happened to have a native from Blantyre with him, or else I do not know what he would have done. This man assisted the poor D.D. to stand in the mud and hold the boat back from being driven out to sea with the tide. There the two had to remain for several hours holding the boat hard with both hands, and not even daring to raise one of them to knock off the mosquitoes. As soon as the bay calmed down again, the boatmen returned and paddled the D.D. across to Quillimane.

CHAPTER XXV.

DETENTION—CRUISE—HOMEWARD BOUND.

MORNING CALLERS—THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD—GRAND
THUNDERSTORM—GREAT HEAT—ILLNESSES—DETERMINE TO GO
BY FIRST STEAMER ANYWHERE—ONE ARRIVES—START FOR
DELAGOA BAY—LAND AT INHAMBANE—REVISIT DELAGOA BAY
—STUCK ON THE OLD SAND-BANK—RETURN TO QUILLIMANE—
MOZAMBIQUE—THE CONSUL'S HOUSE.

QUILLIMANE.

Nov. 8th.—The steamer lying in the harbour turns out to be a Portuguese gunboat. At first the governor, Senhor D'Avila, thought he might be able to get us passages in it as far as Mozambique; but it happens to be one of the smallest cruisers employed on this coast, and the officers found it impossible to make room for three extra persons—especially when they heard that one of them was a lady.

On Saturday all the gentlemen in Quillimane called on Senhor N—— and Donna B—— to

congratulate them upon their safe return from the wilds, and yesterday the ladies of their households and small families appeared for the same purpose. Donna B——'s mother and sister came over to help her to receive her guests; and it was rather amusing watching the visitors arrive in their different *machillas* and bright-coloured liveries, after the fashion of Quillimane.

The last three days have been spent in exploring the town and its surroundings. When we first arrived here from the sea, we had thought it a very small place. We now find that the European portion is indeed very small; but there is a great deal more besides that. Almost all the Portuguese, German, and French traders live in one long street, which runs alongside the river. At each end of it are mangrove-swamps, so that the street may be said to represent the whole breadth of the town; but there are a good many houses of one kind or another stretching inland from it. It is really a kind of *boulevard*, and most of the houses are small villas surrounded by gardens. The street itself—which is but a sandy pathway, although a very broad one—is shaded on each side by what are called in India gold-mohr trees. Perhaps it is too much to say that it is shaded by them, for they are of little avail in warding off the sun, which is passing almost overhead of this part of the world

just now; but at least they help to divert our thoughts from the heat, for we admire them anew every time we pass along. They are a kind of acacia, with light-green leaves and great clusters of orange-scarlet flowers, reminding us in colour of some of the new Japanese azaleas, or the old Ghent one called *Gloria mundi*. Senhor N——'s house occupies one extreme end of this street, being close to the mangrove-swamp; and the governor's, which occupies the other end, stands in a like unhealthy position.

Out of the middle of this *boulevard* stretches at right angles a street of a very different kind. The houses in it are rather good ones; but they are every one of them occupied by Bombay merchants, and when we walk that way, we seem transported to India. Whichever way we look, nothing but snowy turbans, loose jackets, and flowing garments surround us. Most of these houses have a shop or store attached to them; and, seated on a mat on the floor of his verandah, the wily banyan does his best to tempt us to buy. His goods are easily seen, for there is no glass in his windows, but only movable shutters, which are taken off during the day. Gaily coloured handkerchiefs almost envelop the picturesque vendor, whose store is supposed to contain every conceivable article requisite for the inhabitants of Quillimane. Nevertheless our

experience was, that it was utterly hopeless to find anything there we really wanted. These banyans are said to make by far the best traders, and are so economical that no European can compete with them. They generally leave their wives and families in India, and rarely settle in Africa; for as soon as they have amassed a fortune, they usually return to their native land. The trade here is chiefly ivory, bee's-wax, india-rubber, sesamum, ground-nuts, and cocoa-nuts. Of course, there can be no comparison between this place and Zanzibar as a resort for Bombay merchants; still there are so many of them, that Senhor N—— reckons he has eighty-six British subjects under his charge as vice-consul.

It is difficult to say where the town really ends; for, walking out of it, you come first to a set of huts planted in a sheltered grove of feathery cocoa-nuts. Winding your way through these, you enter an expanse that seems boundless as nature itself, and coming up to the idea of a good English park in a tropical country. No fence or boundary meets the eye to remind us that we cannot roam wherever we please, and yet there is a charming intricacy in all directions. Little clumps of stately mangoes are varied with thickets of smaller fruit-bearing shrubs. These mangoes are at present laden with fruit, which are being shaken off by the

wind in a green state, for they are not yet quite ripe. But after all, one cannot go very far without suddenly coming to another small village, hidden among its palms and bananas. The same kind of country continues as far as we were able to walk, and doubtless a very great deal farther.

With the advent of the hot season, nature is beginning to be bountiful with fruits as well as flowers. Already there were quantities of limes, while oranges could be bought for 6d. a hundred. On the Zambesi we had seen the bread-fruit ; and here Senhor N—— has at his table guavas, cashews, and papaws. The walks in his garden are bordered by pine-apples, but they are not yet quite ripe.

Nov. 19th.—We have been here nearly a fortnight now. One day passes very much like another, but fortunately A——'s business keeps us fully occupied.

It would appear that ever since the Jesuits were expelled from the Portuguese settlements religious zeal has been very lukewarm. In all the coast-towns we have visited, the churches, where there were any, have been remarkably small and inconspicuous, apart from the roofless ruins of the ancient fabrics. Last Sunday we went to the little Roman Catholic church here. We had been too late the previous Sunday, because the hour for holding service is movable in order to suit the

governor, and on that occasion he and the officers happened to be going somewhere for a picnic. There were very few people present, and I am told that none of the Quillimane ladies ever think of going to church.

The other evening we had a magnificent thunder-storm; and as soon as the rain fell, the whole air was filled with the smell one sometimes perceives in a newly watered greenhouse, only considerably stronger. I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the flashes of forked lightning zig-zagging like golden wires from banana to banana, and lighting up the sandy street and surrounding palm-groves with natural electric light. The Portuguese were greatly alarmed; and no wonder, for not many years ago, in one of these storms, the lightning struck the custom-house. There happened to be a quantity of gunpowder lying in it at the time, which of course exploded with a terrific report, carrying off the roof, shaking the villas in this street, and shattering all the glass in their windows.

It was curious to observe the snakes gliding into the house during the storm,—and I was told they frequently did so.

The mangrove-swamps at the side of the house are perfectly riddled with the burrows of a bright scarlet land-crab; but it is almost impossible to get a proper view of the little animals themselves,

because they dart rapidly into their holes as we approach.¹

We had not been long at Quillimane before we began to feel the effects of the unhealthy climate, but we did what we could to preserve health by taking a walk every afternoon. If we turned away from the river and the swamps, there were just two excellent sandy footpaths leading inland. One of these went past the governor's house; but to reach the beautiful parky part I have already mentioned, we had to go through a little bit of native town swarming with pigs. These were more disgusting-looking than the horrid dogs at Constantinople, and like them, are the scavengers of the place. The other path took us to the cemetery. It was a lovely walk altogether; and just beyond the cemetery there was a most beautiful long avenue of stately palms. By degrees, however, we found we got sooner and sooner tired, and we were obliged to make our walks shorter. At length A—— became very unwell, the symptoms being faintness, and at the same time high temperature. I consulted Senhor N—— about him, and he prescribed some remedies of his own; but two hours afterwards, he himself became

¹ Livingstone, who gives a most interesting account of these little creatures, calls them soldier-crabs, and says they sometimes sing underground.—Popular Account of the Expedition to the Zambesi, p. 238.

very alarmingly ill, and twice the D.D. thought him gone. He had been seized with what we suppose was a fit of heat-apoplexy.

The first steamer that we could expect to call here would not be homeward bound. It would be on its way south to Delagoa Bay, where it would turn and come back again, just as we ourselves had done in company with the consul. Nevertheless it was clear, if such a chance came in our way, we must take it. In the first place, it would be much better for our health to be at sea than to remain here. In the second place, there was always an uncertainty whether each steamer that came would succeed in crossing the bar and getting up to us here; and therefore it would be but wise to take the first one that reached us, wherever it might be going. Senhor N——, too, strongly advised this; for he said he feared, if we did not get away soon, we should not leave his house alive.

From that time my eyes were constantly wandering towards the mouth of the river, anxiously hoping to catch sight of a distant line of smoke. One morning we were awakened very early by the firing of a gun. Of course we thought it must be to announce the arrival of the mail, and when it was being repeated at intervals, concluded that the impatient sailors were trying to rouse the drowsy inhabitants. Up I jumped, hoping to get a peep

of the welcome vessel. Alas! I found the house far too well barricaded by shutters, and I could see nothing but the mummy-like figures of the sleeping servants lying everywhere. Great was my disappointment, when the household was astir, to hear there was no steamer, and that the guns were merely ushering in a great Hindoo festival. Later in the day, several of the Indians sent Senhor N—— large piles of boiled rice as presents.

At length one morning we were greeted by the good news that a something was coming up the river, and shortly afterwards the British India steamer Punjaub anchored in the harbour. She was on her way south, as we had expected, to Delagoa Bay, but we lost no time in making the necessary arrangements for getting on board. Then we bade farewell to our kind friends the N——s, whose hospitality we shall never forget. After we were fairly settled in the ship, it was curious to see A—— and the D.D. beside the sailors. I had never taken in before that the country had made any perceptible difference upon them beyond temporary illness; but now, in contrast to their own countrymen, they looked pale, delicate, and weakly.

The Punjaub left Quillimane at daybreak, and the day following found us back at lovely Inham-bane. This time we were able to land and explore the whole town. We soon discovered it was built

on a small round hill, with the river in front and a marsh behind. Indeed it was quite an island, only it was connected with the mainland by a long causeway leading through the marsh. I think I have already mentioned that almost all the Portuguese settlements have been planted on islands or peninsulas, for fear of the natives, and are consequently unhealthy. This is a remarkable instance of it, and on this occasion we heard there were two or three funerals here every day. In fact we met two ourselves in the course of our walk. One of these was preceded by four women dressed in blue, with earthenware pots on their heads, singing a wail.

The European portion of the town is now almost deserted. Besides the roofless church, there are numerous stone buildings that once upon a time must have been handsome houses; even in their half-ruined state many of them looked deliciously cool, situated in gardens surrounded by palms and spreading acacias. As we were returning to the steamer, we passed a most extraordinarily coloured woman. Her complexion was of a clear bright orange.

At dinner we were distressed to hear that Mr Pinkerton, who travelled with us when we were near this place before, had died in his attempt to reach King Umzila's kraal. He appears to have succumbed to the effects of the climate, and some privations he had to endure. His companion had

returned, but was said to be so changed in appearance that nobody knew him.

We put to sea again, and after two days' sail we were rounding the red cliffs of Delagoa Bay, and were soon at home in our old anchorage at Lorenzo Marques. The rainy season here was almost over, and the climate very much cooler than at the time of our previous visit.

Next morning we sailed out, and joyfully turned our faces homewards. Of course our first port of call was Inhambane again. Our captain, while we were in the interior, had been up the Persian Gulf, and either there or at Bombay had met the other captain who had taken us here before; so he had learned all about our adventures on the sand-bank, and other little perplexities. He often joked about these, for he had himself been many times along this coast, and said he quite understood how it had all happened. No doubt we were getting on very well with him, and had already done Inhambane without any hitch. Now we were again crossing the bar; and although there was as little to be seen of the pilot as on each previous occasion, we had no anxiety. Over we went, and were proceeding up the river, when, extraordinary to relate, we were startled by an ominous bump; and there, sure enough, upon rushing to the deck, we found the captain loudly blaming a shower of rain which pre-

vented him from seeing the landmarks he knew so well. The fact was, we were aground again, and nearly at the same place as before.

Another two days found us outside the Quillimane bar, waiting until we could cross it, which, after six and a half hours, we accomplished. As soon as we got up to the town, we hastened to call on our old friends the N——s. We were distressed to find Senhor N—— still very unwell. He looked flushed, his speech was a little affected, and altogether it seemed as if his constitution had been severely shaken.

Next day, before we started, several of the people we had met at Quillimane came on board to luncheon,—amongst them, Senhor D'Avila. Immediately afterwards we sailed down the river, and got safely over the bar, without the captain even being aware of it. Other two days, which is the usual interval between the ports, brought us back to Mozambique. We had telegraphed to the consul from Delagoa Bay. He was accordingly expecting us, and immediately came on board. We were soon on the way with him to his own house, where he had luncheon ready for us. It is a common practice for the Europeans here, as it is at Zanzibar, not to live on the ground-floor; so we ascended a staircase, and found ourselves in a pleasant airy room, looking straight out upon the waves of the Indian Ocean dashing and breaking over the coralline rocks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT SEA.

TOTIE—CAPTAIN HULTON'S CHRISTMAS-TREE—A RIDE—THE POLO-FIELD—AN OLD GENTLEMAN GNAWED BY RATS—ADEN—CHRISTMAS-DAY ON BOARD THE P. AND O.—SUEZ.

HERE I think I must mention about Totie, poor Mr ——'s little servant. He had been brought from Zanzibar where he was a slave, and now that his master had died at Blantyre, he found himself in a strange country, where he did not know the language, could not make friends, and felt himself perfectly miserable. It was thought best on all hands that as we were going home by Zanzibar we should take him back there. He had probably been sold or stolen as a child from the interior, and had thus become a slave among the Arabs. Indeed there were no less than two women at Blantyre, each of whom claimed to be his mother, but he was not disposed to acknowledge either. In coming down the river, he had fairly established himself as my lady's-

maid, and got frightfully jealous when we reached Quillimane if Donna B——'s women did anything for me or my room. Many a time they had regular fights over it, until I was obliged to separate them, Totie's bright little eyes flashing like a wild-cat's. Sometimes his attentions were rather more than I cared for. One morning, having a headache, I did not get up quite as early as usual, whereupon he brought quite a *levée* of his male acquaintances to visit me. Seeing a boy among the curious spectators who could speak a little English, I told him to tell Totie to take them all away, and that he must not bring men into my room. His reply was, "He so unhappy 'cause his missis sick, bring them come and look at you." The little fellow was a stanch Mohammedan, and nothing would induce him to take his food with the N——s' servants, because they cooked with pig's lard. However, Senhor D'Avila happened to have a Zanzibar servant, and kindly arranged for Totie to have his meals with him; so daily he returned laden with flowers for me from the governor's garden.

When the Punjaub arrived, we decided there was no need of taking him to Delagoa Bay, and that we could pick him up if the steamer called at Quillimane on its return journey. A few hours after we had sailed, we were disturbed by a noise at our cabin-door. This turned out to be Totie fighting

with the stewards in his endeavours to get to his mistress. We were not a little amused when we learnt he had made one of his friends paddle him out to the steamer after it became dark, and had lain hidden in the rigging until he saw that we were fairly out at sea. Of course there was nothing for it but to take him with us. Now that we had reached Mozambique, we thought our best plan was to hand him over to the care of the kind consul. Captain Foote, of H.M.S. Ruby, with whom we dined, offered to take him; but Totie found a situation he fancied more with one of the agents of the B.I.S.N. Co.

Captain Foote told me he had frequently taken boys of this kind to serve on board ship. As the British tars find the native names unpronounceable, they generally give them new ones of their own invention. On one occasion, he said, when the admiral was inspecting the ship, and the roll had to be called as usual, the names read out were "Happy Jack," "Dismal Jim," "Bottle of Beer," and he was afraid the admiral might think a practical joke was being played upon him.

One of the officers mentioned that not long ago, at the mouth of an African river, some one had spoken sharply to one of these Seedeey boys. The poor fellow was frightened, and thought he was going to be punished, so he jumped into the

sea. Immediately a couple of sharks seized hold of his legs. All in the ship saw the blood on the water, and the place swarming with sharks; but notwithstanding, one of his companions jumped into the water, and swam with the poor trunk of a body to the shore.

Bidding farewell to the consul, we were soon on our way again. On the third day we were getting a little weary, but the captain told us we should not reach Zanzibar until the following morning. However, after breakfast, to our great surprise, we saw land, and were informed it was Zanzibar itself. Presently we were steaming through little coral islets covered with matted mangroves. Although these islands may be said to be the offspring of the sea, they are now being rapidly destroyed by the action of the waves, which undermine them, and give them the appearance of mushrooms. The water was remarkably clear, and of a very pale-green colour, and the white sand at the bottom of it enabled us to see every fish that passed. As we approached Zanzibar, we caught sight first of one and then another of the country residences of the rich Arab merchants peeping out from among a mass of tropical vegetation, and forming a delightful contrast to the yellow-ochre-looking sand and coral-reefs fringing the shores of the island. Then the spire of the Universities Mission church appeared rising above a

rugged promontory, showing the advance it had made since we were last here. Turning the point, we came suddenly in view of the town and harbour, and passing H.M.S. London and a French man-of-war, next discovered our friend Captain Hulton's ship, the Dragon. Just behind the men-of-war lay a vessel belonging to the Submarine Telegraph Company, the Union Shipping Company's steamer Natal, and four steamers belonging to the Sultan, besides numerous sailing vessels and Arab dhows.

No sooner were we anchored than a boat put off from the London for the mail. I had a note ready for Captain Brownrigg, so at once the officer on guard came up and offered to take us along with him. On our way we rowed close under the Dragon, where Captain Hulton gave us a warm welcome from his cabin-window, telling us we were just in time for his Christmas-tree. We found that Mrs Brownrigg and her baby had joined the Captain while we were in the interior, and were now living on board the London. A few hours later we accompanied them to the Dragon. Here Captain Hulton and his officers were waiting to receive us. They had no less than three Christmas-trees, which, instead of being spruce-firs, were large branches of glossy-leaved mangoes. Altogether, it was most extraordinary to see Christmas kept up at the very hottest time of all the year; and the fair-haired

little ones in their snowy dresses and bright-coloured sashes running about the deck, accompanied by their dark-coloured nurses, was a pretty sight. The most conspicuous of these nurses came from the French man-of-war—an old man with a venerable white beard and Arab dress. He seemed immensely happy marching after his little mistress with a gold-headed cane. Before the party broke up, the merry children had a grand game at tug-of-war; and as the picturesque and happy little groups rowed off from the Dragon in their different boats, a gorgeous setting sun was casting golden and rosy lights over the bay and shipping.¹

We had a specimen of a Zanzibar shower the morning after our arrival. It rained then in a way I had never seen it rain before—a regular shower-bath—and in a few minutes the deck was quite a small pond.

We lunched on board the London, and in the cooler part of the afternoon had a ride with Mrs Brownrigg and the chaplain. The blue-jackets rowed us to the shore, and at the consulate we mounted the horses very kindly lent to us by Consul Holmwood and another member of the staff. We kept along the coast, winding round many a

¹ Captain Hulton and his officers were keeping Christmas nearly a fortnight before the time, because they expected any day to be ordered out to sea.

glittering little bay, and passing many a sandy promontory crowned with palms and bananas : these add a picturesqueness of their own to a kind of scenery which is in itself pleasing wherever one meets it. In this latitude, all the year round the sun commences to rise and set within twenty minutes of six ; and as the cool part of the day is limited just now to a couple of hours before sunset, we found ourselves reaching Mbweni, another of the Universities Mission stations, when it was time to be hurrying back to the steamer. Before us stood a large square Arab house, most beautifully situated on a rising knoll overlooking a lovely bay. This the Bishop has devoted to the girls of his great establishment. Miss Thackeray kindly showed me their schoolroom ; and there was much I should have liked to have learnt about them, but I was obliged to return to the rest of the party, whom I had left sitting with Mrs Hodgson and Miss Bartlett under a spreading mango. The present state and progress of the mission may doubtless interest some of my readers ; but even to sketch an outline of it would take too much space here, so I must reserve it for an Appendix.

We had hoped to have visited Sir J. Kirk's experimental garden, as his *shamba* adjoins the mission property, but could only take a hurried glimpse of it in passing. However, it was easy to

know that we were approaching it, from the sight of crotons and other of our familiar stove-plants growing at large in the sandy soil. On our way back we passed by a great many of the huts that the Bishop has built for his colony of freed slaves, and a small church; but as darkness was overtaking us, we could only glance at them. The greater part of the road was bordered with pine-apples.

We dined on board the Dragon, and then were entertained all evening with songs from the blue-jackets. It was most enjoyable to sit on the bridge and listen to them under a starry sky, and in view of the illuminated city.

Next day we lunched at the consulate, had tea with the Bishop and Miss Allen, and afterwards walked out of the town to see a piece of ground the Europeans have set apart for their sports. After passing into the beautiful tropical country I described when we first visited Zanzibar, we came upon a wide expanse. Here we had expected to see polo going on, as it usually does once a-week. The polo-players, however, did not turn out on that occasion; but we found Captain Brownrigg and some others we knew playing lawn-tennis, and it was indeed an extraordinary thing to see so much agility displayed in what, at that time, was one of the hottest parts of the globe.

If we had chanced to be here some other day of

the week we might have seen cricket. The Sultan, it is said, contemplates laying down a tramway to convey the players to their scene of action. There are just about thirty Europeans who engage in these amusements, but it must be remembered that a good many of them are naval officers—a fact which quite accounts for it. The chief talk on board the ships and at the consulate just now is about the private theatricals they are getting up.

The day following (Sunday) we attended morning service on board the London, and listened to a sermon on sea-shells. In the afternoon we had again tea with the mission party, and went with them to the evening service. After it, we bade farewell to some of our kind Zanzibar friends, and finally dined with Sir J. Kirk at the consulate.

Early next day the anchor was hauled up, and we were steaming away towards the lonely ocean. The only passengers on board besides ourselves were a French Father belonging to the Congrégation du St Esprit, returning home from a station inland from Bagamoyo, and a Portuguese, who had accompanied us all the way from Mozambique. This poor old gentleman, by name Senhor Reposo, was, I believe, the chief partner in the Company called the "Paiva Reposo," which owns the opium-fields be-

tween the Zambesi and Quaqua, near Mazaro. As we had heard so much about these fields, we had been regretting not being able to visit them ; but it was something at least to meet with Senhor Reposo himself and his nephew, who travelled as far as Zanzibar. The nephew was said to have been a distinguished Portuguese advocate, but was now taking an active charge of the opium-plantation, and told us a great deal about it. The old gentleman's object was to go to Bombay to engage more hands ; but as his health had failed very much, he intended, if he was not able to cross the deck by the time he reached Aden, to give up all thoughts of Bombay, and go on to Lisbon.

The truth is, he had been partially devoured by rats, which, as we know from experience, are the most formidable wild beasts on the Zambesi. They have eaten a great hole on the top of his head, and it is very difficult to dress the wound in such a way that the ants will not be attracted by the dressing.

The French Father was also applying for redress from the ants, because he had preserved a fine collection of beetles, and they were threatening to demolish them. He at first very much puzzled A—— by asking him if he had any "poison." As A—— took this to mean fish, he told him there were plenty very near, only he could not get at

them. At length, when he understood what was wanted, he came to me, and I gave him some carbolic powder, which proved such a success, that the grateful Father insisted on presenting me with some of his beetles.

Nothing remarkable happened during the first three days after leaving Zanzibar. The monotony of the voyage was only broken by shoals of porpoises and flying-fish skimming over the surface of the water. A couple of the latter flew against the mast and were killed. The sailors insisted upon having one of them cooked for my breakfast, and I thought it tasted uncommonly like a river-trout. The fins were most beautiful, and very long, and of course it is with them the fish flies, or at any rate takes very long leaps. At night the stars were beautiful, and there was always a quantity of phosphorescence on the water; but I must say I was dreadfully disappointed with the Southern Cross, and A—— never could make out very decidedly that it was a cross at all.

On the fourth day we passed over the line, and there happened to see a total eclipse of the moon. On the ninth morning we passed Cape Guardafui, and eleven days after leaving Zanzibar, anchored in front of Aden.

Upon landing, we heard that two steamers belonging to the P. & O. Company were expected

immediately. As the D.D. wished to go home by Venice and we by Malta, the Company's agents arranged that he should go in one of these steamers and we in the other; accordingly we had to part company with him here.

The vessel allotted to us was a very large one called the *Pekin*, and there we found ourselves among passengers from India, Japan, and Australia.

Dec. 25th.—This morning we found every one remarking how strange it was to think that it was Christmas-day. There were some doubts expressed as to whether it would be possible for Archdeacon Drury, who was on board, and not a very good sailor, to hold a service, for the vessel was rolling considerably; nevertheless he succeeded in doing so.

The stewards did their best to decorate the table for luncheon and dinner in honour of Christmas, and managed wonderfully.

One afternoon, before reaching Suez, we saw a mirage. At first we thought it was three or four small islands; but our attention was directed to a narrow strip of sky-line beneath each which proved that they were not attached to this earth.

Dec. 30th.—This morning we anchored off the wharf at Suez. A good many of our fellow-passengers have already been amusing themselves by riding the donkeys which are brought for hire, and of course have all most distinguished names,

such as "The Bishop of London," "Mrs Langtry," "Gladstone," &c. The Archdeacon has just come in strongly recommending "Mrs Cornwallis West."

P.S.—Since I have written the above, Chipitúla has really gone to war with Matakanya; and one of the missionaries, in trying to get down the river, heard such terrible rumours that he thought it best to return. As his party were thus cut off from the civilised world, and did not think they could long survive in that miserable condition, another of them made a difficult and disagreeable journey across country to Senna on the Zambesi, and thus reopened communications. Soon, however, they found the state of matters was not so very bad. We do not know whether or not Chipitúla achieved the object of his war, but at any rate peace ensued. After this it appears that the Portuguese did actually think of attacking Chipitúla, but were dissuaded out of consideration for the interests of the British missions. Subsequently, as I have already said, they captured Matakanya, carried him off to Mozambique, tried him for murder, acquitted him, and sent him home again, where he soon died.

I may also mention that the house we saw building for the African Lakes Company has now been most successfully finished—so much so, that

Mr M—— has had no hesitation in marrying and taking out Mrs M—— to live there. It appears that it is called Mandala. This is the same name as the natives gave to Mr M—— himself, as we learned from them, only they called him Mwandala. It is quite an African custom for any one who founds a settlement to give his own name to it, and become the headman of the village.

A—— thinks the word "Mwandala" comes from *mwana*, the pupil of the eye, and *wala*, glitter or radiance (such as is applied to sunshine). The natives who told us this, made signs that it was because Mr M—— wore something in front of his eyes, obviously spectacles. This made an impression on A——, because *mwana* means primarily a child, but also pupil of the eye (short for *mwana wa diso*), just as *pupilla* does in Latin, and *kore* and *glene* do in Greek. He had always thought hitherto the explanation he had learned of this seemed far-fetched, which was, that if one person were to look straight into the eyes of another he would see himself reflected in miniature like a little boy or girl.

The mission party at Blantyre were all very anxious to learn their own nicknames, but could get very few. However, as we were going down the river, A—— succeeded in discovering nine of them, some of which were very curious. As I have

already mentioned, the Africans have a very delicate ear for euphony : I would almost have said they could not pronounce our names ; but they can, only it is as if their tongues were half paralysed. When they are talking among themselves, they always give us names of their own invention, and reject our own as barbarous.

This subject reminds me of a desire I have to make myself clear with the public, because I receive numerous letters from persons not acquainted with me, asking how much it takes to support a child at Blantyre. The children there are not orphans, as I suppose is the case in some Indian missions, and certainly is so with the liberated slave-children in the Universities Mission at Zanzibar. Several of them are sons of the Makololo chiefs, and one of them is even said to be Katunga's heir. The chiefs are perhaps the largest supporters the mission has ; and, as I have before stated, their sons are accompanied to Blantyre by their servants, and receive from home as many as 300 fowls at a time. Others, again, are the domestic servants of the missionaries, and the rest are the sons and daughters of the Blantyre crofters, while one of them is a married man. According to the custom of the country of always feeding visitors, they received a couple of meals in the day while attending school, otherwise the missionaries would have been con-

sidered exceedingly inhospitable; but as far as I could see and learn, these meals were all for which they were indebted to their "supporters," unless the salaries of the missionaries be included for teaching them.

For many reasons it seemed to us a pity that these poor creatures were no sooner supposed to be adopted by some person or persons in Scotland, than they should be given European names. Apart from their difficulty in pronouncing these, many of them have the most positive dislike to hear them, and would on no account give up their own ones. As an illustration, I may mention that once seeing a small girl apparently in great grief, I tried to ascertain the cause of her sorrow, when it was explained to me that her companions had been teasing her by calling her by her English name. However, I believe few of them know what they have been called, for these titles are seldom or never used, except when the missionary sends home his report. Before leaving, we were anxious to find out who was who, in case upon our return home any of their "supporters" should ask us about them. While they were being pointed out to us, the poor things looked so extremely disconcerted that A—— was obliged to comfort them by saying he knew they gave us all nicknames, and we were only trying to do the same to them.

Perhaps I ought to add, that in this respect the two interpreters, at least, have no feelings of sensitiveness. One of them, who is supposed to be between thirty and forty years of age, was picked up in a French house at Quillimane. His original name was Zuze; but the French thought him so ugly that they named him after their enemy, Bismarck. The other was first called Bumba, next Chokabwino, then Livingstone Marshall, and finally baptised by the D.D. as George. This last individual acted as the Blantyre beadle, and when on duty donned as his solitary garment a black evening-dress coat with long tails.

The account I have given of Zanzibar may convey rather a false impression of the place, unless I take some notice of the great improvements that have since been made upon it by the enterprising Sultan. The following has appeared in the 'Times': "His Highness has brought good water in pipes from the interior, which is delivered free to all in the town. This is not only a blessing to the inhabitants generally, but it relieves a vast amount of native labour that was used only in carrying water in pots from the country. He has built many good houses, and made a fine road extending several miles beyond the town. All the leading Indians now drive in carriages in the evening. . . . The electric light is a step perhaps ahead of the time."

Our friend Captain Foote, whom we met at Mozambique, has just been appointed by the British Government "to be her Majesty's consul in the territories of the African kings and chiefs in the districts adjacent to Lake Nyassa." A—— had an opportunity of meeting him in Edinburgh before he left. He is in a somewhat uncommon position in not being accredited to any civilised Government, or to any one Government in particular; but in this respect his commission somewhat resembles that given to Dr Livingstone. His intention is to go up the Zambesi and Shiré, stay some time near Blantyre, and then proceed by the Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. His duties will be somewhat difficult, and it is not easy to see what he can effect directly in opposing the slave-trade, seeing he can have no force at his command; but no doubt he may be very useful in supplying the Government with information, and perhaps some practical measures may follow. We are afraid that one serious obstacle in his way will be the fact that he is already known to have taken an active part against the slave-trade as a naval officer; and for that reason the chiefs, who derive profit from that trade, will put obstacles in his way. In fact, the reason why the Universities missionaries were turned out of Mataka's town was just because Mataka had suspected them of supplying him with information.

It is impossible for me to close without taking notice of the fact that on 27th August 1882 the Universities Mission lost their noble leader, Bishop Steere. He was suddenly seized with an attack of heat-apoplexy, from which he never recovered consciousness. He was laid to rest in the church which he had himself built on the site of the slave-market.

APPENDIX I.

A CONTINUED HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

I HAVE already said, in visiting Zanzibar on our way home, that we had heard a good deal about the progress and present state of the Universities Mission, but that it was too long a subject to go into at the time, so must try to do so now.

I was obliged to give a brief sketch of the early days of that mission while it was settled in the Shiré highlands, just in order to explain the position of matters we ourselves found at Blantyre. I have also told about Bishop Mackenzie's lonely grave which we saw by the banks of the Shiré, and of the lofty Morumbála to which the new Bishop gathered the remnant of the missionaries, and where they made their last stand. Some of them were very unwilling to be carried away so far from the scenes of their past labours and conflicts. If they had been left to themselves, perhaps they would never have had the resolution to break away from the ties they had formed to that country; but Bishop Tozer and Dr Steere coming fresh from England, were in a better position to take an unbiassed view of the situation, and to act with decision. They, of course, heard and saw all that could be urged against retiring, and fully appreciated the sacrifices which must be made in leaving a country where the mission had estab-

lished a footing, to say nothing of abandoning the little native community that had become dependent upon them. But unquestionably this removal to Morumbâla was a most judicious step; for the mountain, as I have said, is above 4000 feet high, so it was perfectly healthy. It had also the advantage of being close to the Portuguese settlements. In short, it was a place where they could live in comfort and security till times should improve; then they hoped they might advance again into the interior and found a mission station—not exactly as was done before, but as experience dictated.

However, after staying upon Mount Morumbâla for some months, the Bishop's ideas expanded, and he came to comprehend the situation still better. At length he arrived at the conclusion that this, after all, was not the best way of reaching the Shiré highlands and the district round Lake Nyassa, and decided to remove entirely and go to Zanzibar. As I have before mentioned, there were some reasons for that decision which were applicable only at that time,—as, for instance, the want of regular communication between Europe and Quillimane, and the fact that the Portuguese were then carrying on the slave-trade. But there were also some other reasons, which are stated by Mr Rowley as follows:—

“1. Because it [Zanzibar] is the capital of Eastern Africa, and the great centre of trade for the whole coast and the vast territory which lies behind it.

“2. Because of its political importance, its ruler having authority along the coast from Cape Guardafui to Cape Delgado, and his power extending far into the interior.

“3. Because of the language of Zanzibar. The Swahili, being the official and the trade language, is everywhere more or less understood; so that if you have mastered it, you will find in every tribe within reach of Zanzibar some

who can act as interpreters, and who can therefore 'make you acquainted with their own languages.'—Twenty Years in Central Africa, pp. 166, 167.

Whether that was a wise decision or not has been a matter of much controversy among those who knew the country then and had the best means of judging. At all events, we cannot but admire the bold and broad view that Bishop Tozer took of the situation, and the firmness with which he carried it out. This step not only met with opposition from many of his friends in Africa, but people at home "pronounced it the most conspicuous failure of modern missionary enterprises." Probably he never could have been allowed to take such a course had he been the representative of a Church or a missionary society which regarded its own "honour" as a principal object, and had rivals competing with it; or yet if he had been under the control of any managers at home who had their own reputation to study. Neither could he have done it had he been supported by an association which required some amount of fame and popularity in order to keep up its funds.

Fortunately it was the Universities Mission that he represented; and though his supporters had but little to give, they continued to give it, and very little sufficed for the wants of the Bishop. An expedition which had been destined for the interior of Africa, and had gone out under the auspices of Dr Livingstone, was shorn of all its romance now that it had retired to an island in the ocean, and one, too, inhabited by Mohammedan Arabs; indeed the Bishop's own words are these: "I wish it always to be remembered that I did not select Zanzibar as absolutely a very good field for mission labour, but as the best for ultimately reaching Central Africa."

Not long after they arrived at Zanzibar, the Sultan presented the Bishop with five little boys who had been

brought from the interior as slaves. This formed the commencement of their mission work there. It was a very small one; still it pointed in the desired direction, for the Bishop's principal object was to train up a native ministry at some convenient place. As Bishop Steere has expressed it,—“We felt that an exotic Church was a thing that would perish before any cold blast, and that it was necessary to put it upon a sound native basis. We have therefore from the first steadily set our faces against any denationalisation of the people of Africa. For this purpose we have been anxious to teach them in their own language, to accustom them to their own style of food and dress, as far as we could, in order to raise up a race of people who should not feel that they were strangers amongst their brethren, and a race of ministers who should be able to exist upon the common food of their country, so that those who heard them might be able to maintain them.”

In process of time some British cruisers captured dhows, and liberating the slaves, gave them to the Bishop. The missionaries, while teaching these children, were themselves learning the language, and acquiring information to fit them for their future work.

Then in 1873 came the visit of Sir Bartle Frere, after which it is well known that the Sultan signed the treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade. In his official report to the Government, Sir Bartle recommended that the liberated slaves should be handed over to the missionaries as the cheapest and best method of disposing of them. From henceforth the number of liberated slaves offered to the mission has always been far greater than they could receive; and accordingly, other institutions besides have sprung up to meet the exigency, such as the Roman Catholic one at Bagamoyo, and the Church Missionary Society's stations of Mombasa and Freretown.

Zanzibar, however, appears to us to be the best of places for such a purpose, as it is quite a centre of army, navy, and police, with the Sultan and British Consul-General close at hand. There is, accordingly, little risk of riots breaking out between the freed slaves and their Arab neighbours, and the Bishop's position among his *protégés* is as clearly defined and as safely guarded as that of a landed proprietor at home.

Soon after the treaty was signed, the old slave-market was purchased for the mission. Upon this spot, as I have already said, is built the church, and also the huts of a little Christian colony, many of them let to old pupils of the mission, who are now engaged in various trades in the town. Opposite the church is the mission-house, and attached to it are a nursery for infants, infants' school, school for the children of the townspeople, and a dispensary. In this connection I must also mention that Miss Allen visits in the houses of the Mohammedan ladies.

Two miles out of the town is Kiungani, where there is a large boys' school, a printing-press, and various workshops. Of course, as Bishop Steere says, "there are many boys who have neither the ability nor the character to become teachers and clergymen; and for these, besides the printing-press, we have a carpenter's shop, a forge, a tailor's shop, a laundry, and so on, so that no one need leave us without having some knowledge he could not have gained in his former state."

Four miles from the town is the mission farm at Mbweni, with a girls' school and settlement for adults. These adults are first clothed and fed, and then given employment as they are able for it; for one of the principles of the mission is "to maintain no one in idleness—everybody must in some way earn their own living." The

farm at Mbweni helps to provide this employment. It possesses a portable engine, which works a corn-mill, lathe, and circular saw, and also draws stones for making roads—and, as I have said, the Sultan pays for these. In the timber-yard, an excellent staff of carpenters are being trained, while another set of natives are busily engaged in learning to make bricks and burn lime.

Time will not permit me to enter into all the various industries that are being carried on in this busy hive. Suffice it to say, that in process of time these freed slaves are married, if necessary, anew—for most of them have probably been torn from their wives or husbands in the far interior, and are never likely to see them again; only, I forgot to ask the Bishop what he would do if an Enoch Arden appeared. Each of these couples receives a little house and plot of ground, where they become practically independent settlers. They pay a rent for them, either in labour or money; but the Bishop told us that they generally paid in money, because, if they were good workers, they generally found in a short while something more profitable than the labour he could give them.

But although this work is very different from that of Bishop Mackenzie, still the missionaries never look upon it as otherwise than preparatory to their work on the mainland, or as a “stepping-stone to the tribes of Central Africa.” These are the words of Bishop Tozer himself, who, within two years after settling at Zanzibar, began exploring the mainland, with the view of deciding which would be the best way of advancing into the interior, and so fulfilling the trust committed to him when he was made Bishop of the tribes round Nyassa and the adjoining country in Africa. The missionaries chose to make their first attempt in the Usambara district, stretching away far north of Zanzibar. There they found a mountainous

country, which has been called the Switzerland of Africa, and which strongly reminded them of Morumbála.

In 1876, Bishop Steere set out with a party of freed slaves from Mbweni to plant a Christian village in the interior. This time the district chosen was in a southerly direction, towards the Rovuma. It will be remembered that this was the river by which Livingstone had originally made an attempt with Bishop Mackenzie and his party to reach the Shiré highlands and Lake Nyassa. Here, in a mountainous region well watered and fertile, Bishop Steere settled his colony at a place called Masasi. But they have pushed on far beyond Masasi, and about a year ago planted their most advanced station on the shores of Lake Nyassa; so that now they have actually succeeded in reaching the lake, and have planted a string of stations behind them at convenient distances all the way.

People at home are apt to imagine that almost any land in the interior of Africa is free to the settler, but this is not the case anywhere we are acquainted with. There is not such a thing as a "No Man's Land."

The Universities missionaries had very great difficulty in inducing the Usambara chief to let them settle in his country, but finally he gave them permission to build a house at Magila, on condition that it should not be of stone. Evidently he was suspicious that a stone house might be used as a fort. Referring to this time Bishop Steere says: "Here we met with another difficulty, and that was the doubt and suspicion as to our motives, arising, not from ignorance, but from knowledge. After Mr Alington planted his first settlement at Magila, it was years we had to live there before the people could either understand or trust us." Now a church and stone buildings are taking the place of wooden ones as fast as means will allow, and a string of stations and sub-stations stretch

from Pagani on the coast far inland in this direction. In some of the villages attached to these stations no fewer than four schools were built in one year, mainly by the natives themselves.

By the time we visited Zanzibar the settlement at Masasi had increased immensely, and we were anxious to learn how the Bishop had managed to found such a colony without becoming inconveniently responsible for the government or protection of it; but we were told that the scheme was not fully developed, and it was impossible to say positively how he would arrange. He did not think it inconceivable that such a thing could be accomplished, although it would require much circumspection, seeing that the object was not merely to send missionaries and teachers to different places in the interior, but to transport the natives of all kinds whom they had been training at Zanzibar in their industrial establishments. At the same time, it would be very easy for the missionaries to obtain the consent of a native chief to receive their colonists. Most native chiefs are not so ambitious of having an extensive territory as of having many people upon it whom they may call their own. In general, they are very proud of having European settlers, or persons taught by them, so that apparently the problem would be only how to graft those educated natives into the native tribes.

Since then a difficulty has arisen *à propos* of the above. The settlement at Masasi has been attacked by a fierce or wandering tribe called the Magwangwara, who have carried off many of the converts as prisoners. The missionaries have been at great pains to ransom these, but have only succeeded in getting back some. It was, of course, most natural, and perhaps right, they should do this; but such a measure cannot have been otherwise than

detrimental to their interests. It must have shown the enemy that they had virtually been fighting against the white man, and had gained the victory too, and that a victory of this kind is very lucrative.

The missionaries have sent back a good many of these settlers to Zanzibar, and removed the rest to a place which they consider so well defended by nature that it is unlikely ever to be attacked. To meet difficulties like this, the plan which one of them is at present suggesting is as follows: "On this line of work I would propose that slaves from Nyassa should be sent back there. Very many would find their way to their homes; some would be identified, and something heard of their antecedents, and the people here would see that our hostilities to the slave-trade were in their interest. Many would remain on the hands of the mission (but not so many);" and for these latter he proposes a sort of amphibious settlement on Lake Nyassa, so that they might take to their boats if enemies approached.

We can say nothing as to this last suggestion of having the wooden walls at hand, except that it reminds one of the genius of Themistocles.

In regard to the first part of the proposal, I must say we fear that some of the liberated slaves would not care to go back to their original homes, and few of their original chiefs would be so very glad to receive them as to see that our hostilities to the slave-trade were in their interest. Possibly they might think they were like bad shillings come back again. The fact is, as old Kapeni told us, the slave-trade is a handy way of getting rid of thieves; and even when the natives have some other motive than that for selling their slaves to the traders, still they are very unlikely to part with their favourite ones, but rather give up those they care for least.

Indeed, as we think, perhaps the weakest point in the plan followed by the Universities Mission is that of sending back convicts and other discarded subjects into the interior to set an example! Some of the slaves, no doubt, are only captives taken in war, or children that have been kidnapped; in that case our objection does not apply at all. As for the others, we may hope that their characters have been reformed; but at all events, we should be inclined to leave them to judge for themselves as to where it would be prudent for them to go to.

However, a still more hopeful plan is suggested by one of the archdeacons—viz., "That a tract of uninhabited country should be obtained on the mainland within reach of a responsible Government, where in time a kind of 'Liberia' should grow up, where the freed slaves should be at no cost whatever to the mission, or where the missionaries could be simply missionaries and nothing else." It would appear to us that to carry out such a scheme successfully would require the aid of the British Government, or at least that of the Sultan; but such aid might well be expected, seeing that the difficulty under which the mission is labouring is due solely to the fact that the number of people placed under its charge by these Governments is becoming unwieldy. If a kind of "Liberia" were established anywhere on the mainland, and duly governed and protected by one of those Powers, the citizens of it might be left to travel at will into the interior, and find their own way to places where they could be influential and useful.

Bishop Steere, of course, had long experience of the native character; and when young missionaries came out to him from England, he kept them, if possible, some time at Zanzibar, so that he might impart his experience to them in practical lessons. He was extremely guarded in

trusting the sincerity of the natives, and told us that he never baptised any of those freed slaves until they had been with him a year. He had only as yet ordained one native missionary, and this was one of the first five boys given to Bishop Tozer by the Sultan shortly after their arrival at Zanzibar.

In the case of this man, whose name was Swedi, he took what we think the wise precaution of giving him no clerical garb to distinguish him ; and I cannot resist quoting his own words in reference to this : " The permanent success of our ministry depends in no small degree on its acceptance of all the marked outward features of the native life from which it springs. The heathen cannot suspect Christianity of being a crusade against all they hold dear, on seeing that the preachers of the new religion in no way differ from themselves, save in the purity of their lives and steadfastness of their faith. For the missionary himself there will be no new language to acquire, no acclimatisation to undergo, no strange modes of life to encounter. He will be intimately acquainted with all his people's characteristics, their modes of thought, their likes and dislikes, their superstitions, their national habits and customs. Nor will his conversion to Christ have made any very great outward change in his daily life. Possessing the pearl of great price, all things, in one sense, will have become new, and yet outwardly the things themselves will not be different. His hut, his goods, his dress, will all be as that of those around him ; and if these external circumstances are but the accidents of a Christian man's life, in no way affecting its truthfulness or reality, why should they be thought inconsistent, or even unsuitable, for such as are admitted to holy orders ? Surely nothing can be so false as to suppose that the outward circumstances of a people are the measure either of its barbarism or of its civilisation."

To our eyes Bishop Steere seemed most distinguished by sound judgment, industry, and devotion to the cause in which he was spending his life, but in reality he was most famed for his linguistic talents. Notwithstanding his many other occupations, he was always carrying on some work of grammar or translation.

He has reduced to writing Swahili—a thing which had never been done before—and compiled a grammar of it. He wrote a vocabulary and sketch grammar of the Shambala and Nyamwesi languages, and a rather fuller work on the Chiao (Ajawa) language. He has rendered into Chiao the Gospel of St Matthew and a considerable portion of the Prayer-book, and into Swahili the New Testament, the Prayer-book, a hymn-book containing 170 hymns, and several books of the Old Testament. In his latest letter to the secretary at home, he said, "I do not feel equal to much work. I want to complete the translation of the Bible. . . . When that is done, I shall feel as though my work was over." But he did not live many days after writing this.

Of the languages I have enumerated above, the Swahili (pronounced *Swaheely*) is the most important: as I have said, it is a mixture of Bantu and Arabic. A writer alluding to it says, "Swahili is to East Africa, and far into the interior, what Urdu is to India—a *lingua franca*. Neither Henry Stanley, nor Cameron, nor Thomson, ever used any other language, and yet the two former traversed the continent from east to west, and found themselves understood."

One of the most remarkable features of the Universities Mission is, that those who join it take no salaries. All that they are offered is a small annual allowance of £20, board, lodgings, and necessaries during their stay in Africa, an outfit allowance of £25 paid in England, and £10 on

arrival at Zanzibar, and a passage home at any time it may become necessary. The climate is such that no Europeans can stand it without breathing a little of their own native air after they have been out some years. It is very hard, however, when they do come home for a well-earned holiday, that those who happen to have no private means of their own should be obliged to seek some employment as a source of livelihood until they go back. Such has been the case hitherto; but now, in order to obviate it, a special fund has been opened, only it is not yet so large that the committee can be sure of being able to give help in this way to every one of their missionaries who may stand in need of it. Bishop Steere has explained the principle of this system as follows:—

“It has been a speciality of this mission, from its beginning under Bishop Mackenzie, not to pay stipends to its members, but to supply them with all necessaries. It was hoped thus to cut off many temptations and many suspicions incident to the old plan of individual salaries. It was not intended chiefly to save money, though no doubt it does so, but in the first place to raise the tone and position of the missionaries themselves. There is a universally acknowledged distinction between a man engaged at a salary to do a work, and a volunteer whose expenses only are paid. In point of fact, we do find that inferior men rebel against our system, and hanker after something they can call their own.

“It was never supposed that our missionaries could live without food or clothing; but the important part is, that all should fare alike,—that we should not have a rich man keeping a sumptuous table, and a poor man keeping a very mean one—one man saving money, another running into debt. We endeavour to make all feel as brethren, and therefore do not allow any of our members to make

private arrangements for themselves, either with a view to what is called better fare, or in order to make savings for some purpose of his own. For these reasons we allow all to draw only a small sum in money, just for what may reasonably suffice for clothes, writing materials, and any extras, such as wine or stimulants of any kind. The mission is not bound to supply stimulants except under a direct medical order, and nearly all our missionaries find they can do very well without. No one, except the treasurer, knows who draws his money allowance and who does not, by which means shame of poverty and pride of riches are both alike excluded. In point of fact a great many do not draw any money; but on the other hand, during the last year, over £1000 has found its way into the mission funds from the direct or indirect gifts of its missionaries themselves. It is left to the honour of each not to draw what he does not want, and this confidence is not abused.

“We flatter ourselves that we have hit upon almost the only plan on which rich and poor can work well together. The Bishop, the Archdeacons, the richest man and woman amongst us, eat all at the same table, and lodge in rooms furnished on the same scale with the poorest. Everything like distance and separation is carefully avoided with our black as well as with our white fellow-workers. The community of feeling thus engendered is the greatest safeguard we can have against selfishness and private ends.”

APPENDIX II.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY AS WE FOUND THEM AMONG
THE NATIVE TRIBES.

It is very well known that the natives of almost all Africa, between the Soudan and the Kaffir lands, are by nature uncommonly submissive; and no doubt this is the principal reason why they have been sought for as slaves by all the rest of the world. We cannot therefore be surprised when we hear that among themselves they often tolerate despots who are arbitrary as well as cruel. Nevertheless, even in Africa, no chief, king, or potentate of any describable denomination can altogether forget that his power depends upon the will of his subjects, or at least of such of them as possess strong wills and influence. If he would maintain his authority he must show energy tempered by prudence. This fact was particularly apparent in the country we visited, for there was no great chief at all there, but many small ones. Mr H—— made the very good remark, that the amount of power of a chief within his own territory depends upon his character. As an instance, he quoted the case of one Kumpama, who was said to have inherited his chieftainship at a very early age. He had not been able to control the headmen of his villages, and these had become practically small independent chiefs. They apparently exercised full jurisdiction in their own villages, and they even made war sometimes, each on his own account, or two or more of them combined to do this. One of these headmen was Mitiochi, whom we expected to attack us. But this state of anarchy

was evidently looked upon as a nuisance by neighbouring chiefs.

Other chiefs, again, who are only a little more influential, manage to assert their prerogatives, but are greatly fettered by the fear of offending any of the headmen of their villages, and require to exercise great tact in adjudicating between them, or in avoiding the necessity of doing so.

Such of the Ajawa chiefs as thoroughly maintain their traditional prerogatives retain under their own central authority all jurisdiction, not only over freemen, but even to a certain extent over the slaves who are owned by their subjects. They allow the headman of a village to regulate nothing more than matters regarding huts, water-courses, gardens, and the like. They appoint judges, usually a head judge (*m'kaso*), and an under judge (*schwanga*), reserving an appellate jurisdiction for themselves. But in cases, whether judicial or political, which may result in internal strife, or in war with neighbours, they usually summon the headmen of their villages as a council, so as to throw the responsibility of the decision upon those on whose aid they must rely for the power to carry it out.

Further, there is a kind of federal system recognised among chiefs. When a crime is committed by a man who comes from another territory and belongs to another chief, it is a recognised rule that the criminal should be tried by his own chief, or by the two jointly. If he is caught in the act, and if the crime be deemed a capital one, the captors will sometimes take the responsibility of putting him to death, especially if they do not know where he belongs to; otherwise it is usual to retain him in confinement in the meantime. Whether he is caught or not, a message is sent to his own chief. If he is not caught, and if no notice is taken of the message, it is a common practice

to capture any other man who can be found belonging to that chief, and retain him in custody till the case is satisfactorily disposed of.

If the criminal's chief refuses altogether to give satisfaction, the other one seeks allies to take up the quarrel along with him, and can often find them without difficulty. In short, all chiefs recognise a common interest in the repression of crime. They are in like manner very punctilious in extraditing criminals to one another, and restoring run-away slaves. In fact there are but few people of a regularly criminal class in the country, except near the limits of the Portuguese, or other civilised nations, who, as may be expected, have nothing like extradition treaties with native chiefs.

Children, even though free-born, are entirely in the same condition as slaves until they arrive at a certain age. This seems to be about the age when they are initiated into the mysteries (*unyago*), and therefore we think it probable that their initiation implies their emancipation. But they are not necessarily the slaves of their own parents, for, strange to say, there is something here like the *patria potestas* of Roman law. They belong to their grandfather by the mother's side. Their father, however, may acquire this right from him by purchase, and he will inherit it in the case of the grandfather dying. The children, while they are in the power of the grandfather or father, as the case may be, may be sold by him as slaves, and in that case they will continue to be slaves for life; otherwise they will become free, as just mentioned, when they attain the age of freedom.

Children are free-born only if their mother is a free woman, and whether the father be free or not. A—— gave a copy of the notes he made on native laws and customs to the medical doctor, who soon afterwards had a

disputed case referred to him which turned on this point. The principle above stated was admitted by the natives, but it was found necessary to prove that the mother had been free at the time of the birth. Senhor N—— believes it is also a rule among all tribes that children may be accounted free under the same conditions as Ishmael was. Further, if the Blantyre natives are to be trusted for information (as they may be sometimes), the sons of a chief are always free.

It is well known to be a common and deplorable practice in the west of Africa to pawn children as slaves, in the hope of redeeming them afterwards. In the east we did not happen to hear of this, although we heard several times of parents selling their children, and that even among the Blantyre inhabitants, who were supposed to be living in the asylum of freedom; and it may be that, more correctly speaking, they were not selling but pawning them. No doubt, if commerce were promoted, and mercantile transactions became more frequent than they are, then, in the midst of the many advantages we anticipate, this evil of pawning children would also increase. But in truth, we were at a disadvantage when we had to obtain our information in a place where our countrymen were not the mere friends and confidential advisers of the natives, but their masters. For instance, A—— wished to ascertain whether the natives under the protection of the Mission were themselves keeping slaves, and made inquiry among such of the missionaries as he thought most likely to know the truth about the matter. But one of them said, "I have always suspected it; still I cannot be sure. There are some things the natives will never tell any of us." Another, who was a gardener, said, "I have often thought the garden boys appeared to have slaves; but all I can say is, that from experience I do not think

a native will do anything for himself if he can get another to do it for him."

In short, persons become slaves—

1. By being born of female slaves.
2. By being given into slavery by a grandfather or a father.
3. Of their own will, as often happens when their own crops fail and they are afraid of famine.
4. By being taken prisoners in war.
5. By being condemned to slavery on account of crime.
6. By being condemned to slavery for supposed witchcraft or the evil eye.

In these last two cases they are usually sold to some one at a distance, as it is deemed necessary to remove them from their associates and neighbours; in fact, to get rid of them.

Persons suspected of witchcraft may either be put to death or sold as slaves. Diseases, especially epidemic ones, and many other calamities, are often attributed to witchcraft. Sometimes the natives conjecture for themselves, as our own countrymen used to do, who it is that possesses this supernatural and mischievous influence. But the diviner is believed to be far best able to ascertain the truth about it, and he has accordingly a fearful power over life and liberty. At the same time, judging from the instances we have heard of, we incline to the conclusion that diviners, who are careful to keep up their own reputation and influence (as indeed they all are), will not condemn a person who has many friends.

Slaves are emancipated either by the free will of their masters or by being ransomed. It is said that where a chief has full authority his sanction is required in every case of emancipation. But prisoners taken in war are liberated almost as a matter of course as soon as a ransom

is received. The most usual form of ransom is another slave.

Slaves may be beaten or confined by their own masters at will, but the master who puts one to death is liable to be fined by the chief. Even some of the Blantyre natives, who find it their interest to paint slavery in the worst colours, say that in such a case the master must surrender two living slaves to the chief, or else be enslaved himself. Senhor A——, whom we regard as our most intelligent and reliable informant on all such subjects, and who is very conversant with the free tribes of the interior, confirms the statement generally, but says that the amount of the fine varies in different places. In districts where the foreign slave-trade is great, and through which the caravans pass, the life of a slave is held in almost no account. But one can easily imagine that a wise chief must see the necessity of showing some concern for all the slaves in his dominions, for if ill treated they could easily rebel. The inhabitants of Quillimane have all a lively remembrance of a slave insurrection that once took place there; and if slaves have spirit enough to rebel when living beside the military barracks and stone houses, it is evident that they could do so among the huts in the interior. Besides, now that the Portuguese Government has declared all people free, discontented slaves need only escape to Portuguese territory.

Slaves are, of course, obliged to work for their masters; but there is so little work to be done, that they have a very easy time of it, and it is remarkable how little repugnance the people have to become slaves or to sell their children as such, although of course they do prefer freedom, and so do their children. They seem to look upon it very much as our own countrymen do upon the entering into domestic service.

Slaves cannot occupy land of their own, but they can possess other property, such as guns and ivory. We are even told that among the Ajawa and the Achigunda they may own other slaves. The same is said to be the case in King M'tesa's country of Uganda. If they accumulate sufficient property, they may purchase with it their own freedom; but if they die without having done this, their property goes to their master, for slaves cannot make a will.

Some slaves, but chiefly those owned by Arabs, are sent by their masters to travel alone in the interior for six months at a time, and trusted with money or barter-goods to purchase for him ivory and other slaves. Such men might no doubt easily obtain their freedom, but they do not care to do so. As Bishop Steere has said, the freed slaves under his charge have much harder and more constant work to do than in their former condition.

However, although slavery is in general so mild in the interior, still it is always attended with the great drawback that a slave is liable to be sold, or his wife and children may be sold and separated from him. Then it must be added, as we have good occasion to remember, that free people may be kidnapped. Worst of all, there are in certain districts the horrors attending the foreign slave-trade, which have so often been described by eyewitnesses, and which appear to be incapable of exaggeration.

Sir John Kirk, while talking with A—— on this subject, remarked, "As long as there is slavery, there will always be the slave-trade." There is obviously a good deal of truth in this. Still, the difficulty of checking the export trade cannot surely be so great as that of making all people free throughout the continent. For one thing, it would be necessary that some kind of current coin should be introduced, and plentifully supplied too; at

present there is not the wherewith to pay wages. It should also be remembered there are no prisons in East Africa. Therefore, if slavery be abolished, all criminals would probably be put to death or mutilated; and in the case of wars, enemies would have to be killed in cold blood.

The natives have at present here no means of confinement except the slave-stick, called by the Manganja *gori*, and by the Ajawa *likongwe*. This, as we have seen it, is a young tree cut across where there is a branch that can form a fork, so that the instrument very much resembles a pitchfork both in shape and length, only it is thicker and heavier. The fork is placed so as to enclose the neck of the person to be confined, and the two points of it are fastened together by passing through them a small bar of iron (*m'chililo*). It is possible for a person to move a little, dragging this tree about, but not very far. This is the kind of *gori* used for confinement in one place; but when slaves are to be driven in a caravan, lighter *goris* are substituted, and fastened to one another. We have also known of criminals having their hands tied together with bark, but only temporarily and while on a journey. A native at Blantyre once spoke to A—— of the stocks as if known in the interior; but A—— suspects he had only heard of them through Europeans, and we find no word for them in any of our dictionaries of African dialects. Captain Speke, however, gives a pictorial representation of stocks as belonging to the Nyamwesi country, only without note or comment; and for all we know, they may have been Arab ones. None of the slaves set free at Zanzibar from that country seem to know anything about them. Similarly, the Manganja have, according to Mr Riddell, a word for prison, but it is *nyumba ya ndima* (house of darkness); and we think this conception arose

from a kind of prison they once saw extemporised by some Europeans. These were men accustomed to wield the spade, but not the trowel ; and therefore, instead of building above ground, they dug a hole underground and roofed it over.

If a chief were to build a prison, he might avail himself of convict labour, as civilised nations do. We have often thought that if a missionary were to reside close to the abode of some suitable chief and be intimate with him, he might perhaps persuade him to try this and many other improvements. However, as I have remarked already, the Africans have had both time and opportunity to copy all the practices of civilised nations, only they do not care to do so ; and it is particularly to be regretted that, although living in the same continent with the Pyramids of Egypt, they have never thought of putting two stones or bricks together unless when paid to do so by some foreigner. In short, we can scarcely see any way in which the people can be trained to regular industry and division of labour, and slavery abolished, except by civilised nations opening up the country, and either annexing, protecting, or colonising the greater part of it.

APPENDIX III.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL ON PORTUGUESE HEIRESSSES AND INDIAN TRADERS.

Since this book was written I have found in the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society' for October

1882, an article by Captain H. E. O'Neill, the British Consul at Mozambique, from which I think it as well to make two extracts. The first of these supplements, and perhaps gives with more strict accuracy, some information we picked up in conversation from the writer, and which is mentioned at p. 60. The other extract relates to the natives of India who live on the African coast. Captain O'Neill has the advantage of understanding Portuguese, and is naturally well adapted for collecting accurate information. But as an explorer he has been directing his attention chiefly to the native tribes, and we think that shortly very important results may be expected from his travels and researches. He says :—

“In the early part of last century, Portuguese legislators, anxious to attract to the province colonists of European origin, hit upon the novel and ingenious device of placing there a number of well-dowered women, in the hope that that would form inducement sufficient for emigrants from Portugal to betake themselves thither. The greater part of the rich country that lay upon both banks of the Zambesi, and much of the minerally wealthy district between Sofala and Senna, was parcelled into lots, and offered to Portuguese women for the period of three lives—the succession excluding the male—upon the sole condition that they married Europeans of Portuguese extraction and dwelt upon their holdings. The history of these ‘Prasos da Coroa,’ or Crown grants, has, however, proved that even such a bait was insufficient to overcome the blight of unpopularity that has settled upon this colony since the golden dreams of its first conquerors were dispelled. But out of the failure there arose a curious condition of things. In the absence of legitimate holders either in sufficient numbers or of purity of blood, governors-general stretched the original edict, and these tracts

fell into the hands of 'filhas de Africanos ou Asiaticos,' or women with a sprinkling of African or Asiatic blood. In many cases, a number of the original *prazos* being merged into one, their holders became possessed of small principalities, over which they, or rather their husbands, exercised almost supreme jurisdiction. Some of these maintained small armies of slaves and *colonos*, or free natives, set authority at defiance, made war upon each other, and levied black-mail upon all who passed through or settled upon their territory. Others, again, rendered the State considerable service by supporting with their forces the weakness of the authorities. One Guião, in the beginning of last century, inflicted severe defeat upon a number of revolted chiefs 'with 17,000 of his natives.' Not twenty-five years since, the district between the Likugu and Antonio rivers was brought into subjection to the Portuguese Crown by one João B. de Silva with his own resources, at the instigation of the then Governor of Quillimane. The Landuns or Zulus of Umzila, who levied regular tribute for many years upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Senna, have been driven back by another, Manuel Antonia de Souza, and the local government thereby released from what was a terrible proof of weakness. These are only a few instances I could name.

"The abuses attendant upon this powerful feudal system—for it was nothing less—were long since acknowledged insupportable, and in 1836 a law was passed abolishing it, which, with another of 1854, became a dead letter from want of force to put it into execution. Time, the extinction of the export slave-trade from that district, the Act of Emancipation, and recent legislation, are all gradually breaking up the system, which proved ungovernable, and a fruitful source of trouble in the fairest portion of the province."

The following is the second extract:—

“Attracted from India more than half a century before Clive laid the foundations of the Eastern British Empire, by an edict of the Portuguese viceroy, Conde de Alvor, which gave to a Banyan Company, in 1686, an exclusive monopoly of the trade between Diu and Mozambique, the Banyans, strengthened afterwards by the Battias and other Hindu sects, have gradually increased in numbers and in influence, until at this day, despite the loss of all monopolies, they are in the sole possession of the trade of the coast. Others there are, wholesale European merchants, at the chief centres of trade; but it is they alone who are to be found in every accessible port and river of the coast, bartering European manufactures for native produce, and thus, by searching out new markets and creating trade, stimulating the industry of the native Makua.

“Beyond the trade monopoly, they were formerly granted extensive and peculiar privileges, amongst which one of the most curious was a right to have all cases of crime and dispute occurring amongst themselves settled by their own judges, who generally consisted of Padres chosen from the Order of Jesuits. Some say that from this union of commerce and religion much trouble and disorder sprang; others, that the power of the Jesuits and the prosperity of the Banyans alike excited the envy of the authorities. Both were spoken of in terms of harsh and severe censure. One governor-general, writing of the Banyans, sweepingly asserts that ‘they are selfish, false, and cunning, given to lying and usury—that they know not how to keep a contract—and that it is a part of their religious creed to deceive and rob a Christian;’ and of the Jesuits, a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, writing from Lisbon, states, in a despatch to the governor-general of the colony, that ‘his Majesty the King is

perfectly aware, and his royal sense of piety has received a severe shock therefrom, that the missionaries have degenerated into a mere association of smugglers' (*em uns meros e illicitos contratadores*). A drastic measure was therefore taken with their reverences, and in 1759 they were packed off as prisoners to their respective convents in Goa, and the whole of their property in the colony confiscated to the Crown. The palace of the governor-general is at this day the old convent of the Jesuit fathers.

"Soon after, the Banyans were ordered to return to Mozambique, 'because of disorders spread by them on the coast,' and in 1777 their monopoly was withdrawn. But these restrictions appear to have had little effect, as for nearly a century past their field of trade has been steadily extending. The feeling of antagonism with which these traders are regarded arises chiefly from the fact that the profits made by them are neither invested in, nor serve any useful purpose to, this country. India is the land of their nativity, and out of it the law of their race does not permit them to permanently settle or even to carry their women. Residence abroad is, therefore, to them but a temporary sojourn, and the wealth they gain is naturally remitted to the only country custom allows them to call their home."

THE END.

